Said by Bernhardt · *Beginnings of Banking* · *King of the Jungle*

Volume VII
No. 37

January
25 Cents

The Golden Bo k
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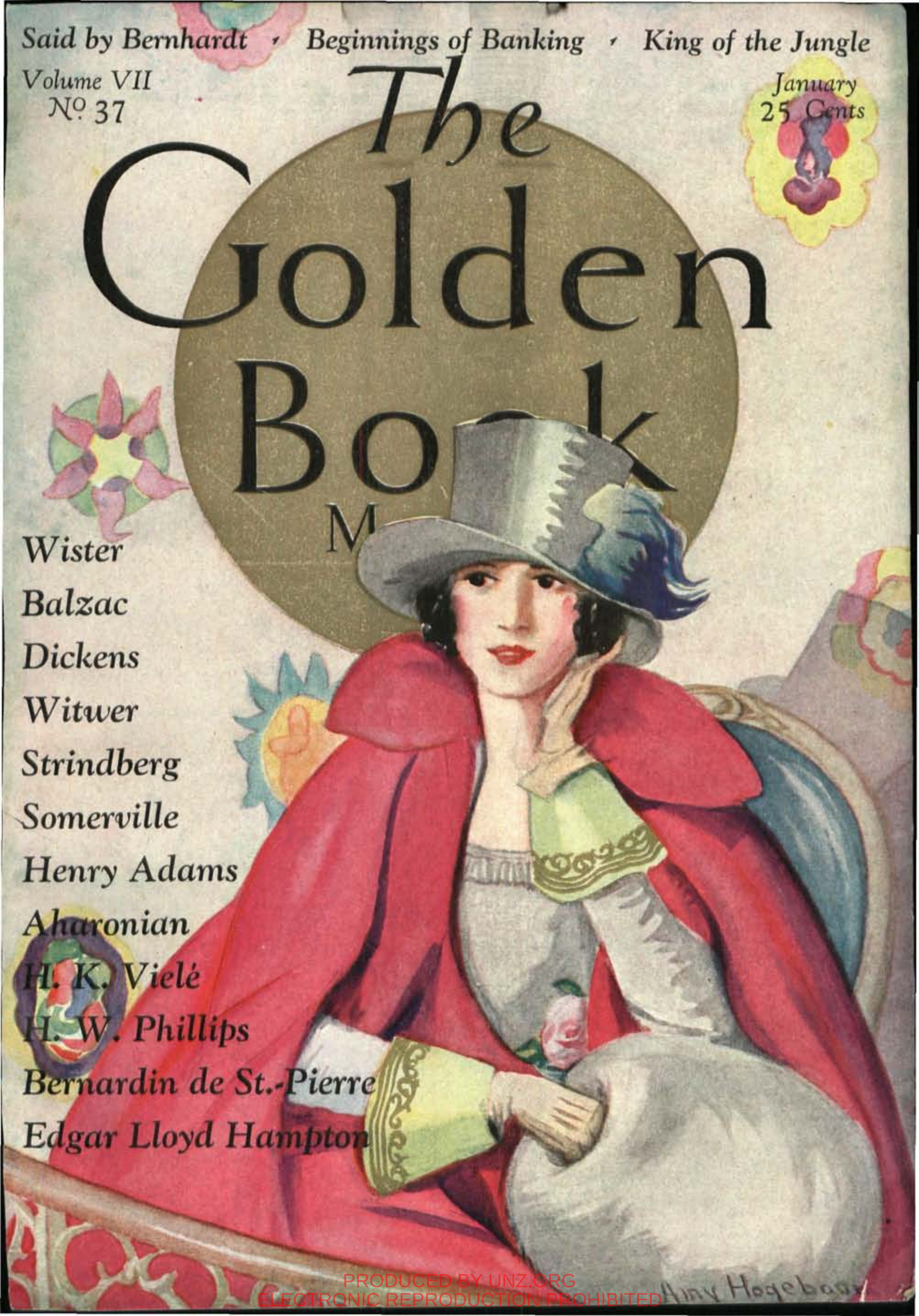

Wister
Balzac
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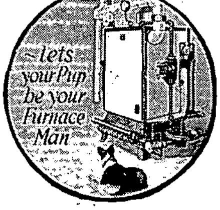

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VOLUME VII
Number 37

JANUARY
1928

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

(*With which is combined "Famous Story Magazine"*)

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:
JOHN COTTON DANA ◆ CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

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Men who "know it all"

are not invited to read this page

THIS page is not for the wise young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and his business equipment, who believes that the only reason he is not paid twice as much is that he has never been "given a chance."

This page is a personal message to the man who has responsibilities, who feels secretly that he ought to be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but who simply lacks the confidence necessary to lay hold on one of the bigger places in business. We should like to put into the hands of every such man a copy of a little book that contains the seeds of self-confidence. It is called "Forging Ahead in Business," and it is sent without charge.

We have in mind, for example, a certain man who is now auditor of a great corporation in the Middle West. Until he was thirty-one years of age he was a bookkeeper. His employers had made up their minds that he would always be a bookkeeper. His wife was beginning secretly to wonder. Worst of all, he himself was beginning to lose faith.

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Without any great hope in its results, he enrolled in the Modern Business Course and Service. The first few months of his association with the Alexander Hamilton Institute were a revelation to him. He found himself being initiated into departments of business that had hitherto been a mystery to him. He was learning the fundamentals of purchasing, of advertising, of office and factory management, and corporation finance.

He began quietly to make suggestions to the officials—suggestions that surprised them, because they had ceased to expect anything from him. They revised their estimate of his capacities; when the position of auditor became vacant, he was given his chance. And recently on an important financial problem, he argued against the position of the company's own attorneys — basing his arguments on principles which the Institute had taught—and by proving his point succeeded in saving the company $60,000.

The self-confidence that the Institute gave him has transformed that man. He will be a vice-president of that great corporation, and at 31 he was condemned to be a bookkeeper for life.

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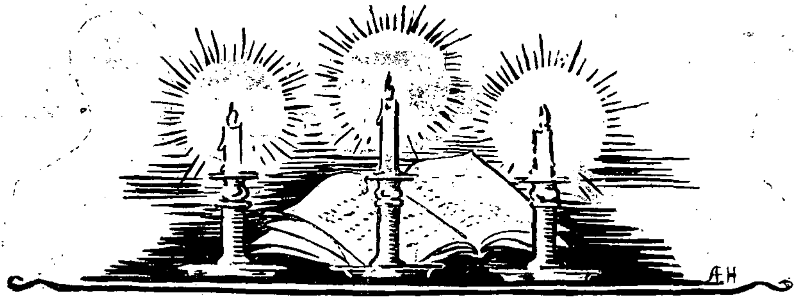


Reflections of a Three-Year-Old

IT SEEMS *a bit early to start writing autobiography. Also, there is Walter Page's story of how his twelve-year-old daughter, stimulated by Booker T. Washington's much-discussed "Up From Slavery," announced she was going to write the story of* her *life. So her mother got her a large blank note-book, and forgot all about it; but months later she came across the note-book in the girl's room, and, opening it, read: "THE STORY OF MY LIFE. I was born in a flat"—and that was all of that!*

But it happens that a magazine's cumulating biography stares it in the face every day—as does mine at this moment, in six fat volumes across the corner of the desk; and glancing at some details of a busy, if brief, existence, I find that I have already passed on to my friends over a thousand stories, plays, essays, and poems and miscellaneous writings, from Mérimée, Tolstoy and Heidenstam to Poe, Thackeray, Dickens, Hardy, Meredith, Stevenson and Owen Wister; Li Po, Khushal Khan, Theocritus, and the ancient Egyptians, Villon, Tennyson, Baudelaire, to Don Marquis and Edna St. Vincent Millay; Molière to Eugene O'Neill; Chuang Tzŭ, Nietzsche and Leopardi to Emerson, Thoreau, and Henry Adams; Addison to "Baron Corvo"! Not to mention a couple of thousand short bits of reflection and philosophy by a most noble company of the world's thinkers.

Frankly, it seems worth doing,—even looking back at it "cold," or looking forward at the miles of material still untouched in the World Library: for, of course, these five million words thus served up to you are but as the nibblings of Hänsel and Gretel at the Witch's gingerbread house.

If I were disposed to brag (which I am)—I would merely inquire with (entirely false) humility: has there ever been any magazine published, anywhere, whose first six volumes (or any others) contained such a list of writers?

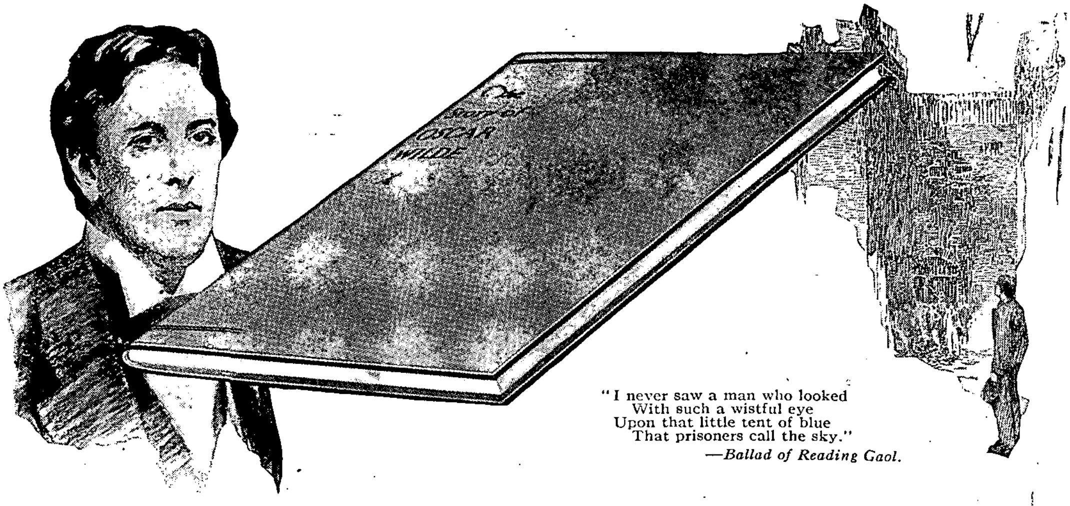
So, when I receive a letter from a lady in Kokomo (yes, Kokomo), stating that she "really found nothing" in a year of the magazine that interested her—"the stories were poor and childish" (Mark Twain, Conrad, Crane, Chesterton, Bunner, Beerbohm, James Lane Allen, Maupassant, Mérimée, Hallström, Gautier, Thackeray, Dickens, Daudet, Sudermann, Stevenson, Nietzsche, Walter Pater, du Maurier, Anstey, Fernald, Hearn, Wister, etc.!)—I can but conclude there is a real reason for my existence.

Also, I smile almost arrogantly at the pleased surprise of some of my fellow-workers over a "survey of quality" conducted by a most scientific go-getting advertising agency, which placed this three-year-old at the top of the list in "quality" of readers.

How could it be otherwise? Quality folks demand quality friends, and quality breeds quality—as any properly trained darkey of former days, south of Mason and Dixon's, could have informed them.

That is to say, whatever be the grade of selection in this monthly garnering—whether the editor be, as one subscriber writes (in renewing) "a reactionary; too conservative, too modest, too meticulously correct"; or a danger to the pure-minded, as is charged at times; or a thrower of pebbles at the Rock of the Catholic Church, "against which the Gates of Hell cannot prevail," as an outraged sectarian proclaims—regardless of all that (which is highly unimportant, anyway): any *honest selection from such a list of real writers is bound to have mental nourishment*

(*Continued on page 6*)



"I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
That prisoners call the sky."
—*Ballad of Reading Gaol.*

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(*Continued from page 4*)

as well as flavour, to an extent not to be equalled by the world's contemporary authors month by month, clack their typewriters never so industriously.

You are beginning to suspect that the youngster believes in himself? He confesses it—with pride. There are worse qualities, especially when that "self" draws from such sources.

G. B. M.

Some Persons of Importance

IN SPITE of a number of remarks in these pages, some of our readers seem still to need an introduction to Henry Adams. A grandson of John Quincy Adams, he was born in 1838, and died at the age of eighty. Serving as private secretary to his father, Charles Francis Adams, when Lincoln sent the latter to England as ambassador in 1861, he was assistant professor of history at Harvard 1870-77—which experiences he has narrated in his inimitable fashion in the *Education*. His literary works include *Chapters of Erie*, in collaboration with his brother Charles Francis; Life and writings of Albert Gallatin; a life of John Randolph; *History of the United States, 1801-1817; Mont Saint-Michel and Chartres; The Education of Henry Adams; Degradation of the Democratic Dogma;* and *Life of George Cabot Lodge*.

And he had qualities of mind and expression hardly equalled by any American of his time.

This issue contains the second instalment of "The Tendency of History" (from the *Degradation* volume, 1910, 1919),—a most brilliant and stimulating enquiry.

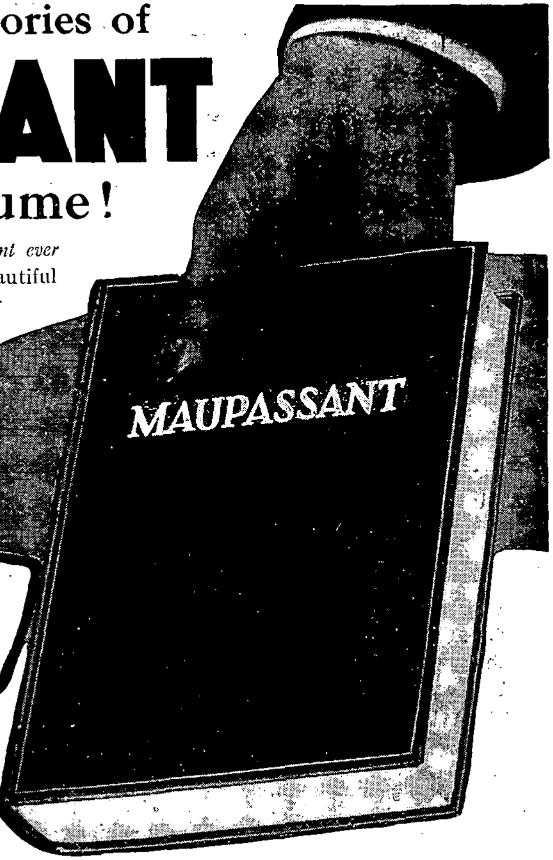
His brother Brooks Adams says:

> As Henry neared the end of his application of the development of the thirteenth century according to scientific historical theory, in *Mont St. Michel and Chartres*, he turned more and more toward his next step in the "Reformation," on which he constantly talked with me. He found the "Reformation" most antagonistic, chiefly, I think, because of the Puritan attack on women; for it was during the Reformation that the Virgin was dethroned, and, according to his theory, I take it, that the degradation of woman began.
>
> For it is precisely here that I wish to point out a legal and philosophical distinction—one which hinges, as Henry explains in the "Letter to Teachers," on the distinction between reason and instinct. Now, as a lawyer and as a historian, I insist that society, as an organism, has little or no interest in woman's reason, but its very existence is bound up in her instincts. Intellectually, woman's reason has been a matter of indifference to men. As an intellectual competitor she has never been formidable; but maternity is a monopoly. It is the *passionate* instinct which is the cause and the effect of maternity, and which enables women to serve their great purpose as the cement of society. As an intellectual being, as the modern feminist would make her, she has only the importance of a degraded boy, though she is far more dangerous to society than such a boy would be, who would be relatively harmless.
>
> It was, perhaps, during discussions such as these, that Henry grew curious to test the thought of the scientific world, and accordingly he wrote toward 1910 his "Letter to Teachers," which I then thought, and think even more strongly now than then, to have been the ablest exposition of the scientific theory of the degradation of energy, and of the issue between intellect and instinct, which has ever been made.

◆

Herman Knickerbocker Vielé (1856-1908) was the son of a distinguished soldier-engineer-author, Brig.-Gen. Egbert L. Vielé (also Commissioner of Parks in New York City and a representative in Congress). On his mother's side he came from the veritable Knickerbockers of Scaghicoke, the same family as that hospitable Herman, "Prince Knickerbocker," of Albany, with whose ancient name Washington Irving made free in his burlesque *History*—to the great offense of the clan.

(*Continued on page 8*)



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(*Continued from page 6*)

Trained as a civil engineer, Mr. Viélé began work in his father's office, and found himself exploring many out-of-the-way corners of the American continent. While still very young, he spent two years in the Colorado mountains, mining and prospecting, and his first attempts at writing were in accounts of these experiences for local newspapers.

His most important work in his profession was the extension of the city of Washington, occupying six years and costing many millions. This was finished most successfully; but the painting and writing which had always been a means of expression had come to mean more and more; so he retired from business, and devoted his last eight years entirely to them.

The Inn of the Silver Moon was a distinct success in 1900; it was followed by *The Last of the Knickerbockers*, *Myra of the Pines*, *Random Verse*, *Heartbreak Hill*, and *On the Lightship*, besides a play, *The House of Silence*, produced in 1906.

Mr. Viélé had an exceedingly light touch, and his stories are full of that intangible thing we call charm. "Light" as the *Silver Moon* is, there is a finish which might well be the despair of most literary craftsmen.

His brother, Francis Viélé-Griffin, was educated in France and has lived there, associated with the literary group known as Symbolists, producing a dozen volumes of verse which have won wide recognition. (A delightful "Song" by him appeared in the May issue of this Magazine.) He was declared in 1900 to be the only Anglo-Saxon who had ever received the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

◆

Aharonian has for quarter of a century been the best known novelist of Armenia—as well as a tireless worker for the freedom and safety of his country.

Born in Igdir, near Mt. Ararat, he was educated in Smyrna and Etchmiatzin, then taking a university course at Lausanne. For a time he edited a monthly magazine in Russian Armenia, but the Russian Government imprisoned him in 1909, for some political utterances, and he spent two years in confinement before he could be bailed out and escape to France.

During the World War he went back to his native land, headed the first Armenian parliament in 1918, and the delegation to the Peace Conference, and signed the Treaty of Sèvres, in which, at President Wilson's insistence, the boundaries of independent Armenia were charted—all of which was nullified when the Bolsheviki invaded the land and overthrew the government.

He has published fifteen volumes of short stories, romances, drama and poetry, many of which have been translated into English, French, German, Russian, Czechoslovakian and Bulgarian.

◆

One of the greatest figures, if a somewhat tragic one, of modern Continental literature was August Strindberg (1849-1912). From the very beginning, life was to him a struggle against forces on which he could only revenge himself by analyzing them with scorn and savagery. His father was a middle-class business man, his mother a domestic servant; at school in his native Stockholm, at the University in Upsala, he had to fight social contempt and poverty, which seem to have left permanent wounds in his spirit. In the early *From Fjärdingen and Svartbäcken* (1877); in *The Red Room* (1879), in *The Son of a Servant* (1886), and in *A Fool's Confession* (1893) one may read much of the bitter experience that warped him.

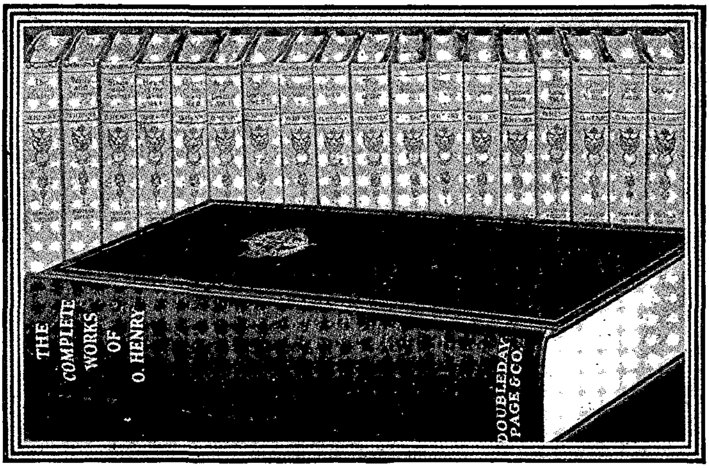
In 1877, his first play, *Master Olaf*, was produced; and it has often been declared that the new movement in Swedish literature began with that event. Twenty years later he had become a dominating figure on the Continental stage; and his plays, novels and satires aroused the widest discussion—with violent hostility among the conventional.

It is well to remember, in picking up a story or play by Strindberg, that what you're going to find will vary immensely with the period in which it was written. Beginning as a romanticist, producing historical tragedies in verse, he became presently a violent socialist, writing acrid realism (especially severe in his analyses of women), passed into a Nietzsch-

(*Continued on page 10*)

The Unfinished Story

The girl got $6 a week — and was lonely. "Piggy"— you know his kind —was waiting downstairs. He knew where music and champagne could be had. But that night she didn't go. That was Lord Kitchener's doing. But another night — O. Henry tells about it in one of his inimitable stories.



The Moth and the Bright Flame

For the first time—this girl — starved of pleasure and of pretty clothes—looked into the dance hall, yellowed, lighted and noisy — but gay — gay and filled with girls and men—who to her loneliness looked good. That night she went—and then —but let O. Henry tell you the rest of the story.

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(*Continued from page 8*)

ean phase of philosophic anarchism, and ended in a maze of mystical symbolism. His output was tremendous, the Swedish collected edition having reached fifty-five volumes in six years after his death.

Of the translated work, during his realistic period, it is probable that the fourteen plays between *The Father* (1887) and *The Link* (1897); the short stories in *Marriage;* and such novels as *A Fool's Confession* and *The Storm* will be most appealing to the average reader.

◆

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre means to most of us *Paul and Virginia*—that poetic tale of sentiment which, though almost destroyed unpublished because the aristocrats at Mme. Necker's yawned and left the room when the author read it, four years later (1788) ran through three hundred editions and every civilized language.

But this celebrated pastoral of the West Indies represents only a small portion of his writing; and some of his shorter sketches, like the "Café in Surat," are full of spirit, humour, and fine feeling.

Saint-Pierre's life was anything but pastoral. Born in 1737 at Havre, he became an engineer; served in Malta; was discharged for insubordination; made an adventurer's trip to Russia, "where his handsome mien won him" the favour of Catherine and an army position; quarrelled with the Empress, and, returning to France, declined an appointment to Madagascar because of the slave trade; became supervisor of the Jardin des Plantes under Louis XVI and professor at the École Normale under the Revolution; and died in 1814 a prime favourite with Napoleon (who is declared, during his Italian campaign, to have slept with a copy of *Paul and Virginia* under his pillow).

Among his works are *Voyage to the Ile de France*, *Paul and Virginia*, *Studies of Nature*, *Harmonies of Nature*, *Essay on Jean Jacques Rousseau*, *The Indian Hut* and *The Café in Surat.*

◆

Mr. Pickwick is certainly one of the world's immortals, along with Don Quixote, Becky Sharp, Aladdin, Shylock, Jean Valjean, Rebecca, Falstaff, Mowgli, Uncle Tom, and the rest of that strangely assorted company who have been created into real, living persons by the magic of inspired pens.

In addition, his adventures were the turning-point of his author's career, which began on a twilight evening in the autumn of 1833, when "with fear and trembling" the young man of twenty-one dropped a manuscript, his first story, "into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street." That was "Mr. Minns and His Cousin," and it duly appeared next year in the, likewise, struggling "Monthly Magazine."

The magazine shortly died, and one member of its staff, Charles Whitehead, joined a new firm of publishers, Chapman and Hall, who were starting a "Library of Fiction." For this, Seymour, the artist, had suggested a monthly series of "cockney-sporting" pictures, and the publishers needed somebody to write the text. Theodore Hook, Leigh Hunt, Clarke, Hood, and John Poole had all declined. Whitehead suggested the youngster, Charles Dickens; and the author afterward related the circumstances in detail:

> I was a young man of two or three-and-twenty, when Messrs. Chapman and Hall, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, or had just written in the *Old Monthly Magazine* (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by Mr. George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers—then only known to me, or, I believe, to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used to be carried about the country by pedlars, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears before I had served my apprenticeship to Life.
>
> When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the Magazine in which my first effusion—a paper in the "Sketches," called MR. MINNS AND HIS COUSIN—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half-an-hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen; and so fell to business.

> The idea propounded to me, was, that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or of my visitor, that a "Nimrod Club," the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that although born and partly bred in the country I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had been already much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I would like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number; from the proof sheets of which, Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the club, and his happy portrait of its founder:—the latter on Mr. Edward Chapman's description of the dress and bearing of a real personage whom he had often seen. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's sudden and lamented death before the second number was published, brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation; the number became one of thirty-two pages with only two illustrations, and remained so to the end.
>
> It is with great unwillingness that I notice some intangible and incoherent assertions which have been made, professedly on behalf of Mr. Seymour, to the effect that he had some share in the invention of this book, or of anything in it, not faithfully described in the foregoing paragraph. With the moderation that is due equally to my respect for the memory of a brother-artist, and to my self-respect, I confine myself to placing on record here the facts:
>
> That, Mr. Seymour never originated or suggested an incident, a phrase, or a word, to be found in this book. That, Mr. Seymour died when only twenty-four pages of this book were published, and when assuredly not forty-eight were written. That, I believe I never saw Mr. Seymour's handwriting in my life. That, I never saw Mr. Seymour but once in my life, and that was on the night but one before his death, when he certainly offered no suggestion whatsoever. That I saw him then in the presence of two persons, both living, perfectly acquainted with all these facts, and whose written testimony to them I possess. Lastly, that Mr. Edward Chapman (the survivor of the original firm of Chapman and Hall) has set down in writing, for similar preservation, his personal knowledge of the origin and progress of this book, of the monstrosity of the baseless assertions in question, and (tested by details) even of the self-evident impossibility of there being any truth in them. In the exercise of the forbearance on which I have resolved, I do not quote Mr. Edward Chapman's account of his deceased partner's reception, on a certain occasion, of the pretences in question.
>
> "Boz," my signature in the *Morning Chronicle*, and in the *Old Monthly Magazine*, appended to the monthly cover of this book, and retained long afterwards, was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, in honour of the Vicar of Wakefield; which being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and being shortened, became Boz. Boz was a very familiar household word to me, long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it.
>
> It has been observed of Mr. Pickwick, that there is a decided change in his character, as these pages proceed, and that he becomes more good and more sensible. I do not think this change will appear forced or unnatural to my readers, if they will reflect that in real life the peculiarities and oddities of a man who has anything whimsical about him, generally impress us first, and that it is not until we are better acquainted with him that we usually begin to look below these superficial traits, and to know the better part of him.

For ninety years the personality thus casually evolved, and his irresistible servitor and companions, have delighted successive generations—and, doubtless, they will continue to do so as long as people read the English language. H. W. L.

* * *

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Hors-d'œuvres from the Newest Books

A SHOWY SOUL

"What's that? I want to do that," Theodosia said. "I want to learn to do that. I intend to learn it. Give it to me for an exercise. It can't get away from me. I will have it. I want it."

"You will never do that in this world," she said. "Your hand wasn't made for that. You couldn't do successive octaves, Miss. Don't cry for the moon. Artificial harmonics will always be beyond you. It's no great matter."

They were laughing, speaking idly. "I want it. I want that passage inside my skin. It'll liberate my soul. I must have a showy, idle, ornamental soul, full of ruffles and grill-work. I want that very passage. Oh, God, how I want it."

She did not believe what the teacher said of her hand. Eventually she would grow to that playing, she thought, and she would surprise her master. "I will go to the end of everything, I'll look over the edge of the last precipice of music," she said inwardly. "I'll look over the edge of the last precipice of music, and say 'God!' I'll say 'Where are you?' I'll climb all the musical stairs there are."

My Heart and My Flesh. ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS.

AN UP-TO-DATE CHRISTMAS EVE

'Twas de night befurr Chreesmas und hall troo de houze
Not a critchure was slipping—not ivvin de souze,
Wot he leeved in de bazement high-het like a Tsenator,
Tree gasses whooeezit—dot's right—it's de jenitor!
Hong opp was de stockings, site by site, Bivvy Dizz,
Lace pentizz, seelk henkizz; here witt dere a chimmizz:
Pricidding de Yooltite de ivvning it was—
Whan it gave on de durrbell de bozzer a bozz.

De Night in de Front from Chreesmas. MILT GROSS.

THE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN MALE

Finding themselves therefore amply provided with the means to do what they like and finding also that their own sex is better educated, more alive emotionally and imaginatively than the other, what will American women do? They will continue the process of deintellectualizing men until these become convenient robots, they will patronize and dominate the arts and literature and reorganize social institutions to suit themselves. They will discover new human relationships and a new attitude of individual towards

(*Continued on page 14*)

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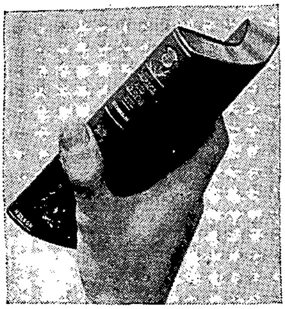

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(*Continued from page 12*)

individual; and at a no distant date instead of the phrase "a woman's place is her home," we shall hear repeated interminably and idiotically the words "a man's place is his office." Finally there will be discovered and elaborated a strange concept, the Male Character, and the male human animal will find himself hidden and forgotten beneath an artificial creation embodying all the traits which render him most convenient to his wife. Nothing can stop this process unless a means can be found to prevent any woman being educated and to render birth-control a forgotten aberration of ancient history; for once both sexes use their reasons equally, and have no unequal penalty awaiting the exercise of their emotions, then women cannot fail to dominate. Theirs is the stronger sex once nature and art cease their cruel combination against them, because it possesses a greater singleness of purpose and a greater fund of imagination, for those are the two properties which all men must forfeit under the institutions and necessities of our industrial civilizations.

A Short History of Women. John Langdon-Davies.

"A Way with the Women"

Mustaffa Yamud Khan was his real name.

But Mustaffa-of-the-Tricks the men called him. So did the women.

Yet there was a different meaning to the nickname when it was on the lips of the former or the latter. For the men hated him and—a little—feared him; while the women, too, feared him, but did not hate him. Indeed he had a way with the women—a way, as we say in our hills, like sudden seeing to the blind eye of darkness.

It is a strange art, is this art of a man who has his way with the women.

It is not good looks, nor kindly heart; nor is it the pleasant wit, the generous hand, the gentle, town-bred Persian manner; nor yet the nimble foot dancing over crossed swords to the wailing of the reed-pipes and the hollow thump of the tomtoms; nor the strong, skilled wrist when dagger meets dagger for sport or death. But it is some glint and fire in a man's eyes, and a curling of his lips, and a careless swing of his shoulders—and, belike, a soft voice into the bargain that at times can hold a spice of cruelty.

Whatever it was, Mustaffa had the trick of it—had all the tricks.

Steel and Jade. Achmed Abdullah.

Night Club Religion

I sat next to Mrs. Tom Lamont at a dinner given in honour of Masefield at the Brevoort one night.

"What do you do at night clubs at five in the morning?" she asked me.

"You put your arm round your companion and at least imagine you are in love," I replied.

"I think there is only one person in the world I could sit up all night with," said the banker's wife.

"Your husband?"

"I was thinking of God. Do you think I could find God in a night club?"

"I think you find Him in unexpected places. You often fail to find Him in churches and religious books."

"Yes? And how about the devil?"

"I think you find God and the devil very close to one another. You stand a very fair chance of having a religious experience in a night club if your soul is due to have one."

That conversation took place before Aimée McPherson visited Texas Guinan's.

New York Nights. Stephen Graham.

"Lazarus Laughed"

Lazarus (*exaltedly—his eyes on the stars*).—Why are your eyes always fixed on the ground in weariness of thought, or watching one another with suspicion? Throw your gaze upward! To life! To the fearless and deathless! The everlasting! To the stars! (*He*

(*Continued on page 16*)

What's the "book-of-the-month" this month—and why?

IT is a very remarkable new book, not yet published, chosen by the distinguished group of critics who compose our Selecting Committee, as the "outstanding" work among the many books that were submitted last month *in advance of publication*, by the publishers of this country.

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(*Continued from page 14*)

stretches out his arms to the sky.) Oh stars, whose song I hear through space deep-flowing under silence, teach man thy song that it may melt his frozen darkness into bestowing light!

Oh brothers in God, weaving dance rhythms of eternal peace to the lonely drum of Time, laugh thine everlasting laughter! Let it descend on man's seared lips that suck for life at the dry breasts of Death!

Oh brothers, sons of eternal life, celebrants of its flaming revel along the mountain ridges of infinity, let man feel thine ecstasy that he may evoke his own high freedom in the Oneness of the Dust!

(*He finishes, dropping his hands to his sides but keeping his face upturned. The* CROWD *are motionless, spellbound with awe, their eyes fixed like his on the stars. It is as if they were all waiting for a message from heaven. Suddenly he points upward, with exaltation.*) See! A new star has appeared! It is the one that shone over Bethlehem! (*His voice becomes a little bitter and mocking.*) The Master of Peace and Love has departed this earth. Let all stars be for you henceforth symbols of past Saviours—Sons of God who appeared on worlds like ours to tell a saving truth to ears like yours, inexorably deaf! (*Then exaltedly*) But the greatness of Saviours is that they cannot save! The greatness of man is that no God can save him—until he becomes a God! (*He stares up at the stars, rapt in contemplation, oblivious to all around him now.*) By EUGENE O'NEILL (in *The American Caravan*).

DE MUSSET'S TEST OF LOVE

One day at Fontainebleau they were sitting on a high rock that overlooked a dangerous abyss. As Alfred's spirits rose he soared into a mood of exaltation. He covered her face with tears and caresses. Putting his arms around his loved one, he dragged her to the edge of the rock. Then he demanded that they throw themselves over, declaring that they must die together. It was one of those moods in which he liked to feel his mind unhinge. George fought for her life and finally succeeded in pulling away from him, although she was obliged to kick at his hands. She did not want to die.

It was the first time she had ever refused him anything. He never forgave her. Several times he referred to the incident and reproached her for lack of sensibility because she could not understand a poet's love. On their way home after this experience he made a bed of moss and asked her to spend the night in the forest. Still frightened, she refused.

"Afraid of what?" he exclaimed. "Afraid of me who would die a thousand deaths to protect and guard you!"

There was another brief madness in the forest. Late one afternoon George had wandered away and Alfred was left alone. He saw coming toward him a man who was a stranger yet vaguely familiar. He was clothed in torn black garments. His face was pale, his hair was ruffled by the wind. On looking closer Alfred recognized in this ghostly being the image of his own future self. The man was Alfred as he would look at forty, sick, dissipated, worn with debauch. The revolting creature was drunk, horrifying: he cast looks of hatred and scorn at the young poet. Alfred sat paralyzed with terror until George came to his rescue. And then when she tried to lead him home he would not take the paths they knew. He dragged her through the thick woods where they wandered around until dawn. In this long tramp he restored his balance and rested his nerves, but George reached home in a state of collapse. The next day she was sick with exhaustion, but Alfred arose in the morning refreshed and strong.

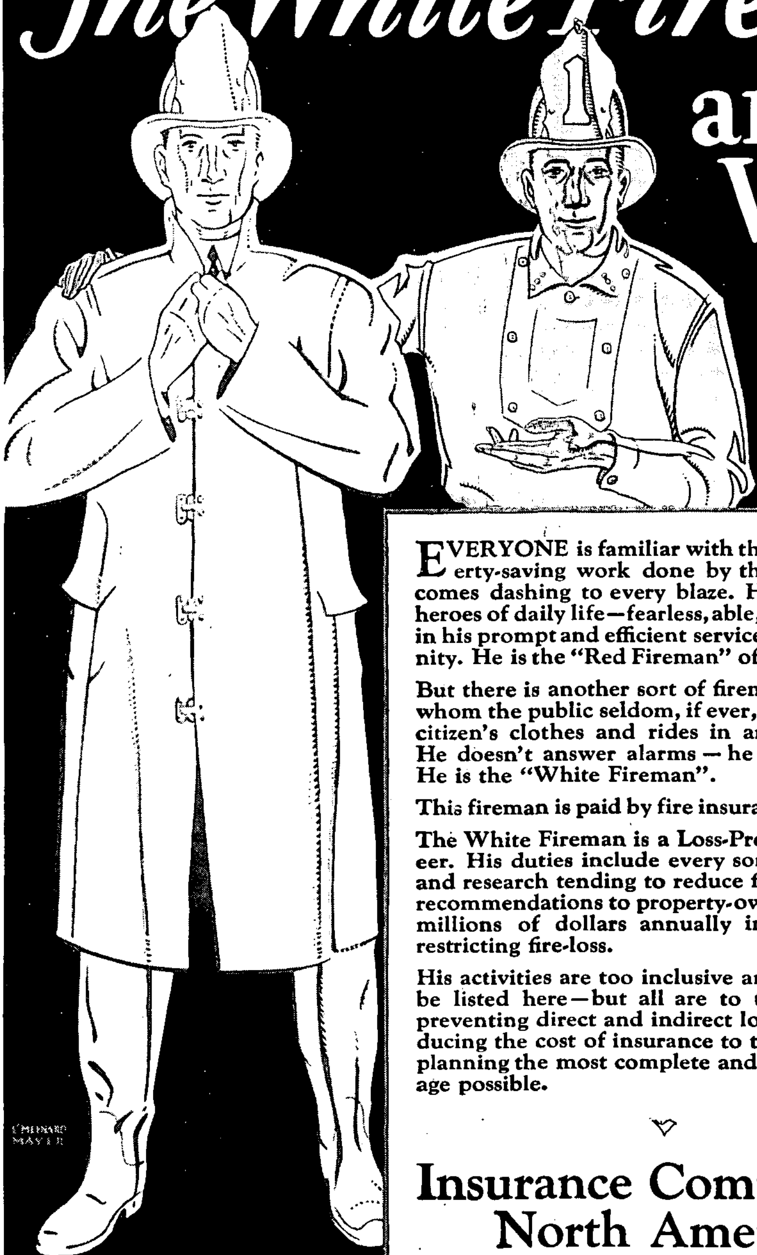
George Sand: the Search for Love. MARIE JENNEY HOWE.

HATE THAT IS KIN TO LOVE

Bayliss had got up and had taken a step toward her, his face dark under scowling brows.

Words rushed to her lips, stinging, burning. "I was afraid of that! I hoped—perhaps—hoped you might see the other side—just once. I hoped—because I thought I loved you—at last. I thought I discovered that—last night. And to-day I admitted it. I dressed for you—set this table for you—brought those flowers for you—waited for you—to tell you.

(*Continued on page 22*)



The White Fireman and his Work

EVERYONE is familiar with the life-and-property-saving work done by the fireman who comes dashing to every blaze. He is one of the heroes of daily life—fearless, able, and invaluable in his prompt and efficient service to the community. He is the "Red Fireman" of song and story.

But there is another sort of fireman—a fireman whom the public seldom, if ever, sees. He wears citizen's clothes and rides in an ordinary car. He doesn't answer alarms—he prevents them. He is the "White Fireman".

This fireman is paid by fire insurance companies.

The White Fireman is a Loss-Prevention Engineer. His duties include every sort of inspection and research tending to reduce fire hazards. His recommendations to property-owners save them millions of dollars annually in avoiding and restricting fire-loss.

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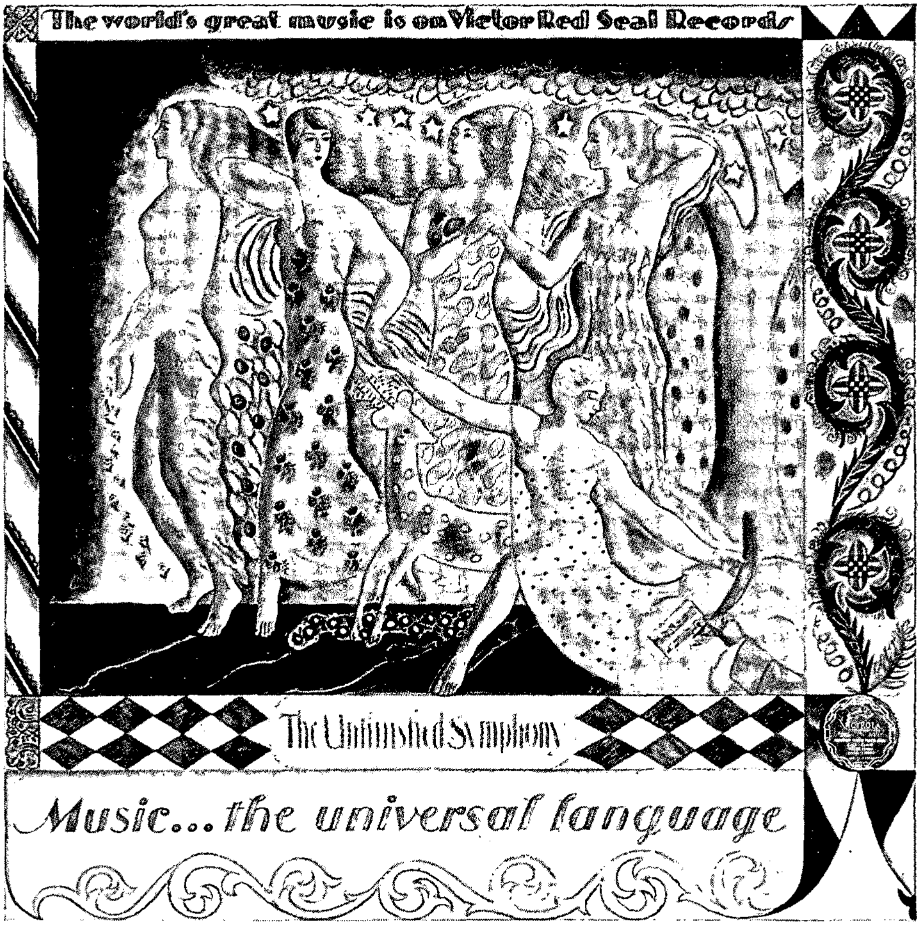
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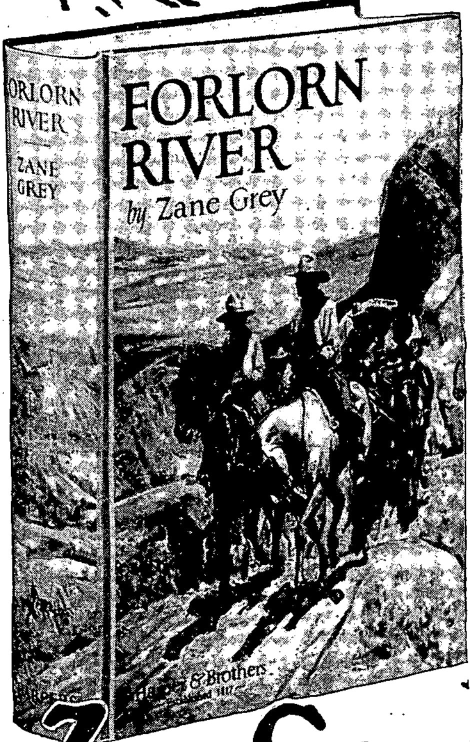
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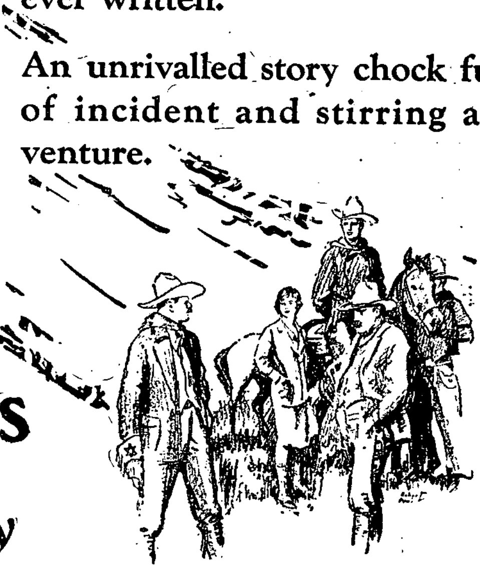

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(*Continued from page 16*)

Do you understand? I was a fool—a silly fool. I know it now. I hate you more than I've ever hated any one—any one."

Her eyes were turned upon him with slashing fury. She heard his short laugh, saw him step quickly toward her. She experienced a blinding flash in her brain, and in the next instant she struck him on the mouth with all the vicious power of her body behind the blow. Then she felt his fingers close suddenly about her wrist, crushing the flesh down into the bone, drawing her close to him. All at once he freed her wrist, caught the mass of her hair in his hands, and kissed her mouth, bruising her lips down against her teeth. In that moment she felt a violence of warmth surge through her body, radiate from her and envelop her in a quivering haze, draw from her a shameless, thrilling response to him. She swayed and he held her and kissed her again, lightly, then let her go. She leaned inertly against the wall behind her, her eyes closed, her breath coming in gasps.

The Mad Carews. MARTHA OSTENSO.

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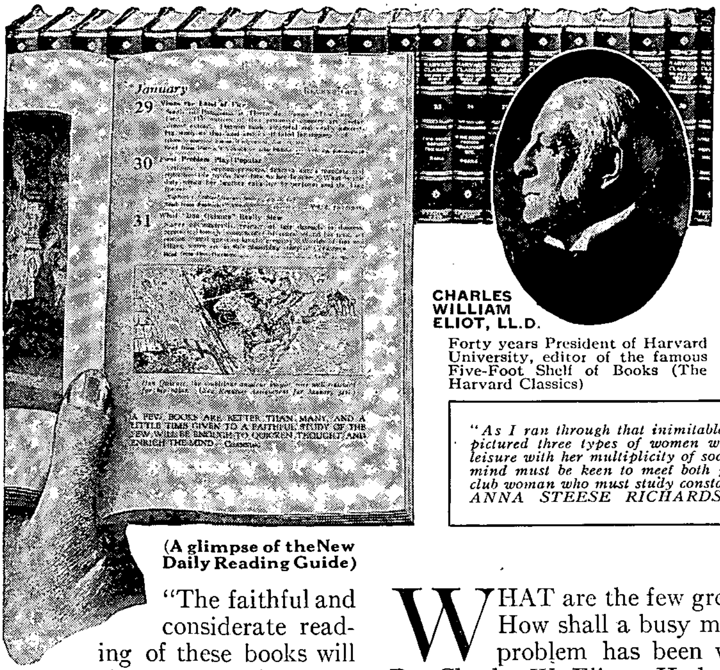
January
29
30
31
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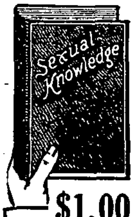

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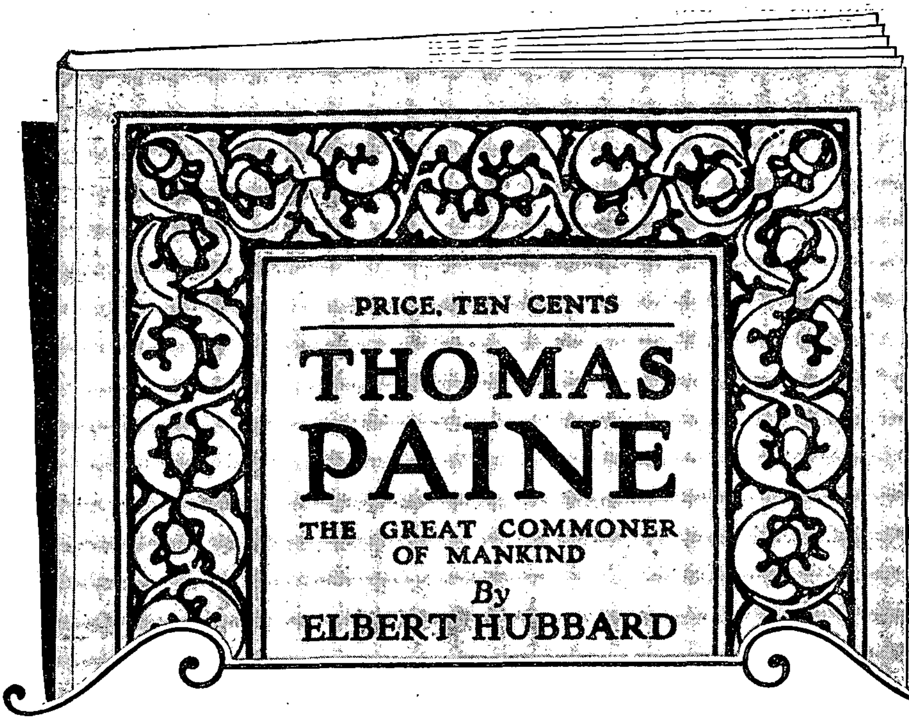

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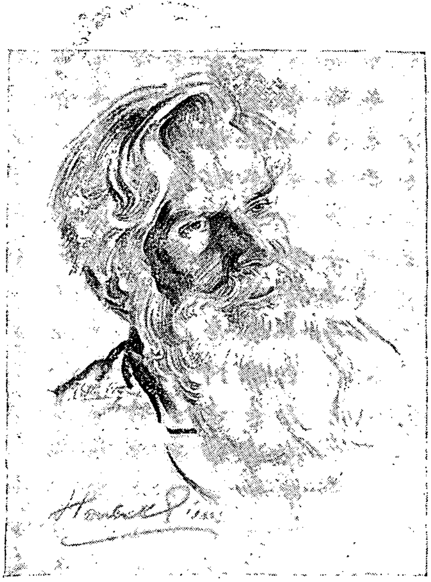

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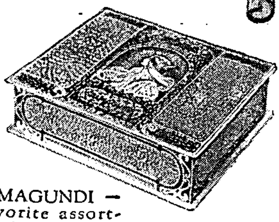

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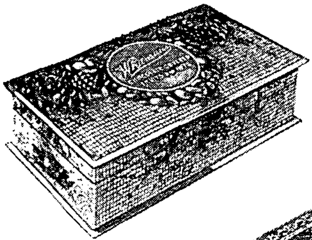

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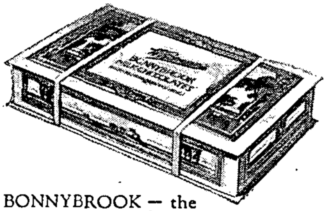

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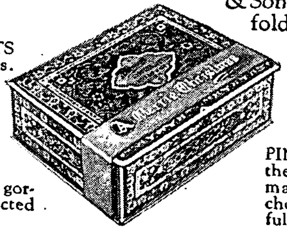

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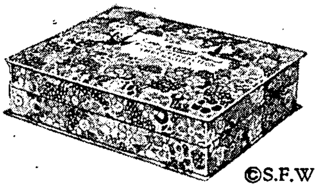

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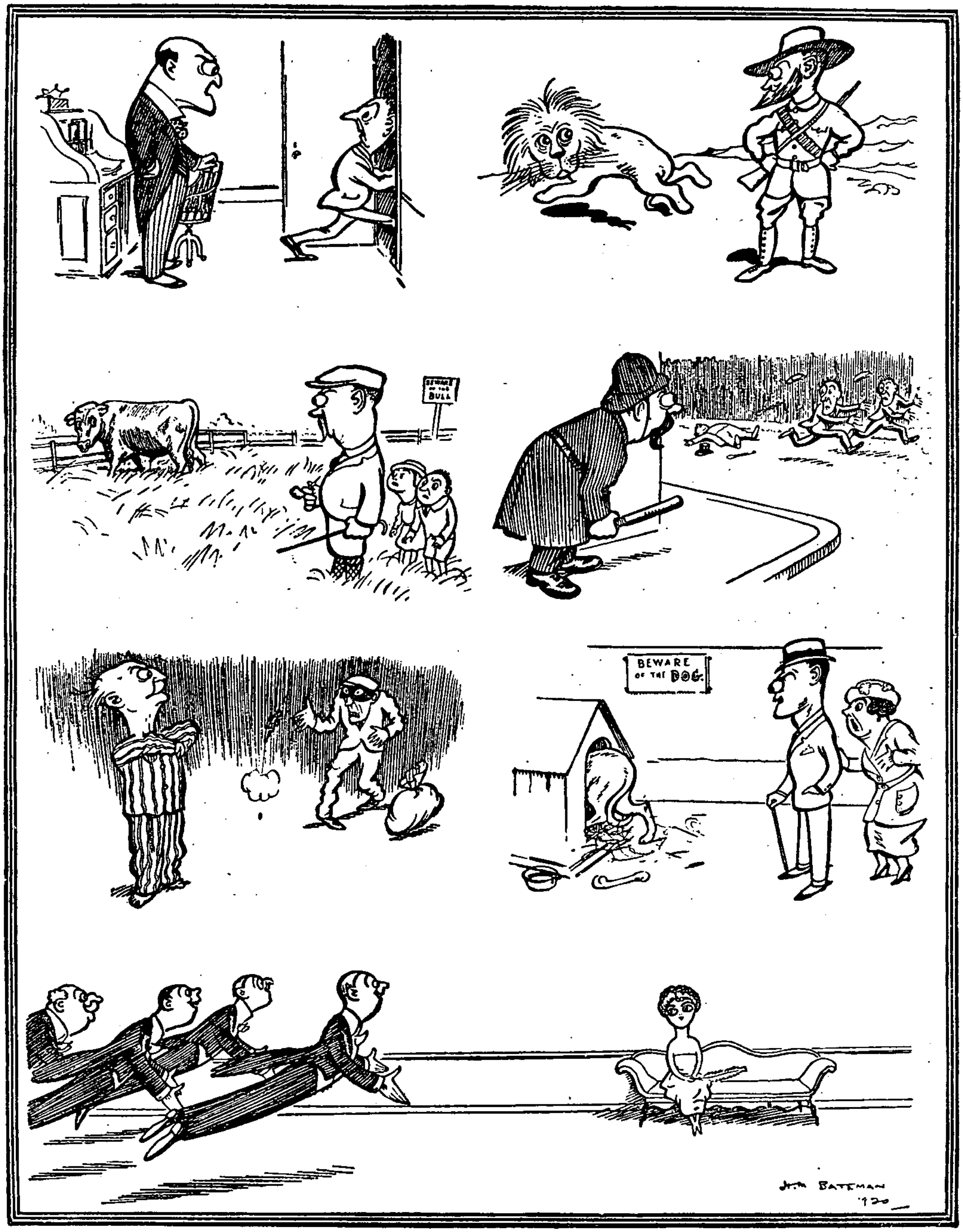
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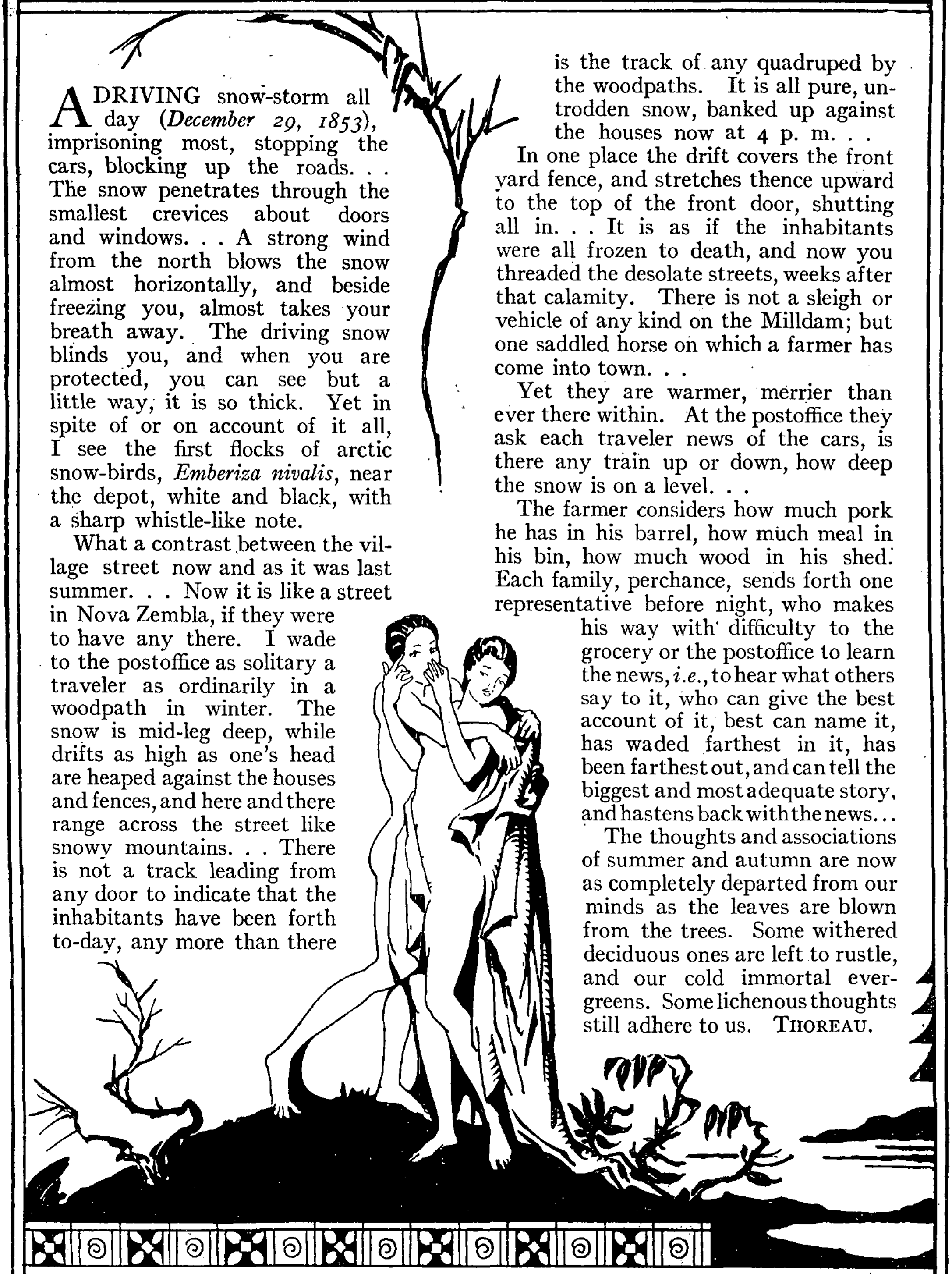
JANVARY



A DRIVING snow-storm all day (*December 29, 1853*), imprisoning most, stopping the cars, blocking up the roads. . . The snow penetrates through the smallest crevices about doors and windows. . . A strong wind from the north blows the snow almost horizontally, and beside freezing you, almost takes your breath away. The driving snow blinds you, and when you are protected, you can see but a little way, it is so thick. Yet in spite of or on account of it all, I see the first flocks of arctic snow-birds, *Emberiza nivalis*, near the depot, white and black, with a sharp whistle-like note.

What a contrast between the village street now and as it was last summer. . . Now it is like a street in Nova Zembla, if they were to have any there. I wade to the postoffice as solitary a traveler as ordinarily in a woodpath in winter. The snow is mid-leg deep, while drifts as high as one's head are heaped against the houses and fences, and here and there range across the street like snowy mountains. . . There is not a track leading from any door to indicate that the inhabitants have been forth to-day, any more than there is the track of any quadruped by the woodpaths. It is all pure, untrodden snow, banked up against the houses now at 4 p. m. . .

In one place the drift covers the front yard fence, and stretches thence upward to the top of the front door, shutting all in. . . It is as if the inhabitants were all frozen to death, and now you threaded the desolate streets, weeks after that calamity. There is not a sleigh or vehicle of any kind on the Milldam; but one saddled horse on which a farmer has come into town. . .

Yet they are warmer, merrier than ever there within. At the postoffice they ask each traveler news of the cars, is there any train up or down, how deep the snow is on a level. . .

The farmer considers how much pork he has in his barrel, how much meal in his bin, how much wood in his shed. Each family, perchance, sends forth one representative before night, who makes his way with difficulty to the grocery or the postoffice to learn the news, *i.e.*, to hear what others say to it, who can give the best account of it, best can name it, has waded farthest in it, has been farthest out, and can tell the biggest and most adequate story, and hastens back with the news. . .

The thoughts and associations of summer and autumn are now as completely departed from our minds as the leaves are blown from the trees. Some withered deciduous ones are left to rustle, and our cold immortal evergreens. Some lichenous thoughts still adhere to us. THOREAU.

Starting a New Year

A LITTLE while, and the Journey of Life is accomplished. It passeth, as passeth a Wind o'er the Wilderness. Wherefore, while one Breath of Life be unbreathed, I neither take Heed of the Day that will Dawn, nor of that which hath died.

Think not that I fear the World. Think not that I fear to leave it. Death, being an eternal Verity, hath no Terrors for me. But, what I do fear is, that I shall not have lived enough.

UMAR KHAIYAM.
From the literal French rendering of
J. B. Nicolas, by "Frederick, Baron Corvo."

1 When pins were first invented and brought into use about the beginning of the sixteenth century, they were a New-Year's gift very acceptable to ladies, and money given for the purchase of them was called "pin-money."
CHAMBERS.

2 Music, friends so true and tried,
Whispered love by warm fireside,
Mirth at all times all together
Makes sweet May of winter weather.
ALFRED DOMETT.

3 If you are sick and despairing, go forth in winter and see the red alder catkins dangling at the extremity of the twigs all in the wintry air, like long hard mulberries, promising a new spring and the fulfilment of all our hopes.
THOREAU.

4 When out of bed my Love doth spring,
'Tis but as day a-kindling;
But when she's up and fully drest,
'Tis then *broad Day throughout the East.*
HERRICK.

5 The wind that has its nest in trees was circling round with many voices, that never rose above a whisper, and were often but the echo of a sigh.
BARRIE.

6 As for me, love has shaken my heart as a down-rushing whirlwind that falls upon the oaks.
SAPPHO.

7 Taunts are allowable in the case of an obstinate husband: balky horses may best be made to go by having their ears bitten.
BIERCE.

8 The wind stood up, and gave a shout;
He whistled on his fingers, and

Kicked the withered leaves about,
And thumped the branches with his hand,

And said he'll kill, and kill, and kill;
And so he will! And so he will!
JAMES STEPHENS.

9 Philip wanted to find out how he ought to behave, and he thought he could prevent himself from being influenced by the opinions that surrounded him. But meanwhile he had to go on living, and, until he formed a theory of conduct, he made himself a provisional rule: "Follow your inclinations with due regard for the policeman round the corner."
MAUGHAM.

10 So to Mrs. Hunt, where I found a Frenchman, a lodger of her's, at dinner, and just as I came in was kissing my wife, which I did not like, though there could not be any hurt in it.
PEPYS.

11 Since you love me and I love you
The rest matters not;
I will cut grass in the fields
And you will sell it for beasts.

Since you love me and I love you
The rest matters not;
I will sow maize in the fields
And you will sell it for people.
KAFIRISTAN SONG (MATHERS).

12 "Life is sweet, brother." "Do you think so?" "Think so! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother."
BORROW.

13 The Romans had a joke
That sounds peculiar:
They spoke of lovely woman
As a "mulier." "IRONQUILL."

14 The woman I love says there is no one whom she would rather marry than me, not if Jupiter himself were to woo her. Says,—but what a woman says to her ardent lover should be written in wind and running water.
CATULLUS.

15 Sin we have explained away;
Unluckily, the sinners stay.
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

16 Tartarin . . . bore within him the soul of a Don Quixote; the same chivalric impulse, the same heroic ideal, the same passion for the romantic and grandiose; but unfortunately his body . . . was a very good fellow of a body, very fat, very heavy, very sensual, very luxurious, very exacting, full of bourgeois appetites and domestic requirements, the short and pot-bellied body on paws of the immortal Sancho Panza. Daudet.

17 "He that has a little tiny wit,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day."
Shakespeare.

18 The hand that renovates is always more sacrilegious than that which destroys. Hawthorne.

19 So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
And so proceed *ad infinitum*. Swift.

20 Owing to his extra exertion and an adverse wind the Knight of the Needle became sadly weary. It is true that he still made a great pretense of advancing, and blustered, "Now I will take the road between my legs." But he immediately after that explained that his feet were blistered, and that the world was far too extensive. Heine.

21 In love, men demand forms and colours; they *will* have visible images. Women crave only sensations. They love better than we; they are blind.
Anatole France.

22 Gentility is only a more select and artificial kind of vulgarity. It cannot exist but by a sort of borrowed distinction. It plumes itself up and revels in the homely pretensions of the mass of mankind. Hazlitt.

23 "What is there in thee, Moon! that thou shouldst move
My heart so potently?" Keats.

24 If you cry "Forward" you must without fail explain in what direction one must go. If . . . you fire off this word simultaneously at a monk and at a revolutionary they will proceed in precisely opposite directions. Chekhov.

25 The beauty of women is a fact and is the only truth. We are created to be caught first in that mirror. The balance of our activities is secondary and almost always futile. Remy de Gourmont.

26 We are, and ought to be obscure to ourselves—turned outward, and working upon the world which surrounds us.
Goethe.

27 Unlike the Japanese, we Americans have only a limited sense of humour. Its limits end for the most part with things which happen to other people.
Heywood Broun.

28 Discussion . . . affords an excellent answer to those who ask how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being—a rational creature. How? Why, with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder. Oh—it is a fine way of spending a sensible, impartial half-hour. Leigh Hunt.

29 We can never get rid of mouse-ideas completely; they keep turning up again and again, and nibble, nibble. . . . The best way to keep them down is to have a few good strong cat-ideas which will embrace them and ensure their not reappearing till they do so in another shape.
Samuel Butler.

30 Jeweler, choose your most precious stones, let them trickle between your fingers; kindle, in multicoloured sheafs, the flames of diamonds and of rubies, of emeralds and of topazes; never will their fond flashes sparkle like the eyes of my dark madonna, like the eyes of my so sweet torment! Huysmans.

31 The most common effect of this mock evangelical spirit, especially with young women, is self-inflation and busybodyism. Coleridge.

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The Return of Foo Chow

By EDGAR LLOYD HAMPTON

Edgar Lloyd Hampton

> "*Which I wish to remark,*
> *And my language is plain,*
> *That for ways that are dark*
> *And for tricks that are vain,*
> *The heathen Chinee is peculiar. . . .*"
> —BRET HARTE.

THIS story does not begin with Foo Chow, nor with Schwartzberg, nor old man Mosely, nor with Mr. and Mrs. Alderson; not even with Tibbets herself. It begins with the Great Western Timber Company, though it is not a part of the Company records. Well, I should say not! The Great Western is strictly a business corporation. This event was too unexpected for a business report. Besides, it had a number of things mixed into it not even resembling business.

Now the head camp of the Great Western Timber Company, at the time of which I write, was situated—and still is—thirty miles above the elbow on the right arm of Raging River, in the heart of the Olympic Peninsula.

It was the timber that kept us there: two thousand square miles of cloud-kissing fir, cedar and spruce; forty years of steady, heart-breaking work for logging crews. We had seen seventeen of them already, and scarcely made a dent.

The Great Western is a large corporation; it does a business for the most part international: Hong Kong, Tokyo, Melbourne, Chile, Indo-China, through the Canal to the Mediterranean ports and Liverpool—a veritable dream of world supply and demand in lumber—appeals to the imagination. At the present time we were on orders for Vladivostok; bridge timbers, mostly, for the Siberian railway—they were double-tracking it, you know.

The mill town stood, or rather squatted, on a low bend of land just above the river. In extent it was less than a hundred acres. Near the center, resembling huge freight sheds, were the long columns of machine shops, dry kilns, cook- and bunk-houses. Deployed about these on every side were the tiny four-square cottages, row upon row, crouching along endless sawdust streets, with occasional sun-baked sickly flowers,

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struggling for bare existence at the front door stoops—cursed all alike to less than mediocrity in the single dead-gray colour of weatherbeaten lumber, unprofaned by the memory of paint.

Towering above this quaint domestic scene, like a huge, angry Leviathan, stood the lumber mill, spouting its funnels of black smoke and emaciated steam against a saffron sky, storming its vitals out in the grind and whir of engines, the bang and bump of heavy timbers, the whistle of overhead pulleys, the flapping of belts, the pomp-pomp-pomp! of the jiggers, the shriek of band saws, and the dismal wail of planers running on endlessly from dawn to dawn, always hungry and crying for more. Back of the mill loomed the mountains of clean yellow lumber, neat as a ribbon counter, telling you plainly what the noise was all about.

Into this medley of smell and sound and otherwise solitude, at five o'clock each afternoon, debouched some four hundred swaggering, tobacco-chewing sons of the nether-planet; walking down out of the tall timber, issuing like insects from the mills, crawling from the port holes of dry ovens, making with deadly intent toward the cook-house; to go thence past the sunset, on into the dark, lounging, gossiping, bickering—making night hideous with their not too near music; forming, as it would seem, no part of your tangible life, but more like so many atoms detached and floating through space—unless you chance to cross them.

At the upper edge of the mill town, somewhat above its immediate environment, stands the chocolate-and-cream bungalow of the Aldersons, peering intently out from among the trees. It was as if it had stepped suddenly out of the dense forest to the edge of the clearing for a casual look around.

The sights available to this frank scrutiny were numerous, though remote. Below, like the freckles on the back of a great yellow outspread hand, squatted the village. Above, and further away, lay a league-long perspective over perpetual tree tops, close-knit like a forest-green carpet, ending finally in purple mist. Upon a clear day, following this line of vision, one might observe, above these tree tops fifty miles away, the pale blue shimmer of the North Pacific—see, sometimes, the Kobe steamers heeling in past No Point Light, at the mouth of Fuca Strait, like gnats creeping over an endless azure-blue counterpane, en route to Seattle; or, with a powerful glass watch the halibut smacks rocking at sleep in the cross-currents twenty miles off Flattery Head.

Sometimes the sea itself was invisible, and the China freighters resembled tiny specks floating in space against a blue sky. Or again, in the dead of night, you looked in awe to see a great luminous eye open and shut sleepily at intervals, like some huge ethereal Cyclops; and you knew that No Point Light, on its diminutive speck of island, was guarding the North Pacific liners.

Oftener, however, when the mid-summer haze came down from the snow peaks, the horizon drew in a half dozen leagues to shut out the view, marking, like a huge inverted bowl, the eternal edge of things. Always there was the green surface of tree tops, so velvety-firm in appearance that you felt you might safely walk out upon it and touch the rim of the inverted bowl. Instead of doing which you awoke suddenly to the hectic cough of donkey engines, the scream of band saws, the rumbling bump of lumber-laden flats, and knew that you were alone, that the things which lay beyond the rim of the inverted bowl were but legendary: that the little world on Raging River spelled the sum total of existence, and there was no other universe.

Foo Chow was the cook. Not the camp cook,—he was an Irishman; Foo Chow cooked for the Aldersons.

He had cooked for some member of the Alderson family, so it was said, for something like a hundred years. Moreover, he looked the part—he was very old; he resembled, in at least some respects, one of his most ancient dish rags.

Now, there is no greater despot on earth than a Chinese cook—in his mild and inoffensive way. Being invested with peculiar powers, he is not slow to exercise them. Foo Chow ruled the Alderson household not unlike the way in which a mandarin presides over a province.

Having been so long a time on the ground in a managerial capacity when Tibbets herself arrived—as she did some sixteen years before—it was no difficult matter for Foo Chow to continue in authority.

By the time the child was able to walk he had taken proprietary charge. He cavorted up and down the mill path on hands and knees, with her on his back, her little heels hugging his ribs, one hand tightly entwined in his sacred pig tail, screaming with baby laughter, and whipping him unmercifully with a tiny willow switch, whenever his speed failed to meet her expectations. He left the T-bones scorching on the kitchen range, and brought down the wrath of Mrs. Alderson upon his head while he assumed a perpendicular pose against a stump in the back yard by the commissariat, to simulate a monkey. Later, as occasion demanded, he would bark like a dog, squeak like a mouse, or crow like a rooster!

As Tibbets grew into young womanhood, Foo Chow altered, and likewise multiplied, his acts of deference. They came in the shape of exclusive dishes, the secrets of which were unknown east of Kiao Chow; grotesque, though wholly harmless, images carved out of spruce chips, which may or may not have represented some strange religion; quaint and symbolical flower wreaths not unlike those one finds, no doubt, upon the shores of the Sacred Lake of Lotus. He ran all her errands, submitted to each of her innumerable refined cruelties, bowed to her every wish; and, as recompense, played, in the late evening dusk, lugubrious tunes on his Chinese fiddle, and sang to her—at least that is what he called it.

As for Tibbets, she was equally crazy over Foo Chow. Show a woman attention like this and you are chained to the oar for life. The instinct develops young! Tibbets was now approaching womanhood. And she was proving no exception to the rule. The scope and variety of her dictatorship reached the height of inspiration. This fact delighted the Chinaman beyond all bounds.

It is really no wonder, then, that Schwartzberg and Foo Chow hated each other. For Schwartzberg was strongly inclined towards Tibbets. Everyone in our little Raging River universe knew of his infatuation; respected it, too, because he was a respectable fellow, and did not abuse the privilege. He was assistant to old man Mosely, at the mill.

Tibbetts, however, could find no time for Schwartzberg. In truth she found no time for anything except life itself. She could not use Schwartzberg in this connection, though she could use the Chinaman. I shall always believe that Schwartzberg blamed the Chinaman personally for the girl's attitude toward him.

I arrived at camp, that year, on the twenty-third of June. It was my annual trip. I am the auditor of the Great Western Timber Company—a sort of assistant to Mr. Gorham, the General Manager, working out of the Seattle office. Once a year I visit the Raging River camp for a month or so, audit the books, check over the next year's outlook, and report back. That is how I happened to come into this story.

I had known Tibbets practically all her life, watched her grow year by year, so to speak, up from babyhood. She had spent her entire existence right there with her father and mother, at the Raging River camp. Everyone loved her, and spoiled her beyond all hope of recovery.

Quite naturally she had developed a penchant for the wild creatures of the forest. She took to bear cubs like a religion; always had the front yard cluttered up with young grouse and pheasants; talked to the silver-grays as if they were human; walked through the woods mile on mile, bareheaded, hair flying, arms outspread, calling the birds down out of the trees to light upon her head, and eat out of her hands.

As I came up the trail that morning from Port Angeles where I had left the steamer, there she stood like a wood nymph in among the alders beside the foot trail, her luxury of black hair tumbling to her hips, eyes sparkling with happiness, chin up, arms outstretched, as beautiful as an unrealized dream, the bluejays fluttering about her shoulders and the woods rodents skipping at her feet.

"Welcome to our city," she laughed, waving a pine squirrel at me in either hand. "What do you think of my family?"

"Some family!" I agreed. "Aren't you afraid they'll bite you?"

"Bite? The very idea!" she laughed. "I've just been feeding them. Foo Chow gave me some scraps from the kitchen. Of course they won't bite!"

And she cuddled a little furry pine squirrel up to her cheek and gave it a kiss—a kiss which I am convinced poor Schwartzberg would have yielded his right hand to have received.

We walked on up to the bungalow together. In the course of time I settled down to my auditing.

It was less than a week later that the thing happened. I was busy at work on the books in the rear office, when I heard angry voices over by the commissary, and went out to investigate.

Schwartzberg, Foo Chow and Tibbets were there together. The two men were in the midst of an altercation. It all came out afterward. Schwartzberg, it seems, was talking to Tibbets, when Foo Chow emerged from the kitchen door and overheard the conversation.

It wasn't anything in particular—some sentimental gush or other.

Anyhow, Tibbets resented it—didn't understand that sort of thing. So immediately Foo Chow resented it too. The situation was natural enough when you consider how the two men hated each other.

It was the first time I had ever seen a Chinaman attack a white man. They fight enough among themselves, goodness knows, yet they seldom become international.

Foo Chow proved an exception, however. As I came around the corner of the bungalow, I saw him making straight for Schwartzberg with a huge carving knife in his hand—a bit of the kitchen cutlery.

It was not a fight, not even a brawl; there was nothing melodramatic about it, and it was over in ten seconds. Schwartzberg simply sidestepped, and as the Chinaman passed, struck him an overhand on the jaw. Foo Chow stumbled sidewise from the impact, caught the toe of his sandal on the corner of the boardwalk, and fell headlong down the declivity to the footpath that leads to the lower trail.

It was over just like that: an accident, you'd call it—you could hardly place the blame anywhere.

Yet Foo Chow, in falling, struck his head on a rock, and we carried him into the house unconscious. He was injured internally, too, as soon developed from the lips of the camp surgeon; there was really no hope for his recovery.

Foo Chow lingered for a week; then he passed on to the Sacred Lake of Lotus. At least that is where we thought he went, though I am willing to believe almost anything now, in the light of later developments. In any event, he passed to wherever he went, cursing Schwartzberg!

It must have been about two weeks later that the cougar cat came into camp. Its coming was a regular god-send; for it took Tibbets' mind away from Foo Chow. Alderson found it nosing about the door of the commissariat one morning before daylight, crying piteously—it must have been terribly hungry—brought it into the house in his coat pocket, and showed it to Tibbets. It was no more than a week old, according to old man Mosely—and he was raised among cougar cats. It was so frail that it mewed in little gasping whispers like a sick tabby, had a hurt, helpless look in its watery blue eyes, because it was not used to the light, and doddered like a very old person when it tried to stand on its feet.

Tibbets, however, promptly went into ecstasies over it, loved it to distraction on sight, and immediately began to lay plans for its indefinite future.

I think that is the reason why Alderson finally gave his consent for her to adopt the thing—because it so completely absorbed her attention. Anyhow, he did give his consent—though not until after a stormy session with Mrs. Alderson. Tibbets christened the beast Aguinaldo, because Alderson had fought in the Philippines.

Now you would scarcely believe it, yet it is a fact, that the first thing that cougar kitten did in its young life, of any moment, was to scratch Schwartzberg, and bite his finger. Schwartzberg was teasing it, of course. Being in love with Tibbets he took a very natural delight in teasing her. Teasing the cougar cat had an equivalent effect upon Tibbets. So he kept it up. At the end of three weeks, the little beast was in a frame of mind to bow its back and spit viciously whenever Schwartzberg entered the room. The man laughed uproariously at this; he considered it one of the greatest jokes of his career—at the time.

Then I finished my season's work on the company books, and went back to the Seattle office.

I returned to the Raging River logging camp the following season, three months later than usual. America had entered the World War; we had switched from fir to airplane spruce, and the change had meant extra work in the Seattle office. So it was late October before I arrived.

Schwartzberg, I discovered, was no longer at the main camp. Our body of spruce lay forty miles further west, over beyond the Divide. To develop it required new logging roads, new everything. So Alderson had put Schwartzberg in charge; he had been absent almost a year.

I found Tibbets more beautiful than ever: a spontaneous young creature, bubbling over with the sheer joy of existence. She had passed, in that sixteen months, from a bud to a full-blown flower—merged into young womanhood. She was a badly spoiled child, nevertheless.

The cougar cat had grown far beyond the kitten stage. It was a huge, lithe, elusive sort of beast now, developing its native traits—soft-footing it everywhere, gliding about through the forest, moving without sound—yet always moving. Strangely enough, it had taken on the colour of its environment; you could scarcely see it until it was upon you, suddenly, and as silently as the winds of Heaven! To me it was a loathsome sort of creature.

Tibbets still adored it, however. In fact, the two of them seemed all but inseparable. The beast tagged her everywhere: it was as if it felt a certain responsibility, you could explain it in no other way. They played together like children, Aguinaldo positively appearing to enter into the sport.

One evening Mrs. Alderson sent Tibbets to the lower sub-station on an errand. Back they came together, the cougar cat carrying a basketful of butter in his teeth, humbly, like a St. Bernard.

Tibbets actually treated the beast as a menial, ordered him about at will, whipped him at pleasure—smacking him on the end of his ugly nose with her bare palm, to make him behave, and humiliating him in many other ways: to all of which Aguinaldo meekly submitted.

In the middle of an afternoon I accompanied Mosely to inspect a crew of swampers who were breaking out a new logging road on Porcupine Ridge. We were returning to camp along the skid road. A foot trail broke away from this thoroughfare, passing through heavy timber in a short cut to the spring. And there, in a glade which formed a natural amphitheater among huge overhanging cedars, we came upon them. She was teaching the cougar cat tricks! We stood back, unobserved, to watch them.

It was for all the world like a trainer in a circus. Aguinaldo was standing on his hind feet, learning to walk erect. He even took two or three steps, uncertainly. And then, at her command, he would lie down and roll over.

He did it all reluctantly, with some resentment and a great deal of deliberation, as if the transaction hurt his feelings beyond repair. Yet he did it. When he failed to react, as was sometimes the case, she lit into him unmercifully, switching him with a willow twig half the size of your little finger, scolding continually like a parrot. And the beast would lie flat on the ground, a look of despair in his eyes, and whine like a whipped puppy.

We slipped away through the forest and left them to their eerie incantations. Old man Mosely drew hard on his tobacco reflectively. He emitted but a single remark during our entire journey back to camp; then he tapped me impressively on the sleeve with his pipe:

"Somethin' a leetle bit wrong somewhere," he said, shaking his head. "I never see a cougar cat act like this un before."

The incident proved too much for my nerves. I had to tell it to Alderson that evening as we sat smoking our after-dinner pipes on the front veranda, watching the colours fade out over the distant Pacific and the lights wink in down at the mill for the night shift. Old Man Mosely was there, too; and Mrs. Alderson emerged presently, in the midst of the silence, and sat with us. Tibbets, for some reason or other, had not yet returned.

"The brute is bound to eat the child alive sooner or later," declared Mrs. Alderson ominously. "You mark what I tell you!"

"Aw—w, there's no danger of that," drawled Alderson expansively, and removed his pipe. "It's the girl's instinct; she's just natural with animals—can't you see?"

"No, I can't see!" declared Mrs. Alderson obstinately. "She's a strange girl."

"Strange cat!" grunted Mosely. "Ain't like any other cougar cat I ever did see. Mighty strange!"

"Well, he's getting pretty bothersome around the house, anyhow," admitted Alderson. "I wonder what makes him hang about the commissary so much? It can't be he's hungry. The other afternoon I was coming from the mill along the upper trail when I heard a noise inside the commissary. The door was open. I looked in, and there was Aguinaldo, his face covered with pancake flour, broken dishes lying all around, and sides of bacon and breakfast food scattered pell-mell. Hadn't been eating anything, though. Yet there he was, mussing around, the same as if he owned the place."

"He's just as bad as that about the kitchen," sighed Mrs. Alderson resignedly.

"Why, yes!" explained Alderson. "Only last night Clarissa here saw him. She was crossing from the wood-shed to the front porch. It was after dark. And there he was, reared up with his two paws on the window-sill, looking into the kitchen——"

"Just like he had left something and gone back to get it!" breathed Mrs. Alderson, wide-eyed.

"Yet that isn't anything to what happened over at Schwartzberg's cabin the other night," Alderson went on. "We've kept it locked, you know, since he's been away.

"Well, I was coming by there up from the mill. It must have been about midnight, I guess. It was pretty dark. I heard a little noise on the front porch—rather, I sort of felt it, so I crossed over to investigate.

"Well, there was the cougar cat. He was sniffing up and down along the cracks of the door as if he wanted to get inside. He saw me, but paid no attention. So I started to drive him away. At my very first move he flared up and let out a yell that actually sounded like— Lord! I must be getting nutty even to think of it!"

"Odd things a-goin' on around here," crooned old man Mosely. "'Tain't nat'ral!"

Alderson tossed his hands and laughed.

"Well, I give it up," he said. "Does seem to be something a little bit queer about it."

Night was rising up from the earth; the darkness came creeping toward us, stealthily out from among the trees; shadows had begun to gather everywhere. We sat there in the silence listening to the increasing voices of the wilderness as they gathered their forces for the night foray.

As we sat we heard Tibbets trill, and looked up in quick anticipation.

She was issuing out of the trail that arrives through the east clearing—coming toward us like one of the sinister shadows of the night. As we stared, spell-bound, she materialized before us, there in the open. She was riding on the back of Aguinaldo! Her arms were full of wild flowers, and she came along, singing—singing and whipping her steed with a tiny alder switch to accelerate his action.

As for the beast, he moved reluctantly, dragging one foot after the other, wrapped, no doubt, in an abandon of abject humiliation. For a garland of flowers was twined about his neck, a laurel wreath adorned his head, and it had slipped down over one eye.

She rode him up to the front stoop and dismounted, like a queen coming to court.

"Aguinaldo and I have been gathering wild flowers," she babbled. "Are we too late for dinner?"

The situation was wholly unexplainable from any human angle. And then, almost immediately, a yet stranger thing happened.

For in the midst of a brief hiatus between words, out of the woods and into the clearing from the upper trail, came Schwartzberg, a pack on his back, swinging into camp.

The cougar cat, lying chin on paws, gazing sad-eyed at Tibbets, saw him. In a flash it was on its feet, faced about, hair erect, tail stiffened, half crouching.

Schwartzberg, unmindful of the situation, came on.

Suddenly the beast turned and, in a series of nimble leaps, gained the edge of the forest. Pausing for an instant it looked back, let out a yell, blood-curdling and half human, that sent the birds fluttering to the tops of the tallest trees, and must have set the blacktails a-gallop on the ridges for five miles around. Then it turned and vanished into the forest.

It was June of the next year that I made my mid-season advent into the little circle of life known as the Raging River Logging Camp. While this transition from the throbbing activities of the outside world to a wilderness retreat was marked, it was less marked than one might suppose. For we were nearing the end of the World War, though we did not know it at the time; and even on Raging River every one was working at breakneck speed.

In the face of which fact I found the camp in a state of mental perturbation: they were having trouble with Schwartzberg—or, rather, Schwartzberg was having trouble with himself.

The change from fir to spruce, up at the sub-station, had been satisfactorily brought about. Therefore Alderson had returned the assistant foreman to his former task at the mill. He had been back two months. And he was in an unfortunate state of mind, according to Alderson, labouring under an unusual stress.

I met him the very first afternoon. He was coming out of the woods along the skid road that leads in from Porcupine Ridge, and he had paused abruptly to look over his shoulder, back into the thick forest.

"How's everything?" I said, greeting him. And his eyes came back from their search among the trees to meet mine with a troubled look in them.

"That damned cougar cat keeps following me about," he said. "Outside of that everything's all right."

He was a fine, up-standing fellow—Schwartzberg—a little above medium height, rather inclined to slimness. In colour he was a blond, with a mop of wavy, light-brown hair, verging upon the yellow. He had big, blue eyes, rather wide open—as if they saw too much, or too little. There was a yearning look in them at times—such as you see in the eyes of one who expects, or at least hopes, for sympathy.

"What do you know about cougar cats?" he asked, still gazing at me with that perplexed look.

"Oh, I consider them harmless enough," I lied back. "Aguinaldo, in particular; he's well trained, you know."

"No cougar cat is well trained," he remarked sagely. And we walked on together up to the mill.

I heard more on the subject within the next forty-eight hours. We were working three shifts a day on airplane spruce; Alderson was crowding everything to the limit. Schwartzberg's work often carried him far into the night, checking over the scalers' lists, figuring up the past twenty-four-hour output, and the next day's prospects, down in his little two-room shack back of the mill.

It was a lonely spot at night, even under normal conditions. On either side the tall trees came up in a manner completely to enclose it. To the rear lay the uncut forest.

I went down the second night after my arrival and sat with him among his endless figures, to keep him company.

He seemed in a strangely irrational mood—kept mussing around over his papers, picking them up and putting them down again.

"It's that accursed cougar cat," he said finally. "It's getting me all fussed up. Say,——"

He put down his papers suddenly and, coming over to the little wooden center-table, sat down opposite me.

"Say! You can't possibly understand what an awful thing it is to have a cougar cat following you around through the woods days and nights on end—silently, stealthily—with a definite purpose in view, and you not knowing what that purpose is nor when it's going to end—abruptly!"

He sat staring, droll-eyed, into space.

"That's the predicament I'm in," he went on presently. " . . . to feel your flesh suddenly prickle beneath your clothes, and know that the thing is there—somewhere, though you can't tell where!"

He sat clutching and unclutching his hands distractedly.

"Why don't you kill the brute and have it over with?" I said, for I felt an infinite pity for him.

His eyes steadied a little as he sat there staring at me across the table, and they bore an inscrutable look. But his words, when he spoke, carried unwritten volumes of love.

"Kill Tibbets' cougar cat?" he said. "Oh, I simply couldn't do that!"

As a matter of fact, Aguinaldo's disposition had changed, and not for the better. Every one admitted it. They dated this change some two months back on the calendar: Schwartzberg had been back two months!

The cat had developed roving proclivities—traveled about a great deal alone, in spite of Tibbets; sometimes gone all day long, and back again at dusk, unexpectedly. It had become less tractable about the camp, too; more open to insult, as it were: churlish, like a tomcat that is finicky about its feet. There was a wilder look in its eyes—a look which now seemed to border upon defiance.

For all its indiscretions Tibbets chastised it emphatically; whereupon it would lie flat on its neck, twist its huge tail and whine like a sick kitten. Yet we all felt instinctively that it was approaching a far more dangerous period in its existence.

"It's gettin' old and cantankerous," said old man Mosely with a look in his eyes which told plainly that he knew his words were not true.

Of course, there was forever the argument about getting rid of the beast. Mrs. Alderson had never been of any other mind. Upon the mere suggestion of the idea, however, Tibbets invariably simulated hysteria. Alderson himself held to the notion that the thing was largely imaginary—a sort of hallucination on the part of Schwartzberg, and that he would get over it as soon as the cooler weather came.

Such was the status of affairs upon my return from an inspection trip to the upper sub-station a week later.

Conditions in the meantime, I learned, had not improved for Schwartzberg. There were various odd rumours afloat. You heard bits of broken talk on the subject as you went about the mill. Alderson told me pointedly that the poor fellow was worse.

"I'm not sure but we'll have to get him off to a sanitarium yet before the season's over," he said, with a worried look.

I went down to his cabin, as usual, the first night after my return.

But I found him in no condition to work. He was in a highly nervous state, trying his best to hold himself in hand, but with poor results. He looked haggard, too; the strain under which he laboured was telling upon his vitals.

"It's that damned cougar cat!" he said, as if he had never mentioned the subject before. "It's following me around again."

He hooked his locked fingers about his knee and sat staring wide-eyed at the year-old newspapers pasted upon the opposite wall.

" . . . Its feet forever beating down the trail, just behind—" he said disconnectedly. " . . . Its breath forever on my cheek. . . . Its eyes forever on me—like a Nemesis!"

"Why don't you leave Raging River?" I suggested. "Get clear out of the place. Find a job over in the Cascades or somewhere?"

He shook his head wearily.

"It'd never do any good," he said, and

his voice ran high-pitched in an excess of despair. "Wherever I go it would follow me, even to the ends of the earth. I'd never get relief: its eyes forever on me. . . . Its hands——"

"Hands!" I broke in. "What on earth are you talking about, Schwartzberg?"

He twisted abruptly to gaze at me over his shoulder, and the look in his eyes was pitifully tragic. Suddenly he rose, half crouching, put his two palms on the table and leaned far over, till I felt his breath hot upon my cheek.

"It's got eyes like the Chinaman!" he whispered. "The damned cat's got eyes like the Chinaman!"

"Schwartzberg!" I cried angrily, and pushed him back into his seat. "This thing's getting you all mixed up. You'd better pull out of here right away."

"No! Listen to me now," he said, steadying himself with his two hands on the table. "I'm perfectly rational—I know what I'm talking about. The thing's happened more than once. Over in the upper woods, one day last week, in broad daylight—listen, now!—I was coming along the foot trail, when all of a sudden I felt somebody was right at my elbow, watching me.

"I stopped and began to look around. And then I saw it—just its face, you know, nothing more—peering at me out from among the cedar boughs—never moving a muscle—just gazing at me as if it had been there always.

"I started toward it, when suddenly it moved. And then it turned into the cougar cat. It went bounding away through the woods. But I saw it look back at me over its shoulders as it ran. It had the face of the Chinaman!"

"Oh, bosh!" I said. "Let's go up and consult Alderson."

"No! Listen now!" he persisted in a sort of lurid enthusiasm. "Only last night, right here in this cabin, about midnight, I was sitting at work on the scalers' lists, when I heard something going on outside: first a rustling in the leaves; and then a sort of scraping noise, like some one cleaning his boots on the edge of the porch. Then pretty soon somebody swore—swore in Chinese!

"I slipped out to investigate. The moon was up; it slanted cross-wise in among the trees, making a sort of dull, yellow light. At first I could see nothing. Then all at once I heard some one laugh, a low, rattley chuckle, back among the alders. You've heard Foo Chow laugh—haven't you?"

Schwartzberg stared at me, wide-eyed, and put the question. But I simply sat and stared back; I had passed beyond the power of speech.

"I followed in the direction of the laugh," Schwartzberg went on. "Almost immediately I saw it. It was the cougar cat. It went galloping away—kind of a slow lope—going toward the west. When it got down among the alders by the river it turned right in a broad belt of moonlight, and looked back. I saw it as clear as day: it had the face of the Chinaman: he was grinning at me!"

"Oh, bosh!"

Schwartzberg tossed his hands in an abandon of despair. Then he stiffened suddenly, as if an electric current had shot abruptly through his body.

"Listen to that, now!" he whispered, and came from his chair with a bound, half crouching. "Listen to that, now!"

A movement had developed among the alders back of the cabin; the sound of a heavy body, snapping occasional twigs as it passed across the carpet of fir needles. You could both feel and hear it. It seemed to be traveling in the direction of the spring.

"Let's look into this," I said, and, seizing Schwartzberg's 30-30 from the corner, I went out at the back door on the run, Schwartzberg at my heels.

The sounds abruptly diminished, slithering away through the night, down a dark alley of alders. Suddenly two balls of fire opened among the tree trunks, gleaming at us like tiny headlights: it had turned to look.

"See it?" panted Schwartzberg, pointing a trembling finger. "Can't you see it grinning at us?"

I saw it. It had turned again, leisurely, crossing an open space toward the river. Every outline of it was visible. It was the cougar cat, nothing more. It disappeared over an abrupt bank into the river bed.

"You see, there's nothing to this hallucination of yours," I said reassuringly as we went back into the cabin.

Well, we held a private conference over Schwartzberg up at the bungalow. Mrs. Alderson was for sending him down to a sanitarium at once. Alderson, however, put up his perennial argument, which was, in effect, that the fellow would recover as soon as the cool weather came; and we were looking for rain any day now.

So Alderson won the argument. Not without a certain amount of persiflage, however.

"Maybe the Chinaman is back," he

laughed. "I hope he is; we sure do need a cook. This Armenian we've got can't hold a candle to old Foo Chow."

There came a day when Schwartzberg seemed in a much livelier mood. And upon that day he proposed to Tibbets—asked her to marry him. It did not seem such an unreasonable thing: he was a nice enough fellow, had saved his money, and was a man who could command an executive position. Of course, he worshipped the girl, every one knew that.

He argued that if they were to marry and remove to some other locality things would at once be different. He even went so far as to suggest that his marriage with Tibbets might in some way break this awful spell that was upon him.

His talk was without avail, however—Tibbets refused: said she didn't love him—which was reason enough.

He then put the matter straight up to the elder Aldersons, pleaded the subject like a young lawyer in his first case at court. The affair assumed paramount importance at the Raging River logging camp for an entire day; made quite a social stir in our little wilderness retreat, everybody discussing it pro and con.

Even the cougar cat seemed to know about it, and participate. He entered the commissariat three different times that day, breaking dishes, upsetting everything that was not nailed fast, and making a wreck of things in general. Later, he staged an all-night pageant in among the alders above the spring, sobbing and whining, and now and again letting out that fiendish, half-human yell, till the echoes came back in a medley of sounds from Porcupine Ridge. I never knew the beast to be so restless.

As for the marriage affair, it was held in abeyance. Schwartzberg, declining to accept a definite negative, begged for more time. Tibbets refused to consider him.

So there the matter stood.

Within three days Schwartzberg, resigning hope, re-entered his spirit of gloom. He was in a worse condition than ever.

The climax came one night less than a week later. It was not a dark night. The moon was approaching its third quarter; it hung like a huge porcelain disk up over the Olympic Peninsula, bringing out the giant tree trunks in bold relief, filling the forest with dusky, opaque shadows. There was a gentle breeze abroad that kept whispering mysteriously all night long up among the tree tops; and the sound of dead needles sifting down like a yellow mist all through the fir forest.

I had gone, as usual, down to Schwartzberg's shack. Some one of us was with him continually now at night. He was figuring over airplane estimates: he'd be up at least till after midnight, Alderson said.

The mental stress under which he laboured was apparent to me the moment I entered the room. He was sitting at his desk, but he was not working. His hands kept fumbling things over uncertainly; his eyes continually roved about the room seeking out the dark corners. Presently he arose and, making a circuit of the windows, one at a time, pulled the blinds down close. His tensity was undoubtedly greater than it had been upon any previous occasion.

"He's back, all right," he said presently, with a note of tragedy in his voice—looking not at me, but at the closed door that led out among the alders. "The damned Chinaman's back!"

"Forget it, Schwartzberg!" I said, half provoked, in spite of my pity for him. "You're just imagining all this!"

"No, I'm not," he said, tossing his arms dejectedly above his head and pacing up and down the room. "He's back, I tell you, right here in this camp—right now! Say! You know what those Chinamen believe, don't you?"

He paused abruptly in his walk and, dropping into a chair opposite, sat staring at me across the table——

"You know what they believe? They come back!" He sank his voice suddenly to a hoarse whisper, and, leaning far across the table, gripped its edge with his two hands. "After they die they come back! Their souls come stealing back to earth, enter the body of some animal, and keep right on living—don't you see?—the same as before. That's what Chinamen believe. It's their religion!

"And that's what Foo Chow told me!" Schwartzberg's voice rose to a dramatic pitch—he was on the verge of utter collapse. "Told me that very night before he died—there in his sick room, right at the last. He thought I'd killed him, you know, and he hated me.

"'You killie me—I killie you,' he said—just like that. 'Some time, by 'm by, Foo Chow allesame come back and gettie you. Mebbyso horse; mebbyso cow: anyhow, allesame by 'm by come back and gettie you!—you sabe?' God! Just like that!"

The poor fellow sat twisting his hands

together, staring at me, a look of abject terror in his eyes. He was shivering from head to foot, like a man shakes with the ague. And at that instant the cougar cat screamed outside—a hair-raising shriek not ten feet from the cabin door. Schwartzberg came to his feet with a bound, clutching his hair with his two hands, and so stood, transfixed, staring at the closed door.

The cat came shambling onto the porch. I could hear its tail lashing against the retaining posts, its claws clattering on the loose planking as it walked about—hear it purring softly, like a tiny motor, as it sniffed up and down the door cracks.

In time—though it seemed as if hours had elapsed—I heard it leave the porch and go back among the alders, whining and complaining bitterly to itself as it went. And then I saw Schwartzberg sink back into his chair again as limp as a rag, the perspiration pouring from his forehead.

"It's no use!" he wailed like a fatalist, rocking himself back and forth. "It's all off; the jinx has got me. . . . Why, say! That's the way it is all the time now: faces looking at me out of the dark; voices screaming at me up in the woods—human voices; noses sniffing about the door jamb. No chance to rest or sleep: forever upon my heels, tracking me down, laughing at my helplessness. Why, he sang all night long, last night, right out there under the alders—singing in Chinese, and playing that Chinese fiddle he used to play—and sometimes stopping to swear. I could hear him clear above the night wind. I tell you it's no use. It's only a matter of time. . . . Listen to that now!"

The sounds outside were decreasing; the beast was moving away among the trees, going in the direction of the spring.

Schwartzberg rose, and, crossing the room with a definite motion, tried the rear door. It was locked. Turning, he dropped his hands inertly at his sides and stared helplessly about. The pale rays of the electric light made a death mask of his face as he stood peering into the dark corners of the room.

The wizardry of the wilderness night lay thick about us. There came a sudden scurrying of furtive feet in the bushes beneath the window casement, a busy rustle among the dead leaves out by the rear walk.

Schwartzberg moved again to the windows—made a second round of them, readjusting the blinds; his shadow, huge and misshapen, leaped about the wall as he went. His eyes were bright with an unnatural fire; his jaw set as with a droll and curious purpose. He was seeing things not meant for human eyes, hearing sounds inaudible to human ears.

Outside the wind had risen; it started a steady thrumming noise, like æolian harps up in the tops of the tall cedars.

Schwartzberg froze suddenly in his tracks.

"Listen to that now!" he said, slumping once more into a state of abject despair. "Can't you hear the damned fool singing? Listen to that fiddle there, squeaking away like it used to—playing his hateful dirge right under our very noses. The jig's up, I tell you—he's after me! . . . Listen to that now!"

"Calm yourself, Schwartzberg," I begged. "The beast's going away; he can't hurt you—he's going away now, up by the spring. Don't you hear——"

"Yes," cried Schwartzberg, twisting his body in an excess of mental agony—"up by the spring. That's where I asked Tibbets to marry me—up by the spring! He's going up to think the matter over. He knows all about it—I tell you the beast knows——"

Schwartzberg had passed entirely beyond the range of human argument.

The cougar cat screamed again—a bloodcurdling, hair-raising shriek, ending in a long, quavering wail.

Its action was an electric shock to the shattered nerves of the sick man. He leaped straight into the air, his hands clutched tightly above his head.

"I can't stand it! I can't stand it! I can't stand it!" he screamed.

"Come back, Schwartzberg," I cried. "Calm yourself. Don't go out there!"

But he was already out of reach. He had rushed, bare-headed and empty-handed through the door, across the front veranda, and was gone, into the moonlit night, in the direction of the sounds. I heard his boots grating on the gravel as he ran up the trail toward the spring. And then darkness and the silence swallowed him up.

I ran and called Alderson. Together we pursued him—we were not three minutes behind.

But we arrived too late. He lay in the little clearing, under the alders, beside the spring. Over his prostrate and mangled form crouched the cougar cat, its claws still in his chest, glaring at us with malevolent hate. As I hope to live in the hereafter, I swear there was a moment when the look on its devilish, blood-flecked face was the look of the Chinaman!

We carried him tenderly into the bungalow, for he was sinking rapidly, propped his head among pillows, and sent a messenger in haste for the camp surgeon.

At the end of a half hour he lifted his head, struggling against his increasing weakness, as if he had something to say. We caught but a few words, disconnectedly, for already he was in the shadow of the Great Beyond, his brain burning hot with delirium:

"Allesame—come back!" he said, choking with the rattle that grew continually louder in his throat. "Mebbyso horse . . . mebbyso cow . . . mebbyso cougar cat! Anyhow—allesame—come back . . ."

He passed away peacefully, some time during the night.

As for the cougar cat, we never saw it again.

Celtic Sword-Song

From the "Korol Ar C'hleze" in the Ancient Dialect of Léon (Bretagne)

Translated by Lafcadio Hearn

DANCE, battle-blood, and wine,
O Sun, are thine!
Dance, battle-blood, and wine!
O Fire!—O Fire!
O Steel!—O Steel!
O Fire!—O Fire!
O Steel and Fire!
O Oak!—O Oak!
O Earth!—O Waves!
O Waves!—O Earth!
O Earth and Oak!

The dance-chant and the death-lock
In battle-shock!—
The dance-chant and the death-lock!
O Fire!—O Fire!
O Steel!—O Steel! . . .

The Sword-dance, circling
In a ring!—
The Sword-dance, circling!
O Fire!—O Fire!
O Steel!—O Steel! . . .

Sing the Slaughter-lover blue
Broad and true!
Sing the Slaughter-lover blue!
O Fire!—O Fire!
O Steel!—O Steel! . . .

Battle where the savage Sword
Is sole Lord,—
Battle of the savage Sword!
O Fire!—O Fire!
O Steel!—O Steel! . . .

O Sword! mighty King!
Battle-King!
O Sword! mighty King! . . .
O Fire!—O Fire!
O Steel!—O Steel! . . .

Let the Rainbow's magic rays
Round thee blaze!—
Let the Rainbow round thee blaze!
O Fire!—O Fire!
O Steel!—O Steel!
O Fire!—O Fire!
O Steel and Fire!
O Oak!—O Oak!
O Earth!—O Waves!
O Waves!—O Earth!
O Earth and Oak!

The Maroan Pony

By EDITH Œ. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS

E. Œ. Somerville
and
Martin Ross

IT HAD taken ten minutes to work the car over the bridge at Poundlick, so intricate was the crowd of people and carts, so blind and deaf to any concerns save their own; a crowd that offered sometimes the resistance of the feather bed, sometimes that of the dead wall, an intractable mass, competent to reduce the traffic of Piccadilly to chaos, and the august Piccadilly police to the point of rushing to the nearest lunatic asylum, and saying, "Let us in! We are mad!"

The town of Poundlick is built at so accommodating a tilt that it is possible to stand on the bridge at its foot, and observe the life of its single street displayed like a poster on the hillside; even to compare the degrees of custom enjoyed by its public-houses, and to estimate the number of cur dogs to the square yard of pavement. I speak of an ordinary day. But this hot twentieth of September was far from being ordinary.

The Poundlick Races are, I believe, an ancient and annual function, but, being fifteen miles from anywhere, I had hitherto been content to gauge their attractions by their aftermath of cases in the Petty Sessions Court next following the fixture. There is, however, no creature more the sport of circumstances than a married man with a recent motor; my attendance, and that of the car, at the Poundlick Races had been arranged to the last sandwich before I had time to collect objections (and this method, after all, saves some wear and tear).

The races are held on the banks of the Arrigadheel River, within hail of the town, and are reached—as everything in Ireland is reached—by a short cut. We—that is to say, my wife, her cousin, Capt. Andrew Larpent, R.E., and I—were gathered into the jovial crowd that straggled, and hustled, and discoursed over the marshy meadows of the river, and ploughed through the brown mud in the gaps without a check in pace or conversation. The Committee had indeed "knocked" walls, and breached banks, but had not further interfered with the course of nature, and we filed at length on to the course across a tributary of the river, paying a penny each for the facilities offered by a narrow and bounding plank and the muddy elbow of a young man who stood in mid-stream; an amenity accepted with suitable yells by the ladies (of whom at least 90 per cent. remarked "O God!" in transit).

The fact that there are but four sound and level fields within a ten-mile radius of Poundlick had simplified the labours of the Committee in the selection of a course. Rocky hills rose steeply on two sides of the favoured spot, the Arrigadheel laid down the law as to its boundaries, and within these limitations an oval course had been laid out by the simple expedient of breaking gaps in the banks. The single jump-race on the programme was arranged for by filling the gaps with bundles of furze, and there was also a water-jump, more or less forced upon the Committee by the intervention of a ditch pertaining to one of the fences. A section of the ditch had been widened and dammed, and the shallow trough of pea-soup that resulted had been raised from the rank of a puddle by a thin decoration of cut furze-bushes.

The races had not begun, but many horses were galloping about and over the course, whether engaged in unofficial competitions or in adding a final bloom to their training, I am unable to say. We wandered deviously among groups of country people, anchored in conversation, or moving, still in conversation, as irresistibly as a bog-slide. Whether we barged into them, or they into us, was a matter of as complete indifference to them as it would have been to a drove of their own bony cattle.

"These are the sort of people I love," said Philippa, her eyes ranging over the tented field and its throngs, and its little red and green flags flapping in the sunshine. "Real Primitives, like a chorus in *Acis and Galatea!*"

She straightened her hat with a gasp, as a couple of weighty female primitives went through us and passed on. (In all circumstances and fashions, my wife wears a large hat, and thereby adds enormously to the difficulties of life.) Among the stalls of apples and biscuits, and adjacent to the drink tent, a roulette table occurred, at which the public were invited to stake on various items of the arms of the United Kingdom. The public had accepted the invitation in considerable numbers, and I did not fail to point out to Philippa the sophisticated ease with which Acis flung his penny upon "Harp," while Galatea, planking twopence upon the Prince of Wales' plumes, declared that the last races she was at she got the price of her ticket on "Feather."

We passed on, awaking elusive hopes in the bosoms of two neglected bookmakers, who had at intervals bellowed listlessly to the elements, and now eagerly offered me Rambling Katty at two to one.

"Boys, hurry! There's a man dead, north!" shrieked a boy, leaping from the top of a bank. "Come north till we see him!"

A rush of boys went over us; the roulette table was deserted in a flash, and its proprietor and the bookmakers exchanged glances expressive of the despicable frivolity of the rustics of Poundlick.

"We ought to try to find Dr. Fraser," said Philippa, hurrying in the wake of the stampede.

"I did not know that the Chicken Farmers were to be among the attractions," I said to Andrew, realizing, not for the first time, that I am but an infant crying in the night where matters of the higher diplomacy are toward.

Andrew made no reply, as is the simple method of some men when they do not propose to give themselves away, and we proceeded in the direction of the catastrophe.

The dead man was even less dead than I had expected. He was leaning against a fence, explaining to Dr. Catherine Fraser that he felt all the noise of all the wars of all the worlds within his head.

Dr. Fraser, who was holding his wrist while her friend, Miss Longmuir, kept the small boys at bay, replied that she would like a more precise description. The sufferer, whose colour was returning, varied the metaphor, and said that the sound was for all the world like the quacking of ducks.

"You'd better go home and keep quiet," said Dr. Fraser, accepting the symptom with professional gravity.

I asked my next-door neighbour how the accident had occurred.

"Danny Lyons here was practising this young mare of Herlihy's for Lyney Garrett, that's to ride her in the first race," said my neighbour, a serious man with bushy black whiskers, like an old-fashioned French waiter, "and sure she's as loose as a hare, and when she saw the flag before her on the fence, she went into the sky, and Danny dhruv in the spur to keep the balance, and with that then the sterrup broke."

"It's little blagyarding she'd have if it was Lyney was riding her!" said some one else.

"Ah, Lyney's a tough dog," said my neighbour; "in the Ring of Ireland there isn't a nicer rider."

"There might be men as good as him in Poundlick!" said an ugly little black-muzzled fellow, suddenly and offensively, "and horses too! As good as any *he'll* throw his leg over!"

Dr. Fraser's patient stood up abruptly.

"Oh, oh, oh!" said the man with the bushy whiskers, placing himself in front of the invalid. "Let you be said by the lady, Danny, and go home! Have behaviour now, Peter Lynch!"

The matter hung for a moment; a bell began to ring in the middle of the course, and the onlookers flung the situation from them like a squeezed lemon, and swept *en masse* towards the summons, bearing with them the invalid.

"Off the stage I have never seen people

clear out so fast," remarked Andrew. "Now that we've seen Dr. Fraser's Lightning Cure, I suppose we may as well go too."

His eyes, by a singular coincidence, met those of Miss Longmuir, which were very pretty eyes, dark and soft.

"I must go and hunt up our pony," she said, with a very businesslike air; "we've entered her for the third race, you know."

She put back her hair as it blew across her forehead, and the gold in it glinted in the sun.

"How sporting of you!" we heard Andrew say, as they walked away together.

My wife and Dr. Fraser and I turned as one man, and went in the opposite direction.

We steered for an island of furze and grey boulders that had been flung into the valley like a vedette from the fortified hillside, and was placed, considerately, at the apex of the oval course. Half a dozen men were already grouped upon the boulders, like cormorants. We clambered to a higher *étage*, and there spread forth ourselves and our belongings upon the warm slabs. The sun was hot, yet not too hot, the smell of trodden turf was pleasant in the air, the river sparkled and gurgled beside us; the chimneys of Poundlick sent up languid spires of blue smoke; its yellow and pink and white houses became poetic in the September haze. The first delicate pangs of hunger were stealing upon us, and I felt reasonably certain that nothing necessary to our welfare had been forgotten. I lit a cigarette and pulled my cap over my eyes, and listened to a lark, spiring, like the smoke, into the blue, while my wife clattered in the luncheon basket. It was a moment of entire well-being, overshadowed only by the prospect of having to take an interest in the racing.

I said as much to Dr. Fraser, who was dismembering a cold chicken with almost awful surgical dexterity.

"You must wake up for our race," she said. "I'll call you in time."

"Must I? I hope you're going to ride."

"Heaven forfend!" replied Dr. Fraser. "Nothing more spirited than a weight-carrying bicycle! I'm not in the least horsey. Meg was dying to ride, but as we bought the pony from the great Lyney, and he had won any number of races on her, he was distinctly indicated."

"Quite right, too," I said, with a dowager-like propriety. "And I should wish it to be clearly understood that if, at the last moment, your friend Mr. Lyney should be too drunk to ride, I will not take his place."

"He doesn't drink," said Dr. Fraser, who has an unsympathetic way of keeping to the point. "He's been a great friend of mine ever since I mended a broken finger for him."

There was a stir among the cormorants on the lower tier of boulders, a shot was fired at the far end of the course, every one began to shout, and an irregular shaped mass was detached from the crowd, and resolved itself into a group of seven horses, pounding towards us at a lumbering canter. One of the riders had a green jacket, the others were in shirt sleeves, with coloured scarves over their shoulders; all were bareheaded. As they neared the first jump, I found myself on my feet on my boulder, with two unknown men hanging on to me to steady themselves.

"That's no trouble to them!" shouted one of my *attachés*, as each horse in turn galloped over or through the barrier of furze in the gap.

"Which is Lyney Garrett?" I asked.

"That's him on the chestnut mare—the jock that have the dhress on him." He pointed to the wearer of the green jacket.

"Ah ha! Lyney's the boy! Look at him now, how he'll stoop and leave the horse to go for herself! He'll easy the horse, and he'll easy himself!"

"That Rambling Katty he's riding's a nice loose mare—she has a good fly in her," said another.

"Lyney's built for it. If there's any sort of a spring in a horse at all, he'll make him do it."

"He'd make a donkey plough!" flung in another enthusiast.

As they neared the flags at the turn of the oval—and an uncommonly sharp turn it was—the pace improved, each man trying to get the inside station; I could already see, written on the countenance of a large young grey horse, his determination to pursue an undeviating course of his own.

"Now, Lyney! Spare him in the angle!" shouted my neighbour, hanging on to my sleeve and rocking perilously.

Lyney, a square-shouldered young man, pale and long-jawed, bored determinedly on to the first flag, hit it with his right knee, wrenched Rambling Katty round the second flag, and got away for the water-jump three lengths ahead of anyone else.

"Look at that for ye—how he goes round the corner on one leg!" roared his supporter. "He'd not stop for the Lord Leftenant!"

The remaining riders fought their way

round the flags, with strange tangents and interlacing curves; all, that is to say, save the grey horse, who held on unswervingly and made straight for the river. The spectators, seated on the low bank at its edge, left their seats with singular unanimity. The majority fled, a little boy turned a somersault backwards into the water, but three or four hardier spirits tore off their coats, swung them like flails in front of the grey, and threw their caps in his face, with a wealth of objurgation that I have rarely heard equalled.

"The speed was in him and he couldn't turn," explained one of my neighbours, at the top of his voice, as the grey, yielding to public opinion, returned to the course and resumed the race.

"That horse is no good," said a dapper young priest, who had joined our crowd on the rock. "Look at his great flat feet! You'd bake a cake on each of them!"

"Well, that's the case, indeed, Father," replied a grizzled old farmer, "but he's a fine cool horse, and a great farming horse for ever. Be gance! He'd plough the rocks!"

"Well, he'll get a nice view of the race, anyway," said the young priest, "he has it all before him."

"They don't seem to be getting any delay with the water-jump," said some one else regretfully.

"Ah, what's in it but the full of a few tin cans!" said my adherent.

"Well, for all, it knocked a good lep out o' Rambling Katty: she went mountains over it!"

"Look south! Look south! They're coming on again, and only five o' them in it——"

The cheering was hotter this time, and it was entirely characteristic that it was the riders who were shouted for and not the horses.

"They'll win now this turn—there's three o' them very thick, that's a nice tidy race," said the old farmer.

"Good boy, Kenny! Go on, Kenny!" bellowed some one on a lower ledge.

"Who's second, coming up to the flag now?" panted Philippa, who was hanging on to the collar of my coat and trying to see over my shoulder.

"That's Jimmy Kenny," responded the man below, turning a black-muzzled face up towards us, his light eyes gleaming between their black lashes in the sunshine, like aquamarines. I recognized Peter Lynch, whom we had met earlier in the day.

"It's young Kenny out of the shop," explained the old farmer to me; "he rides very nate."

No one was found to endorse his opinion. The horses came on, sweating and blowing, the riders, by this time very red in the face, already taking to their whips. By some intricate process of jostling, young Kenny got the inside place at the first flag.

"Now is he nate! What was I saying!" exulted the old farmer.

"Lyney! Lyney!" roared the faithful gallery, as the leaders hustled round the second flag and went away up the course.

"Up, Kenny!" replied the raucous tenor of Peter Lynch in solitary defiance.

Last of all, the grey horse, who would plough the rocks, came on indomitably, and made, as before, a bee-line for the river. Here, however, he was confronted by a demonstration hurriedly arranged by his friends, who advanced upon him waving tall furze-bushes, with which they beat him in the face. The grey horse changed his mind with such celerity that he burst his girths; some one caught him by the head, while his rider hung precariously upon his neck; some one else dragged off the saddle, replanted his jockey upon his broad bare back, and speeded him on his way by bringing the saddle down upon his hind-quarters with an all-embracing thump.

"It's only the age he wants," said a partisan. "If they'd keep him up to the practice, he'd be a sweeper yet!"

Tumult at the end of the course, and a pistol-shot, here announced that the race was over.

"Lyney have it!" shouted some men, standing on the fence by the water-jump.

"What happened Kenny?" bawled Peter Lynch.

"He was passing the flag and he got clung in the pole, and the next man knocked him down out of the pole!" shouted back the Field Telegraph.

"Oh pity!" said the old farmer.

"He didn't get fair play!" vociferated Peter Lynch, glowering up at the adherents of Lyney with a very green light in his eye.

The young priest made a slight and repressive gesture with his hand. "That'll do now, Peter," he said, and turned to the old farmer. "Well, Rambling Katty's a hardy bit of stuff," he went on, brushing the rock-lichen from his black coat.

"She is that, Father," responded my late adherent, who, to my considerable relief, had now ceased to adhere. "And nothing in her but a fistful of bran!"

"She's the dryest horse that came in," said the young priest, descending actively from the rock.

With the knowledge that the Committee would allow an hour at least for the effects of a race to pass off before launching another, we climbed to the summit of the island, and began upon the luncheon basket; and, as vultures drop from the blue empyrean, so did Andrew and Miss Longmuir arrive from nowhere and settle upon the sandwiches.

"Oh, I can't eat our own game, can I?" said the latter, with a slight shudder, as I placed the chicken before her. "No—really—not even for your sake!" She regarded me very pleasingly, but I notice that it is only since my hair began to turn grey over my ears that these things are openly said to me. "I had to feed four dozen of the brutes before we started this morning, and I shall have to do it all over again when we get home!"

"I don't know how you stand it, I should let 'em starve," said Andrew, his eyes travelling from her white forehead to her brown hands. "*I* don't consider it is work for ladies."

"You can come and help the ladies if you like," said Miss Longmuir, glancing at him as she drove her white teeth into a sandwich.

"Do you mean that?" said Andrew in a low voice.

"She's blown him to pieces before he's left the covert," I said to myself, and immediately withdrew into blameless conversation with my wife and Dr. Fraser.

We had gone pretty well down through the luncheon basket, and had arrived at a second and even more balmy—being well-fed—period of peace, before it occurred to Miss Longmuir to look at her watch, and to spoil the best cigarette of the day with agitations concerning the non-appearance of her pony. I suggested that she and Captain Larpent should go in search of it, and for a brief interval the disturbing element was eliminated. It returned, with added agitation, in a quarter of an hour.

"Cathie! I can't find Nancy anywhere! We've been all round the course," cried Miss Longmuir from below. "And John Sullivan is nowhere to be found either, and I can't get near Lyney, he's riding in the Trotting Race."

"You'll find the pony is somewhere about, all right," I said, with the optimism of combined indolence and indifference.

"That seems probable," said Andrew, "but the point is, she's somewhere where we're not."

"The point is, she ought to be here," said Miss Longmuir, with a very bright colour in her cheeks as she looked up at us.

"Heavens! They're very angry!" I murmured to Dr. Fraser.

"Well, what do you want us to do?" enquired Dr. Fraser lethargically.

"You might take some faint shadow of interest in the fact that Nancy is lost," replied Miss Longmuir.

"I think we'd better organize a search-party," said Philippa (who does not smoke).

We rose stiffly, descended from our sun-warmed boulders, and took up the White Man's Burden.

A sweeping movement was inaugurated, whose objects were to find the pony or her attendant, John Sullivan, or Lyney.

"Should you know the pony if you saw her?" I said confidentially to Dr. Fraser, as she and I set forth together.

"We've not had it very long," she replied dubiously. "Luckily, it's an easy colour. John Sullivan calls it maroan—a sort of mixture of roan and maroon."

We advanced from field to field, driving like twin darning-needles through the groups of people, but neither John Sullivan nor the maroan pony transpired.

"Come on, come on! The Stepping Match is starting!" shouted some one.

Dr. Fraser and I were caught in the tightening mesh of the crowd, as in the intricacies of a trammel net; an irregular thumping of hoofs, and a row of bare and bobbing heads, passing above the heads of the crowd, indicated that the Stepping Match was under way. Lyney's dour face and green jacket were in the lead, and, as before, had he been Diana of the Ephesians, he could not have been more passionately called upon. As it was obviously useless for us to do so at this juncture, we climbed on to a bank near the winning post, and watched the race. Lyney was riding a long-backed yellow animal with a face as cross as his own, and a step as fast as the tick of a watch.

"Anny other man than Lyney wouldn't carry that old pony round," said one man.

"She has a score o' years surely, but she's as wicked as a bee," said another.

"Lyney's very knacky; he couldn't be bate," said the first man.

"Well, well, look at Jimmy Kenny and his father, and the two o' them riding!" went on the commentator. "Faith, I'd give the father the sway. Jimmy's riding uneven. When the nag is rising, he's falling."

"Sure he has his two elbows into his ears! Go on, Lyney boy!"

The horses pounded past, splashing through the shallow flood of the water-jump, and trampling over such furze-bushes as had withstood the vicissitudes of the steeplechase. They passed from our view, and Dr. Fraser and I agreed that we should be justified in staying where we were till the finish. Three times they passed us, enveloped in a travelling roar of encouragements, and with each passing the supporters of Lyney and Kenny bayed and howled more emulously. The competitors, now, to all practical intent, reduced to the Kennys, *père et fils*, and Lyney, again disappeared on their last round, and the volleys of incitement became a dropping fire of criticism.

"Kenny's mare is the one, the others is too crippled."

"She'll not bate Lyney! Divil blast the bate she have in her! she's too dropped and too narra!"

"What horse is first?"

"I d'know; only one, I think."

"Look at young Kenny coming up on the father now!"

"Ah, there's more in the owld fella, never fear him!"

"Come on, Lyney! Come on, Kenny! Lyney! Lyney!"

Lyney won. The bee-like wickedness of the yellow mare apparently served her as well as youth, and despite the fact that she was but little over fourteen hands and was carrying twelve stone, she finished a dozen lengths in front. The interest of the race was at once transferred to the struggle for second place between the Kennys.

"Come on, Tom! Come on, Jimmy! Begor', the father have it!" yelled the crowd, as Kenny *père*, flourishing his whip over his grey head, finished half a length in front of his son.

"Them two tight wheels at the corner, 'twas there he squeezed the advantage on the son."

"No, but the father had a drop taken, 'twas that that gave him the heart."

Dr. Fraser and I got off our fence and steered for Lyney.

He was in the act of throwing the reins on the pony's neck and himself off her back as we arrived.

"Here!" he said to the owner, "take your old skin!"—he tossed his whip on to the ground—"and your old whip too!"

The owner took the "old skin" by her drooping and dripping head, and picked up the whip, in reverential submission, and the ring of admirers evidently accepted this mood of the hero as entirely befitting his dignity.

Dr. Fraser advanced through them with the effortless impressiveness of a big woman, and made her enquiries about the pony. Lyney dropped the hero manner.

"I don't at all doubt but John Sullivan's gone up to Lynch's for her, Doctor; you needn't be uneasy at all," he said, with a respect that must have greatly enhanced our position in the eyes of the crowd. "I told him he shouldn't bring her too soon for fear she'd sour on us. We have an hour yet."

Soothed by this assurance we moved on, and even, in this moment of unexpected leisure, dallied with the roulette table. I had, in fact, lost ninepence, when the remainder of the search-party bore down upon us at speed.

"The pony is *not* here!" said Miss Longmuir, regarding our outspread coppers with an eye of burning indignation, "and Sullivan's brother doesn't know where he is—says he went up to the town two hours ago. I'm going up to look for him, but of course if you'd rather stay and play roulette——" Her voice shook. I need hardly say that we went.

On our arrival at the town of Poundlick we found it to be exclusively inhabited by grandmothers. Lynch's public-house was garrisoned by a very competent member of the force, who emerged from the kitchen with an infant in her arms, and another attached to her clothing. She knew nothing of the pony, she knew nothing of John Sullivan. There was certainly a young lad that came in, and he having drink taken, and wherever he got it, it wasn't in this house, and what did he do but to commence jumping the counter, you'd think he'd jump the house. She paused, and I murmured to Dr. Fraser that she was like a Holbein, and Dr. Fraser replied that she did not believe one word she said, which was rather my own idea, only more so. It appeared that her son Peter had, an hour ago, expelled the young lad from the house (lest its fair fame should be sullied), and as for Peter, the dear knew where he was, she didn't see him since.

Miss Longmuir and Andrew here left the shop, very purposefully; we pursued, and saw them open the gate of Lynch's yard and stride in. The yard was a small one, littered with cases of bottles, and congested by the outside cars and carts of race-goers; such level spaces as it possessed had been dug out of the side of the hill, and slatternly stables and outhouses were perched on the different levels. Through a low-browed doorway might be seen the horses of race-goers, standing "ready dight," like the steeds of Branksome Hall, with heads hanging, in resigned depression, before empty racks and mangers. But of the maroan pony there was no sign.

Fierce as terriers on a rat-hunt, Miss Longmuir and Andrew dashed in and out of the dark sheds and outhouses, till there remained unexplored but one hovel, whose open door revealed only semi-darkness, edged with fern-litter. None the less, the leading terrier determined to make good the ground. A sharp yelp told of a find, and Miss Longmuir emerged, holding aloft a new check horse-sheet, with the initials "M. L." large upon it.

"They must have taken her down to the race-course, after all——" I began.

"Thoughtless of them to take her without her saddle or bridle," said Andrew bitingly. "Here they are behind the door!"

The silence that followed this discovery was broken by Philippa.

"I hear some one snoring!" she said in a conspirator's whisper. "Do come away. I'm sure it's a drunken man."

"Quite so," said Andrew, who had been pursuing his researches. "Allow me to introduce Mr. John Sullivan."

In the dark corner behind the door lay a stout youth, comfortably extended, with his flushed face half hidden in the dry and tawny bracken, and his open mouth framing long and quiet snores. He was obviously at peace with all the world.

Some heartless assaults on the part of Captain Larpent had no appreciable result, so inveterate was the peace, so potent the means by which it had been invoked. The ladies had retired during the interview, and, as we rejoined them in the yard, we all became aware of muffled and thunderous sounds near at hand; they were suggestive of a ponderous and chaotic clog-dance, and proceeded from an outhouse, built against the bank that formed the upper side of the yard, with its gable askew to the other buildings.

"'Lots of things is coor'us,' as Anthony said when I told him about Jonah and the whale," remarked Philippa, who, throughout, had not taken the affair as seriously as it deserved. "I suppose the party that John Sullivan was at is going on up there."

Miss Longmuir darted round the gable of the house, a wild and summoning cry followed, the call of the terrier who has run his rat to ground.

We found her at the foot of a low flight of irregular stone steps (in telling the story I have formed the habit of saying that there were ten of them) that led to a doorway in a loft. In the doorway, with a cabbage leaf in her mouth, was the maroan pony, looking down at us with an expression of mild surprise.

We all said unanimously, and with equal futility, "How—on—earth——?"

After which Andrew, who dislikes miracles, arranged that she had, of course, got into the loft from the back, where the ground was high. Unfortunately the theory did not work, an inspection of the loft revealing nothing but four walls, a large store of dried bracken, and a donkey-panier filled with cabbages.

"These mountainy ponies climb like monkeys," said Philippa, with her inevitable effort to shelter the discomfited, as Andrew returned with the ruins of his theory, "she must have walked up the steps!"

Miss Longmuir, snatching out her watch, said she didn't care how the pony got there, the point was to get her down as quickly as possible. "If people would only *do* something and not talk!" she added, under her breath.

"If she walked up she can walk down," said Andrew firmly.

He mounted the steps and took the pony by the halter. The pony immediately backed thunderously out of sight, taking Andrew with her. Miss Longmuir flew up the steps to his assistance, and unseen sarabands pummelled the floor of the loft.

"Go up and help them, you great lazy thing!" said Philippa to me.

"There's no room for any one else," I protested.

Here the combatants reappeared in the doorway, gradually, with endearments on one side, and suspicious snortings on the other. The steps were broad and not too intimidating; the pony advanced almost to the sill, repented in haste, and in her retreat flung Andrew against the panier of cabbages. A donkey's panier is made to resist shocks; in this case it apparently gave more than it took; Andrew said nothing, but he dragged the basket over the sill and hurled it down the steps with considerable emotion. I joined the party in the loft, and Philippa collected the cabbages, and laid them in rows upon the steps as if it were a harvest festival, in the hope of luring the pony to the descent. The lure was rejected with indignation, and I proceeded to offer a few plain truths. That the floor would come down before the mare did. That it would take six men, and planks, and cartloads of straw, to get her out. Finally, that her race was due to start in twenty minutes.

"We're done," said Miss Longmuir tragically, addressing Philippa and Dr. Fraser from the top of the steps, as if they were a stage mob. "These brutes have beaten us! Don't you remember that Lyney's father said, 'Let ye keep out from them lads in Poundlick'? And after all our trouble, and the training, and everything—" She turned abruptly away from the door.

Dr. Fraser stood still, with her hand to her forehead, as though she were trying to remember something. Then she too came up into the loft. The pony had now backed into the pile of bracken; Andrew, whose back teeth were evidently set tight, was tugging at her halter, and she was responding by throwing her nose in the air and showing the whites of her eyes.

"Meg," said Dr. Fraser, at the doorway, "I've remembered something that I was once told—" She peered into the darkness of the loft. "May I try?" she said, advancing quietly to the pony's head.

"By all means," said Andrew, as chillingly as was possible for a man who was very red in the face and was draped with cobwebs.

Looking back now to the affair, I cannot remember that Dr. Fraser did anything in the least remarkable. She took hold of the halter with one hand and with the other patted the pony's neck, high up, near the ears. She also spoke to it, the sort of things anyone might say. For the life of me I could not see that she did more than anyone else had done, but Nancy lowered her head and put her ears forward.

Dr. Fraser gave the halter a gentle pull, and said, "Come on, old girl!" and the pony started forward with a little run.

At the doorway she stopped. We held our breaths. Dr. Fraser patted her again and placidly descended the first step; the maroan pony placed a trembling foot upon the threshold, steadied herself, poked her nose forward, and dropped her forefeet on the second step.

"She'll come down on top of her!" said Andrew, starting forward.

"Don't touch her!" exclaimed Miss Longmuir, grasping his arm.

With the tense caution of an old dog, the pony let herself down from step to step, planting her little hoofs cunningly on the rough-set stones, bracing herself with the skill learned on the rocky staircases of her native hills. Dr. Fraser kept a step in advance of her. Thus, with slow clattering, and in deep gravity, they joined Philippa in the yard.

Five people cannot advantageously collaborate in putting a saddle and bridle on a pony, but we tried, and in the grim hustle that resulted no one asked questions or made comments. Amongst us the thing was done, and there were still seven minutes in hand when Andrew shot out of the yard on her back. Hard on her heels followed Philippa and Miss Longmuir, with scarcely inferior velocity. I returned to the remaining member of the party and found that she had seated herself on the steps.

She said she was tired, and she looked it.

"I daresay getting that beast down the steps was rather a strain?" I said, spreading the pony's rug for her to sit on.

"Oh, that was nothing. Please don't wait for me."

I said in my best ironic manner that doctors were of course impervious to fatigue, and indeed superior to all human ills.

She laughed. "I admit that I was rather nervous that the thing wouldn't work, or would break down half-way."

"What thing?" I demanded. "The pony?"

"No. The secret. It *is* a secret, you know. My grandfather gave Rarey thirty pounds for it. I've never had much to say to horses, but I have started a jibbing hansom horse in Oxford Street with it." She laughed again, apologetically.

"You needn't believe it unless you like. I must say I was afraid it mightn't include a flight of steps!" She paused and put back her abundant fair hair. "How hot it was up in that loft! I wonder if you could get me a glass of water?"

I told her that I was old enough to believe anything, but added that after what she had told me I would get a second glass of water, with sal volatile in it, for myself.

The Holbein grandmother was standing at the back door of the house, with the baby still on her arm. She and the baby fetched the glass of water. She said wasn't the pony a Fright forever after the way he came down them steps, but why wouldn't the lady take him out through the other door into the field above?

I made no reply, but while Dr. Fraser was drinking the water, I went up into the loft, and cleared away the bracken that had been piled in front of the "door into the field above." I opened the door, and walked out into the field, and viewed the small hoof-prints that led to the door of the loft.

I returned to Dr. Fraser, and very gently broke the news to her.

. . . .

Of course Lyney and the maroan pony won the race. Had this not been a foregone conclusion it is possible that John Sullivan might have scored less heavily in the matter of free drinks.

As I was conducting my exhausted but triumphant party off the course, the Poundlick Sergeant of Police met me and asked me if I would sign a few summonses for him, as he was after taking some parties into custody for fighting.

"Drunk, I suppose?"

The Sergeant admitted it, and said the dispute had arisen between the Kennys and the Lynches on the one side, and the partisans of Lyney Garrett on the other, out of "circumstances connected with the last race." The Sergeant's eye rested for and instant, with what may be described as a respectful twinkle, upon Miss Longmuir.

"It was mostly heavy offers and small blows, Major," he concluded.

"Look here, Sergeant," I said oracularly, "take them all to the water-jump. Build up the furze in front of it. Make them jump it. Anyone that gets over it may be considered sober. Anyone that falls it will be sober enough when he gets out."

I have not, in my judicial career, delivered a judgment that gave more satisfaction to the public.

Song to the Wind God

Translated from the Aztec epic, "Song of Quetzalcoatl," by John Hubert Cornyn

HE, THE Wind that's ever moving;
He the guide that's ever marching;
He who goes before the *Tlalocs*[1]
Sweeping clean the floor of heaven;
He of deities the master,
On his sea-shell trumpet calling.
He the Wind that's madly blowing;
He the Tempest fiercely rushing,
Makes the dust dance in his pathway;
Thunders all across the heavens.
He who blusters clamorously;
Loudly blusters, madly rushing;
Turns the daytime into nighttime;
Blows he fierce from all directions;
Shouts with loud reverberations;
Works himself into a passion;
Fiercely rages in his fury,
Maddened to intoxication.
Master he of wondrous action,
Ever-reaching, far-extending;
Exercised from all directions;
Yet full many times he slumbers,
Weakened and exhausted slumbers.

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[1] *Tlalocs*, the rain gods, for whose coming the Wind God, Quetzalcoatl, was said by the Aztecs to sweep the floor of heaven.

Charlotte's Ruse

By H. C. WITWER

H.C. Witwer

ONCE upon a time, Albius Tibullus, a Eyetalian poet which aced around dear old Rome in the year of 2000 B. M. (Before Mussolini), made the followin' innocent remark to a equally innocent bystander: *Dare to act—even Venus aids the bold!*

And that's a pay-off! Well, I just told you who this Al Tibullus was, and I take it for granted that Venus needs no introduction to this kind of a gatherin'. So, havin' several other boys and girls to bring to your notice, includin' my charmin' self, I'll scurry along to the point. For no reason at all I contemplate provin' to you this afternoon that in spite of his name Mr. Tibullus did not bullus when he claimed Venus had a strong weakness for a chance taker. As I only got a statue acquaintance with Venus, I'm placed in the humiliatin' position of bein' unable to haul off and offer somethin' pungent which that armless wonder done, as a example. However, by the simple trick of changin' Venus to Charlotte, I'm instantly equipped to show you that our Eyetalian friend knew his oil. I'm satisfied Venus won't squawk. If you think the average girl objects to havin' her name changed, then how do you account for the sensational popularity of matrimony?

Whilst you're mullin' that one over and frantically thinkin' of a crushin' comeback, I'll let out a couple more inches of this thrillin' anecdote. I don't know who *you* are, as Enoch Arden's wife greeted him coldly, but *I'm* Jack White of hither and often yon, a pilot of pugeylists. The followin' bedtime story deals with the fall and rise of Thomas Jefferson Burnside, known to fistiana as "Speedy Burns." This young youth was a light-heavyweight box fighter, and I was his guardian, buddy, and manager durin' his brief career in the ring. He was none of them Kid Lollipops which is always gettin' licked, but the record books will give you the low-down on Speedy as a scrapper. What *I'm* goin' to broadcast is what happened to this big blond and some others when he cast aside the padded gloves at the request of a lady—in round numbers, Charlotte Hamilton. Let's go!

Before I met up with him, Speedy had part of a college education, and, like the Prince of Wales, come of a good family. The boy laced on the leather mittens only after he failed to click at a flock of other recreations—travelin' and stationary salesman, law clerk, movie extra, physical-culture shark, insurance agent, or what have you? Full of pep and no control, Speedy's greatest drawback was his lack of patience. Workin' up to anything by easy stages didn't appeal to my fast-movin' boy friend. He wanted to begin at the top, or nowheres!

Speakin' of anchovies, this wild cravin' for rapidity won Burns his ring monicker, "Speedy," which I entitled him after viewin' him perform and hearin' the history of his life. But he was *too* frequent, and the same yen for speed lost him plenty! Amongst these losses was his college diploma, because he wished to graduate from the freshman class direct and acted accordin'ly; his various jobs, on the account he couldn't be annoyed waitin' for promotion; and Charlotte Hamilton, because his first remark to her when they was introduced was a proposition of immediate wedlock! All Speedy's prize-ring and engagement-ring affairs begun and ended with breath-takin' swiftness. Regardless of whether Speedy won or lost, matters was over quickly, what I mean! That is, all but one. That's *this* one!

Well, my snappy athalete's demand for haste rushed him pellmell into a bout with Knockout Moore, the world's light-heavyweight champ, a short time after I took him in charge. Not so good! I tried to beg, bribe, and bulldoze Speedy out of this brawl, but I might as well of tried to build a battleship in my cellar. What *I* wisely wished to do with Speedy was to rate him along, season him by fightin' him against some dry-tank drivers, and *then* toss him in the ring with the titleholder—provided he still insisted on choosin' the champ and showed me some slight improvement. Right then Speedy was a taker and a socker, but such a fearful *boxer* that in the gym he made the bag look clever, no foolin'!

However, my line of reasonin' was all wet to the impatient Speedy. This egg point-blankly refused to take on the third-raters first—like in everything else, he wanted the champion or nobody!

Beautifully built and always in great condition, both as to his health and unkillable confidence, Speedy had little more than a terrific right swing, his youth, his everlastin' cheerful grin, and spectacular courage to pit against the masterly skill and hard-won experience of Knockout Moore. So, like all Speedy's activities, the championship battle was short and exceedin'ly sensational whilst it lasted. The closely packed, hysterical, fight-mad thousands seen the action of *thirty* rounds of boxin' in a scant three maniacal frames. Leapin' Tuna—how them two boys tried!

Before they'd sparred five seconds it looked like a brief set-to. The champion was a shifty and finished boxer, whilst Speedy had nothin' but that right swing and a prayer. Twice Speedy led and missed with his left, and Knockout Moore beat him to the third one with a raucous right hook to the heart which drove Speedy gaspin' against the ropes. The mob roared when instead of clinchin', Speedy let fly his right to the champ's jaw.

The punch just grazed Moore, but it carried enough stuff to make him look serious. He jabbed left and right to Speedy's face, whilst Speedy missed a couple more vicious swings. The champion then shot his right to Speedy's stomach, and the customers shrieked for a knockout when Speedy dropped to one knee. Although he didn't know what it was all about, he was up before a count could be started, borin' in furiously. The crowd gave Moore the razz when he backed away from Speedy, and this seemed to anger the champ. He begin to say it with hooks and curved rights and lefts to Speedy's head till it seemed impossible the kid could keep erect, but Speedy was as tough as a life sentence. He wowed the house by takin' every blow with a grin and comin' back for more!

Amazed and worried at Speedy's heart, Moore tried to fight carefully, but Speedy's plans was different. He staggered the champ with a wicked right to the chin and then drove the big throng deleerious by smashin' the same glove to Moore's head, tumblin' Mr. World's Champion over the top rope and clean out of the ring!

"Laugh *that* off!" pants Speedy, leanin' over the ropes to grin a bloody smile at the dumfounded reporters.

The din was so terrific that only those close to the ring heard the bell which saved the champion from a knockout and cheated Speedy out of a world's title. It rung as the referee reached "eight," with the champion's handlers frenziedly tryin' to boost him back into the ring and me yellin' myself hoarse at this violation of the rules. Unless you been a guest at a race riot, you got no idea how that crowd carried on!

Durin' the minute's rest, whilst the band was playin' Iowa's national anthem, viz., "California, Here I Come!" I interviewed my leather pusher. As weak as a drunkard's excuse, Speedy was out on his feet.

"D'ye know what the next round is?" I ask him.

"Absolutely—the sixth!" he says thickly, with a goofy look on his pan.

"It's the *second*—snap out of it!" I tell him, holdin' the ammonia under his beak. "Go right in and punch at this gil now. Don't try to box him, he's too smart for you there!"

"Like kelly is!" says Speedy, takin' a long pull at the water bottle. "I'm going out there and knock him off, or get knocked off myself. In any event, it's all fun and this fight's getting to be too long drawn out!"

That was after the first round!

Knockout Moore come out for round two of this pettin' party revived and all business. Scientific treatment in his corner had brought him around, but the memory of that wallop which smacked him right out of the ring killed his ambitions to take any further chances. Bein' nobody's fool, Moore knew Speedy carried heavier artillery than *he* did, but he likewise was hep to the fact that as a boxer Speedy was just a mug. So the champ begin makin' a choppin' block out of the green Speedy, steppin' around and sprayin' him with slashin' jabs, easily avoidin' his wild returns. Oh, Speedy took a proper cuffin', don't think he didn't, for in the first minute of that frame, Knockout Moore did everything to him but remove his appendix! Still Speedy gamely carried on.

About the middle of the round, Moore upset him with a right and left to the jaw. Ain't we got fun? Speedy took a count of three and come up fightin'. By a odd coincidence, one of his aimless rights caught Knockout Moore on the side of the head, makin' Moore's left ear exceedin'ly undressy. The sight of blood streamin' down the champion's neck made ravin' lunatics of the attendance, which climbed on the seats and howled for Speedy to knock him stiff. That punch broke Speedy's right thumb, but not his heart. He kept on tryin' to the bell, which found him on the canvas for the third time in that round. Each time he was up after a count of three or four. He wouldn't stay down even long enough to get his wind, in spite of my frantic yells of "Take a count, take *nine*, you chump!" That was wasted on Speedy—he wanted to be up and doin'!

When Speedy staggered out for the third round, the courage-lovin' mob give him a demonstration the like of which I never heard before at a prize fight. Win or lose, he was a hero to them now! Both men was tired from the terrific pace—Knockout Moore from tryin' to slap Speedy for a loop and Speedy from takin' it. The champion was the first to lead, shootin' a stiff uppercut to Speedy's chin, which drove the challenger's head back between his shoulders. The punch shook Speedy from head to toe—shook up his fightin' spirit, amongst other things! This boy scout rushed Moore and landed a sizzlin' left to the stomach which made the champ clinch, where he was booed by the crowd and warned by the referee for some unnecessary roughness. On the break both missed lefts and then come the sensational and highly unsatisfactory endin', which most of that mob is arguin' about yet! Knockout Moore drove Speedy to the ropes in our corner with a barrage of rights and lefts to the head. Things had reached a pretty pass, when, with his back against the ropes, Speedy staged a dyin' rally and actually slowed the champion up with a crashin' right to the heart. As Moore floundered blindly in, tryin' to clinch, the groggy Speedy let go a murderous right to his stomach. That wallop was the pay-off! It ruined Knockout Moore, who flopped to the canvas a total loss. Then the fun began!

Whilst the howlin' patrons of the manly art is shriekin' their heads off and hurlin' their hats in the air with the joy of seein' a new champion made, Knockout Moore's handlers is wildly bellerin' "Foul!" around the ring. Mr. Pandemonium is in full charge, with the champion grovelin' on the mat and Speedy standin' over him uncertainly. The double-crossin' referee ain't even started a count over the fallen champ, but is bendin' down talkin' to him. Then the official straightens up, pushes Speedy towards his corner, and awards the fight to Knockout Moore on a foul!

Steamin' Fido!

In ten years of goin' behind fighters, that was the rawest decision I ever seen in a ring, bar none! The knockout punch was as fair as a Albino's skin, and if the customers was disturbin' the peace before—well, you should of heard 'em *now*. Mobs of 'em rushed the ring and surrounded the tremblin' referee, which had to be escorted to safety by the unsympathetic coppers. Knockout Moore, still pretendin' to be doubled up, was helped through the ropes by his handlers to the accompaniment of jeers and hisses, whilst Speedy walked disgustedly to his dressin'-room, cheered to the well-known echo. A dozen fights started amongst the fans on that decision, and it was several hours before the arena was uncrowded. Some of the reporters sarcastically told me the referee was afraid of his life amongst the wildly flyin' gloves of Speedy and Moore and had grabbed at the first chance to end the battle. But I knew that yegg had simply put over a fast one for the gamblers, which had made the champion a top-heavy favourite.

Later on, we seen the movies at a Broadway theater, where Speedy got another demonstration, and the slow-motion pictures showed the finishin' blow to of landed a good couple inches above the champion's belt.

Well, triple-convinced now that Speedy could take Moore, I tried hard to get him again, but the champion had had enough of Speedy's game, and he wouldn't give us a tumble. It was whilst I was considerin' the raft of other bouts offered us as the results of Speedy's grand showin' against Moore that Speedy turned to the thrillin' Charlotte Hamilton for consolation and got service! My slugger had met this eye tonic a few weeks before, when he worked out in a exhibition bout for a charity of which Charlotte was what you call a patroness.

Charlotte Hamilton, which was to make Speedy's swiftness *mean* somethin', was the only daughter of R. T. Hamilton, the big banker, a old jazzbo with about $64.85 for ever mile from here to Mars. Hamilton was a inveterate reformer—his name headed practically all the leagues against this and societies against that. What his label *should* of been is Mr. Wet Blanket, for this baby was a kill-joy of the first water which figures laughs and carbolic the same. He was particularly steamed against the gentle gift of breakin' noses, and was back of a bill in the assembly to make box fightin' identical with throwin' a bomb at Coolidge. One of them self-constructed successes, old Hamilton hated himself, and his favourite remark, which he worked into all his speeches, was, "I have no sympathy for a loser!" The old boy thought that was a smart crack, but it was just the tip-off that he was mean enough at heart to place a banana peel on the top of Pike's Peak!

In spite of his inability to stomach glee, Hamilton seemed to see no danger to Charlotte in the wild young crowd of jazz hounds and cigarette-smokin' flappers which his daughter trained with for want of other playmates. Like most of his kind, this master mind figured reforms was for the poor only, and the fact that Charlotte's gang was kids of wealthy and high society families made them scofflaws aces with him. Although Hamilton was filthy with jack, they was still a few homes where he didn't rate a salute, and, determined to make his percentage 1,000, he'd jobbed his unwillin' daughter into a engagement with a dizzy sap called Herbert Towne. Herb was just a Jane-chasin' young rummy with patent-leather hair and the brains of a illiterate gnat. I bet he was one of the males in the original Floradora sextette, and I can think of exactly no subjects which this clown and Charlotte Hamilton could talk about and both understand. But Herbie come of a big family and that made him the wolf's waistcoat to old Hamilton!

Well, the beautiful Charlotte was as different from her grouchy old man as Gulliver's Travels is from the truth. She didn't put on no dog, and she by no means agreed with him on boxin', Herbert Towne, or even "losers"—when things past human control licked 'em, as she told the delighted Speedy. Unlike most of the girls in her crowd, she was a enthusiastic fight fan, and, bein' on hand at Speedy's scrap with Knockout Moore, she firmly believed Speedy was the rightful holder of the light-heavyweight throne.

Speedy's earnest attempt to sell Charlotte matrimony less than five minutes after they met for the first time in their lives, caused the girl to get a trifle gun-shy. She tried to high-hat him, but that was like tryin' to discourage a summons server! A steady bombardment of letters, flowers, confectionery, telegrams, and phone calls was bound to either make her sick and tired of him or sick and tired without him. Like usual, Speedy scored a win. The fair Charlotte throwed up her hands and begin steppin' out with him, unknown to her dear old dad, or anybody else, for that matter, except me—and it's a cinch *I* was no tattle-tale!

The more Charlotte seen of Speedy and listened to his praiseworthy ambitions in her direction and the direction of success, the less she liked Herbert Towne and the rest of them cake-eatin' mock turtles. Figurin' conditions at home, I knew that the handsome, snappy, husky Speedy was as welcome a relief to the poor little rich girl as a cloudburst would be on the desert. With all his faults, and he had plenty, Speedy was what you call a big leaguer, and I wasn't surprised when Charlotte tells Herbert Towne he may be all the world to his parents, but he's a fearful Patsy to *her!* In spite of the fact that her father almost run amuck, Charlotte then give Herbie back his ring and invited Speedy to a heavy party she was throwin' in honour of Arbor Day or somethin'. As me and Speedy was the same as lettuce and tomatoes, *I* got a invite to that racket, likewise. You might think they's a slew of places where I don't fit, but give me a tuxedo and I can fake it anywheres!

The rajah's palace which served as a home for R. T. Hamilton, his appetizin' female child, servants, and yes-men was lit up like Broadway, and just as crowded the night of Charlotte's blowout. Me and Speedy arrived in a taxi and left in a huff. That was one excitin' night, I'll tell whoever's listenin'!

Speedy looked like a mint in his form-fittin' tux, and Charlotte in one of them low and behold gowns would of caused Nero to bite his lip. Sizzlin' Spaniel, what a pair they made and what a cruel ballroom they glided together! I played safe by bein' a wall-flower, as dancin' is just somethin' else I ain't fluent at. Most of 'em Ritzed me, anyways.

Amongst the cuteys which the easy-workin' Speedy goaled durin' the course of the evenin' was Lucia Drummond, another looker which would of stood out in any company. Lucia was as attractive as sin, and parked in Speedy's vicinity all night with a come-hither look in her dreamy eyes. They was no question but that this snapper had took a immediate fall for my accomplice. Speedy simply outclassed the other male entries, whose heads was as empty as a Scotch street on Tag Day.

The first dance Speedy drew with this charmer they sit out, and as my business was to see that no harm come to my fighter I managed to breeze softly past 'em in what had been built for a sun parlour, but now held plenty of *daughters* too. I'm no keyhole hound, but when I hear the milk-fed Lucia break down and confess in a murmur that Speedy "understood" her, I thought of Charlotte, and I was satisfied my buddy was due for a piece of grief should he not watch his footfalls! Nailin' Speedy later, I told him of my fears and got a grin in return.

"Be yourself!" says Speedy. "Lucia is a nice girl and I find her amusing—but that's all!"

"Well, you better get your laughs from somethin' else," I warn him. "You ain't old enough for them kind of toys, what I mean!"

"Applesauce!" said Speedy politely, and whilst we're talkin' in this varicose vein old man Hamilton loomin' up kills off the debate.

Hamilton himself didn't seem to find Speedy exactly nauseatin', apparently gettin' quite a kick out of the kid's smooth delivery and healthy laugh. Tipped by Charlotte, Speedy managed to cleverly side-step her dad's questions as to his past performances and what his present racket was. The old boy was puzzled and interested, and playin' him properly was quite a feat, but Speedy was copin' with the situation nicely when Herbert Towne upset the apple cart with a crash!

This parsnip blew in late, and Lady Luck, prob'ly jealous of Speedy's attentions to Charlotte, just turned her back on us and left us flat. Hamilton immediately takes Speedy over to Herbie and introduces him as Thomas Jefferson Burnside, whilst Herbie is pesterin' Charlotte for a dance. Peeved at the interruption, Monsieur Towne starts to slip Speedy a hurried handshake and then continue tryin' to build up the girl which had already give him the bird. As his hand come out, however, he give a sudden start, drawed himself up, and regarded Speedy with a sneer.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he says, ignorin' Speedy's outstretched hand and puttin' his own behind his back.

Me and Speedy looks no more surprised and burnt up than Charlotte and her father.

"What is the meaning of this, Herbert?" frowns Hamilton.

That oil can throws his sneer into high.

"How long since you've thrown your home open to *pugilists*, and approved their contact with your daughter?" he asks. "This fellow may have given *you* the mellifluent name of Thomas Jefferson Burnside, but I happen to know he is one Speedy Burns, a second-rate boxer!"

The panic was on!

"*What?*" gasps Hamilton.

"Oh, isn't that romantic?" gushes Lucia Drummond, and she throws the unhappy Speedy a killin' glance. Stallin' for time, Speedy says nothin', but flashes the pale Charlotte a helpless look.

"How do *you* know this, Herbert?" asks Charlotte coldly. "Perhaps you've been confused by a chance resemblance?"

"I'm not apt to be mistaken!" says Herbert, curlin' his lip. "I know the fellow's face only too well. When he wasn't knocked out by the light-heavyweight champion, I lost a wager of ten thousand dollars!"

"Good!" I says.

"Silence!" thunders old Hamilton, whilst Charlotte and Lucia giggles and Herbert glares at me. "What have you to say about this, young man?" he adds, turnin' to Speedy.

"Nothing, except that it's true!" says Speedy, with a bow. "Please accept my apology for this intrusion—I won't trepass further!"

Well, we was both as popular as diphtheria right then, and we lost no time takin' the air. Old man Hamilton, feelin' he'd been gave a pushin' around by his daughter and Speedy, was fit to be tied, and him hatin' prize fightin' like he did only made a bad matter worse. Whilst we're gettin' into our overcoats, Hamilton tells Speedy Charlotte's home is out of bounds as far as Speedy's concerned, and if he annoys Charlotte he'll have him put under glass for a while.

This slight setback to his plans regardin' the delicious Charlotte gloomed Speedy up considerable. To get his mind off his broken heart, I matched him with Ignorant Ike O'Clinch, a first-class canvas inspector which couldn't take it on the jaw—or anywhere else. The bout was scheduled to go ten rounds, which was payin' O'Clinch a high compliment.

Speedy went into light trainin' for this combat with Señor O'Clinch, and as my wild swinger had no boxin' secrets to keep under cover I throwed the camp open to the public, pricin' the gate at four bits a head for the curious. Amongst the first visitors was no less than Lucia Drummond. Figurin' Charlotte out of the runnin', the beautiful and love-lorn Lucia tried hard to promote Speedy, but for once this youth was vamp-proof! He was up to the hilt in love with Charlotte, which soon give ample proof that his cravin' for her wasn't wasted. One fine afternoon she gasolines up to the trainin' quarters in a cute little horseless carriage which only set old man Hamilton back about ten grand. The minute Speedy pegged her, the public was gave back their money and shooed outside, whilst the amazed handlers was told to go places. I stood on my manager's privileges and remained, without much objection from Speedy, though we was both a little hoarse when Charlotte walked in.

The young lady had barely blushin'ly greeted him, when Speedy begged her to elope with him and be done it! But Charlotte had that cheated. Though in love, she was no Dumb Dora. A run-away weddin' would gum up everything, says Charlotte, whilst, on the other hand, her father might be *talked* into givin' his consent. Her relative had filed no objections to Speedy, and seemed to of fancied him till he found out Speedy was a pug. Charlotte had managed to argue him into givin' Speedy a interview, though the old man made no promises.

Speedy's fight with Ignorant Ike O'Clinch was now runnin' for the end book, and he dashed madly into New York to talk matters over with the banker. The conference started off about as peaceful as a conference between Puss and Rover, but soon got down to cold turkey. Hamilton put Speedy through a stiff and very personal cross-examination, and the truthful Speedy concealed nothin'. When the old man fin'ly run out of foolish questions, he become mean and sarcastical.

"According to your own statements, you have been a consistent failure all your life," he sneers. "And yet you have the effrontery to ask me to place my daughter's future in your hands!"

"But, I can—" begins Speedy.

"I doubt if you could earn a bare livelihood aside from the prize ring—a profession of beasts!" the old boy cuts him off scornfully. "Even as a pugilist, you failed when your big chance came to win a championship. Well, I have no sympathy with losers, in this unparalleled age of opportunity! How old are you?"

"Twenty-three," says Speedy. "I'd like to——"

"Silence!" says the banker, poundin' his desk with his fist. "Twenty-three years old and a John Smith in Life's directory. Why, you young wastrel, at your age I was a rising figure in the banking world, with a big future before me!"

Then Charlotte come to bat.

"The big future that Father refers to was my *mother*," this campfire girl explains innocently. "She brought a half-million-dollar dowry!"

Whilst Hamilton's chokin' with rage and lookin' stilettos at the coolly smilin' Charlotte, Speedy tried to cover the old man's confusion by explainin' that battle with the light-heavyweight champ.

"I whipped him fairly, Mr. Hamilton!" he says. "The newspaper accounts will bear me out!"

"Alibis are another thing I loathe!" snaps Hamilton.

They're gettin' nowhere, when again Charlotte steps to the plate.

"Father," she says, "if Speedy were to renounce the prize ring forever and become a success in—in some other field of endeavour—would he be acceptable to you?"

Hamilton give a short, nasty laugh. "Yes," he says. "But the days of *miracles* are past, my dear Charlotte!"

"Mr. Hamilton," says Speedy, stung to action, "I admit I haven't done much to be proud of, as yet. But I've never had an incentive like this before. I've never——"

"Just a moment," butts in Hamilton, which would of made a great penitentiary warden, as he never let nobody finish a sentence. "So you are called *Speedy*, eh? Well, I'm going to give you a chance to live up to that colourful appellation! I will give Charlotte my blessing if you can show me an honest, legal profit *of fifty thousand dollars earned at something apart from the prize ring within thirty days from this date!*"

"Fifty *thousand?*" gasps Speedy.

"Father, you are asking the impossible, and you know it!" says Charlotte, indignantly. "Besides, that sounds as if you read it in a book!"

"If you fail, Mr.—eh—Speedy, you must never attempt to see Charlotte again, upon your word of honour!" continues the old man, ignorin' her. "Now, do you accept my terms, or shall we call our acquaintance at an end?"

He didn't know Speedy!

"You're faded—er—that is, I accept, Mr. Hamilton," says Speedy immediately.

Hamilton coughs behind his hand. He's grinnin' with his eyes.

"I shall expect to see you a month from to-day," he says, gettin' up as a signal that school was over.

"Make no other engagements—I'll be here!" returns Speedy coolly. "On that day you'll lose a daughter, but you're going to get a darned fined son!"

And, saunterin' over to where Charlotte sat lookin' at him admirin'ly, he calmly bent down and kissed her, under old Hamilton's very nose! Then he eased out whistlin' softly, "So This Is Love?"

But after we had left the house Speedy begin to realize just what he'd agreed to do, and he found nothin' in it that was pleasant. I heartily agreed with him that gettin' a job payin' $1,666 a day for a month would be quite a feat!

"Cheer up, Speedy!" I says, pattin' him on the back. "I've saw things go along like this for days—and then get worse! Personally, I think it would be nobby to grab yourself off the wealthy and willin' Lucia Drummond and forget about Charlotte!"

"That's out!" says Speedy. "I'm young and in love, and if that combination don't put me over, then most novels and movies are crazy. I wish I knew a scenario writer!"

"How come?" I asks.

"He'd tell me just what to do!" grins Speedy.

Three of the precious thirty days had passed into history without Speedy solvin' his puzzle, when Charlotte sends for him. When my visible means of support returns from *that* confab, he's a different fellow, no kiddin'! His good-lookin' pan is one big smile, and he's whistlin' gayly. His next imitation is to call off his fight with Ignorant Ike O'Clinch, close out his bank account, and shove off from New York. All the satisfaction I got to my fratnic questions was that he'd wire me where to join him in a few days.

It's nearly a week before I get that telegram—a week in which I searched high and low for him on the highways and the Volstead-antidote byways of the town. I thought that maybe his scheme to glom that fifty thousand had gone flooey and the thoughts of losin' Charlotte had drove him to gin. One glance at his wire convinced me I'd hit a four-bagger on my guess! It was from Smith's Health Farm up the State—a famous trap run by a ex-middleweight, where their specialty was gettin' rummies in shape to stop clownin' and tend to their affairs, or else go out and drink some more, whichever they preferred.

Well, I grab a rattler and rush up to Smith's, where I'm greeted by Speedy in a white duck suit and a yachtsman's cap with SMITH's on the front of it in red letters. The combination of expressions on my pan makes him grin from ear to ear.

"What d'ye mean by goin' on a tear?" I demands, "and then windin' up in a joint where the patients has got to wear uneyforms?"

"Hold everything!" says Speedy, "I've been on no tear. I'm in charge of the men's department here, and I throw a nasty cure. Check in for a couple of weeks and I'll make a man of you!"

"Blah!" I says. "Don't get new with *me!* What about Charlotte Hamilton and that fifty grand you got to produce for the old man?"

"That's on the knees of the gods!" says Speedy, winkin' a mysterious eye. "Stick around here for a spell with me and you'll laugh yourself sick. Then I'll cure you!"

Somethin' in Speedy's look made me thoughtful, what I mean! It was a cinch the boy had *somethin'* up his sleeve—he was no quitter, and I knew he wasn't lettin' Charlotte slide without dyin' tryin'. Then, again, a rest couldn't do me no evil, and I was always keen to get the low-down on just what they did to a guy in one of these "cures." A friend of mine had told me Smith's was the daddy of 'em all.

So I stayed on with Speedy and had a box seat for the niftiest frame I ever saw put over in my life!

Speedy showed me all over the plant the first day, and I seen much of a highly entertainin' nature.

As ungarbed as the day he was born, the quakin' victim is led to the chamber of horrors and made to stand under what looks like a ordinary shower, except there's holes for the water to shoot out at the sides, as well as overhead. About fifteen feet away is a marble cabinet with a thick length of hose mounted on the top. Behind this stands a hard-faced, unsympathetic attendant at a bewilderin' arrangement of buttons, levers, and triggers. No foolin', the whole thing looks like some kind of a gun! The executioner gives a harsh order, and his prey turns his unsuspectin' back to the hose. Then the jollity starts.

Clunk! A twenty-pound pressure of water is shot from the hose up and down the patient's spine and the sides and front of his body in turn. Meanwhile, a young Niagara is hittin' him from the shower itself—overhead and on the sides. This water is at first as hot as the pavements of Hades, then it suddenly becomes as cold as Zero's father, then hot again, and versa vice till the sucker is foamin' at the mouth and utterin' strange cries. Broilin' in their own fat in the row of electric cabinets which lines the room, the other patients forgets their own misery in loud enjoyment of their brother sufferer's antics. Their shrieks of laughter is punctuated by the victim's shrieks of alarm and the hard-boiled attendant's monotonous:

"Now the *back*, please, Mr. Brown—that's it. *And* the front—*and* the side—*and* the back again. Comin' a little colder now—hold yer hands over yer head. *Now* the front—keep turnin' around slow—*and* the back!——"

It's all fun!

They's also strict rules about food and the like. Cigarettes is out, and cigars and pipes is only allowed at certain hours and in a certain room. Everybody must hit the hay at 8 P. M. and leap out of bed at 4:30 A. M.—murder for some of them night owls! A ten-mile walk cross-country every day, rain, snow, or cyclone, is another pleasant feature of the program, and a hour's stiff gym workout starts each day off right. To top everything off, they's various brutal-tastin' medicines to drink when you're thirsty and likewise when you ain't, but the least said about that part of it the better!

Durin' the first few days I parked at this museum, I got more than my share of guffaws watchin' the captains of big business, merchant princes, retired millionaires, and what not, goin' through their daily chores. Honest, it was hard to believe whilst gazin' at their tremblin' bodies and hearin' their pitiful pleas for mercy, that these scrawny or pot-bellied elephants and midgets was growlin' tyrants in everyday life which made thousands shiver at their faintest frown!

Well, to make a long story longer, into this up-to-date Gehenna comes no less than R. T. Hamilton and Herbert Towne, neither of 'em havin' the slightest idea that their old friend Speedy Burns was connected with it! Herbie had been tryin' for months to outdrink the world and come up to get straightened out, and old man Hamilton come with him to see that he went through with it and at the same time get put in shape himself, bein' run down from overwork. Both of 'em was steamin' in the electric cabinets and got their first astounded view of Speedy when he walked in to wrap Turkish towels around their perspirin' heads. Mean papa!

With nothin' but their sizzlin' pans stickin' out of the tops of them red-hot cabinets, neither of 'em was in a position to upstage *nobody*, but after their first amazed gasp they tied into Speedy.

"Ha-ha!" chortles Herbert nastily. "Your prospective son-in-law has reached a high level indeed, Hamilton!"

"Good heavens—*a bath attendant!*" bawls Hamilton, "is this your idea of earning fifty thousand dollars and gaining my consent to accepting you into my family, sir?"

Speedy took this in grim silence. Then, still without answerin' the ragin' old man, he walked over and unlocked Hamilton's cabinet.

"Get under that shower and make it snappy!" he grunts. "And take that towel from under your chin; you're too big for a bib. C'mon, now—alley oop!"

Speedy lost no time in puttin' the ravin' Hamilton and the cowerin' Towne through the paces of the sanitarium, and, brother, Speedy was merciless! He bore down on 'em heavy from mornin' till night, and he made 'em like it. Unmoved by curses, arguments, or offers of dough, Speedy worked like a stone-hearted machine. Towne got enough early in the game. But old man Hamilton was built of different stuff than that! Pride kept him from claimin' exemption before the customary two weeks' "treatment" was up, but he informed Speedy in a cold rage that when he escaped from Smith's Health Farm what he'd do to him would be a-plenty. The teeth-gnashin' banker tried nobly to get Speedy fired, but they told him they'd have no interference with their trained and trusted employees. To add to Hamilton's joy, a rival banker named Montgomery was also one of the bathin' beauties there and a delighted daily witness to his torments.

Charlotte drove up to visit her father at the end of the fourth day, and when Speedy led her into the reception-room where the old man was waitin' she turned her pretty nose up at the boy, which tickled Hamilton silly. That would of made me feel sorry for Speedy, only I seen her kiss him when she got out of her car in the rear of the joint. Her father told her all Speedy had done to him and how he'd been tryin' to have him canned, but couldn't. Charlotte seemed to be plenty sore at Speedy's treatment of her dad and commenced to plan with him for the kid's punishment. I overheard 'em and put Speedy hep, but all he did was dig me in the ribs and snicker at me!

In the meanwhile Towne had bribed some of the other attendants to smuggle booze in to him, with the results that he'd been pretty well lit up almost since the time of his arrival. This finished him with the disgusted old man Hamilton and also got Speedy's animal. So he throwed Towne out of the place for breakin' the rules. The very same day, Speedy walks in on Hamilton and catches him sneakin' a smoke in his room—a felony at Smith's. What a two-handed bawlin' out Speedy give the shamefaced banker! When he got through Hamilton looked like a kid caught in a jam closet!

He's still tryin' to figure a way to job Speedy the next time Charlotte showed up, and in the midst of his wild bellers his daughter laughin'ly says why don't you *buy* the place and thus be in a position to give Speedy the gate. To her seemin' surprise, Hamilton claps his hands together and says that's a good thought! In scoutin' around to get somethin' on Speedy, the old man's found out that the sanitarium's a gold mine and is for sale. So after Charlotte leaves, he notifies his lawyers to get busy on this purchase, and a few days later they phone him that the owner's money-mad and wants serious jack for his deadfall. Roused to fever heat by some further scientific hazin' by Speedy, Hamilton tells his agents to buy the place at *any* price, and he got it at seventy-five thousand cash.

The minute he's notified that he owns the health farm, Hamilton begins gettin' rosy. He dashes into the hydro-therapy room and catches his bankin' rival Montgomery just steppin' out of the electric cabinet under the shower. The attendant has went out for some fresh towels, and Hamilton tiptoes to the hose. Before Mons Montgomery can flee, Hamilton turns the high-pressure ice water on him and keeps him dancin' around under it till he agrees to split a big loan with Hamilton's bank! At this critical minute Speedy steps into the room.

"Here, here—get away from that hose!" commands Speedy. "I think you'd better be strapped up! Has he been violent long, Mr. Montgomery?"

Chilled to the bone, Montgomery's too busy tryin' to get some breath through his chatterin' teeth to answer. But Hamilton swings on Speedy with a yell of glee!

"You pack your clothes, if you have any, and get out of here as fast as you can!" he howls. "You're fired! I bought this place for the express purpose of discharging you, you young fiend. What have you to say to that?"

"Simply that I hope Charlotte hasn't inherited your temper!"

"Don't you dare mention my daughter's name!" thunders Hamilton. "Your thirty days expire at midnight. You have failed to earn the stipulated fifty thousand dollars, and I have your word of honour—if it amounts to anything—that you will not attempt to see Charlotte again!"

Speedy's grin just gets wider. He reaches in a pocket of his white duck suit and takes out a piece of pink paper, which he holds under Hamilton's poppin' eyes.

"What the devil are *you* doing with my check for seventy-five thousand dollars?" gasps the banker, whilst this Montgomery lets out a loud guffaw. Hamilton gives him a glare, snatches his bathrobe off the hook, and leads Speedy outside.

"Now, boy, explain how you came into possession of my check, or I'll hand you over to the police!" he barks.

"Yes, sir!" says Speedy promptly. "Well, after I left the ring because you were opposed to boxing, *I bought this place for twenty-five thousand dollars!* I had that much in the bank and tried to tell you, but you were too angry to listen that day you—eh—gave me a chance to win Charlotte. You just took the sanitarium off my hands by paying my representatives this seventy-five thousand, *or a profit of fifty thousand for me within the designated thirty days!* And now, sir, having complied with your requirements, I demand your permission to make Charlotte my wife!"

Hamilton, lookin' like he's about to become a victim of apoplexy, stares at the smilin' Speedy with murder in each eye.

"You—you—you—I'll stop that check at once!" he splutters.

Speedy gives a short laugh. "Don't bother, sir!" he says coldly. "If you wish to go back on your word after I've met your conditions, I'll tear the check up!"

He gave a slight rip to one corner, and old man Hamilton stops him.

"I'm no welsher!" he says scornfully. "Keep the money! But my daughter will have nothing to do with you when she hears the method you adopted to win her!"

Speedy goes to the door and calls. In walks Charlotte, smilin' happily and never lookin' more breath-takin' in her life.

"The whole scheme was my idea, Father!" she says calmly. "Don't you think I'm clever?"

That sunk Hamilton! He flopped in a chair and gazed wildly at the two kids, which stood smilin' down at him with their arms around each other.

Well, whatever else the old boy was, he was a gamester! He was licked, and he knew it. Then again, the daily "treatments" Speedy had gave him had made a new man of him. He looked the kids over again, and Speedy had the presence of mind to hand him one of his favourite cigars, which Charlotte lit for him.

"I hope you'll be happy!" sighs Hamilton, fin'ly, after a couple of soothin' puffs. "You young rascals!" Then he looks around him and sits up straight. "But what the devil will *I* do with a sanitarium on my hands?" he snorts.

Speedy leads Charlotte over to the door. "I don't know, I'm sure," he says, and then steals the banker's favourite crack, "Eh . . . *I have no sympathy for losers!*"

My Lady's Gown There's Gairs Upon't

By ROBERT BURNS

MY LADY'S gown there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane,
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's gown there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude,
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

My lady's gown there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

My lady's gown there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music notes o' lover's hymns:
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's gown there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O that's the lass to make him blest.

My lady's gown there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.

So They Say

Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes: *of the Methodist Episcopal Church*	"If you don't cultivate a taste for music you will have a miserable time for about a thousand years after you get to heaven."
Charles E. Mitchell: *President of the National City Bank, after a trip abroad*	"England is turning the corner."
Pearl Doles Bell: *novelist, editor, scenario writer, puts love in its place. (Shortly afterwards, she surprised her friends by announcing her marriage)*	"I eat love. I wear it. Love pays my taxi bills. To me it is merely a sure-fire theme for books and plays, which brings in my bread and butter."
Anthony M. Ludovici: *author, artist, lecturer, former General Staff Officer of the British Army*	"That man succeeds best and is most trusted who can most certainly repel the female."
Liang Chi-chao: *Chinese scholar, discussing his country's disturbances*	"Revolution is the law of nature."
Dr. Serge Voronoff: *of Budapest, Hungary, gland expert*	"We produce super-animals by the transplantation of glands. We can and will produce a race of supermen."
Eva Le Gallienne: *actress, and founder of Civic Repertory Theatre*	"Since Isadora Duncan died, I believe there is no living genius in the theater."
Prof. Glenn E. Hoover: *of Mills College, declares youth needs intellectual fireworks*	"Modern students are the safe and sane sons of their father, Mr. Babbitt, without even father's enthusiasms."
Mrs. Alfreda Abken: *seeks to commit suicide, charging that a "tiger man" wrecked her life*	"He forced a diamond ring on me, and I did not know what to do. I did not know whether it was a genuine diamond or not."
Mrs. Alfreda Abken: *before she attempted suicide*	"Joseph Aluter was a tiger man. I could not escape his clutches."
Joseph Aluter: *a soft-spoken, little one-armed grocer, when arrested*	"Mrs. Abken was a tiger woman. I could not escape her clutches."
Mrs. Joseph Aluter: *his wife*	"I believe my husband. That woman is a tiger woman. He could not get out of her clutches."
Alfred Noyes: *English poet and lecturer*	"Americans are awfully kind, but they suffer from a delusion that theirs is a new country."
Patrick Woodman: *a labourer, when arrested for kicking Ruth Kerridge*	"I mistook her for my wife."
President W. B. Storey: *of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé*	"I do not wish to appear pessimistic, and I am not. I believe, however, that the peak in railroad earnings for several years to come was reached in 1926."

James Waterman Wise: *author*	"There is growing up in many circles a new understanding of the truth that the Jewish problem cannot be solved by persecution from without nor by repudiation from within."
Samuel Schwartzbard: *tried in Paris for killing General Petlura, when M. Bobkovsky, Soviet Commissar, charged him with a political assassination*	"We Jews are divided into two groups, Jesuses and Judases. That man is a Judas."
R. T. D. Acland: *of Baliol College, Oxford, in debating the motion that "England is in greater danger from America than from Russia"*	"The first real danger from America is Americanism, by which I mean hustle, chewing-gum, extreme egotism, and disrespect for the law and tradition."
Heywood Broun: *editorial writer*	"Maternal affection should be permissible; it ought not to be obligatory."
Mrs. Charles Levine: *when her "flying" husband returned to America*	"From now on he is going to have his way: I'm just going to make a pet of him."
Mildred Richardson Hill: *former "Follies" girl, applying for a divorce from her husband, the son of the pioneer railroad builder. (The suit was presently withdrawn)*	"My husband is a lovely man, but rough when intoxicated. And that is often."
Very Rev. W. R. Inge: *the "Gloomy Dean" of St. Paul's Cathedral, advocating sun baths*	"Squeamishness about uncovering the body is not a sign of advanced civilization."
Col. Leonard Ayres: *Vice-president of the Cleveland Trust Company, returned from Europe*	"When I went away I was bullish but scared. I am about the same way now."
Charles Hein: *comes from jail to face bigamy charge*	"You know, women can't resist me, and when they get me they can't appreciate me, so, as the occasion demanded, I just bade them adieu and moved on."
Former Emperor William: *of Germany, in an interview in "Liberty"*	"It may please God to call me back! At present God needs me for other work."
Paul Poiret: *Parisian fashion creator, discussing short skirts*	"After all, a woman should not attempt to reveal all her beauty."
Theodore F. McManus: *in "Nation's Business"*	"Let the entire race of those who have begun of late to celebrate the holiness of business in sniveling and sanctimonious terms, be anathema. If there is anything business does not want or need, it is the wishy-washiness of semi-religious terminology."
Guy R. Johnson: *who has applied tests for apperception in pitch, rhythm, tonal memory, etc.*	"It may surprise some to learn that the negroes whom I tested did not show a clear superiority over the whites in the sense of rhythm."
Thomas Norris: *chairman of the Reading (England) Board of Guardians*	"Within the last two months I know of eleven boys who have applied for positions as domestic servants, two of whom wanted to 'sleep in'!"
C. Bascom Slemp: *President Coolidge's former secretary*	"It would have been so easy for him to say, 'I won't run,' instead of 'I do not choose to run,' that I don't take the interpretation of it as final."
Right Rev. A. F. Winnington Ingram: *Bishop of London, on a visit to the United States*	"I am perfectly certain that the young people in the schools of your great country are not taught to love Great Britain as they should."
Secretary Matthews: *of the National Funeral Directors*	"Colours in caskets help lighten the grief."

SIR JOHN BLAND-SUTTON: *London surgeon*	"The dole system, as operated in England, is the wickedest practice ever indulged in by any Government. These conditions have brought about birth control in England."
AN EDITOR: *of the Mesa (Arizona) Journal-Tribune*	"There are just two kinds of people in the world. One kind is trying to get free advertisements into the newspapers. I can't think of the other kind just now."
BETTY: *stenographer, of Bensonhurst, Long Island; called "the Duchess of Bensonhurst" by the office boy*	"All the nice men is married."
JULIUS HENRY COHEN: *council for the port of New York Authority*	"Soviet Russia has developed its inland waterways to a point where the progress of the United States on great rivers like the Mississippi is small in comparison."
RALPH G. BREWSTER: *Governor of Maine*	"A Senate seat is now worth a million dollars to some men or interests."
REV. G. H. EUSOR: *of Lexland, Lancashire, gives lessons in deportment at the altar, for those about to marry*	"The bridegroom should not look round until the bride reaches his side, and then he looks only to make sure that she is the right girl, and not somebody else."
MISS GORDON HAMILTON: *of the New York School of Social Work*	"If the people who are now so alarmed over the breakdown of the family would only try their hands at changing a few families, they would be astonished."
CATHOLIC BISHOPS: *of the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland*	"While dancing is a legitimate amusement, there is no recreation more full of dangerous temptation to sin."
BERTRAND RUSSELL: *mathematician, philosopher and educator*	"Communism in England is being kept alive only by diligent persecution."
H. M. KALLEN: *of the New School of Social Research*	"Communism in Russia is as much a faith and as little a fact as Christianity in the United States."
HENRY FORD:	"The stock market is just wind anyhow. When it gets to blowing too hard it will blow itself out."
SIR ARTHUR KEITH: *British scientist and author*	"I see no prospect of man becoming rational."
WANG CHING-WEI: *head of Nationalist Government in China*	"Sun Yat-sen, as you know, was greatly influenced by your American radical, Henry George, but he was never a Communist. His economic program, which is ours, means three things: Henry George's method of assessing land, definite laws against monopoly under private ownership, and Government ownership of large public utilities. We propose to realize this program without violence and without confiscation."
ROY L. GRAY: *one-man clothier of Fort Madison, Ia., selected after a nation-wide survey as the "average" man, when taken to an "unclad" girl show in Chicago*	"This was a thrilling experience for me. They couldn't put that stuff over in Fort Madison, but I guess an average fellow likes it."
ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR.: *president of General Motors Corporation*	"I am sure the end of the period of prosperity is not yet in sight."
DR. IRA LANDRETH: *of Chicago, advocates courting booths in churches as a means of attracting young people to church*	"People get married in the church, so why shouldn't they do their courting there?"
REV. DR. JOHN ROACH STRATON: *when asked by Leonard Snitkin: "Really, seriously, Dr. Straton—you do believe yourself a prophet of God?"*	"I do!"

Mrs. Bertrand Russell: *advocates "preliminary partnerships" before marriage*	"If you asked women for an honest opinion, most of them would admit that if they had married the first man that attracted them they would have made the biggest mistake of their lives."
E. L. Cord: *president of an automobile company*	"A greater speed on our public highways will reduce the death rate from automobile accidents, through the development of more careful driving and more cautious pedestrians."
Prince Carol: *of Roumania, who in abdicating his rights pledged himself not to overthrow the present régime in Roumania*	"I am awaiting my hour."
Miss Ruth Elder: *when asked why she did not take her husband along on her trans-Atlantic flight, which ended off the Azores*	"I am afraid we needed the room."
"Sport" Hermann: *sportsman, theater owner, and trustee of the library in Chicago, condemning "anti-American texts, or anything tearing down our old American heroes"*	"If no one defends our heroes, why the country will go to pieces, that's all."
Marshal Foch: *when asked why he looked so long at a statue of himself to be placed in the public square in Cassel*	"I was only thinking of how lonely it will be to spend so many years all alone in a public square."
John G. Gasteiger: *at meeting of the Alimony Payers' Protective Association*	"I've paid and paid and paid. I have failed three times, given out $12,000, been indicted twice and have spent eleven months in Kings County jail. Yet I do believe in alimony—when it is deserved."
Miss Gertrude Kuster: *when asked why she did not call the police to end noisy revels next door*	"I did call the police twice, but each time the police went in and joined the parties."
Elie Bois: *editor of "Le Petit Parisien"*	"The present situation of the League of Nations permits me to assert that the League of Nations is only suffering growing pains."
Joseph Wilson Barlow, Jr.: *bank cashier, says his pay was too low for his "deals," and he therefore took $25,000*	"I never spent a dime of the money for myself: it all went into my various interests."
George F. Kearney: *of Philadelphia, at the annual congress of the Playground and Recreation Association*	"'Be happy and you will be good' is a better maxim than 'Be good and you will be happy.' I trust anyone who is happy."
Suzanne Lenglen: *French tennis star*	"The professional sportsman is a more admirable person than the one who takes his money sideways."
G. K. Chesterton: *English editor*	"Beware of the man you forget. He is the one man who has you entirely at a disadvantage. Beware of the woman you forget, even more."
Edith Sitwell: *English artist and writer*	"It is hardly respectable to be good nowadays."
Mrs. Linwood C. Latimer: *of Carrollton, who won the title of champion husband-caller at the Suffolk, Va., fair, with this summons*	"You Linwood, come and get it, *dinner!*"
A Defending Lawyer: *for Frank Veritikiso of Tamaqua, Pa., who was arrested for possessing a whiskey still*	"My client foolishly allowed his wife's first husband's still to be brought into his house."
A Paris Bookseller: *sizes up the demand for literature in France*	"Women are reading more and more. Men are more and more idle. The least effort at reading outside their daily sport page or finance column sends them to sleep or to the bar."

The King of the Brazilian Jungle

A True Tale of a Battle Between Boa Constrictor and Jaguar

By D. DE PEREYRA

D de Pereyra

I WAS a boy of seventeen, on a hunting expedition in the marsh-lands of Corumbà, in Brazil.

One day I found myself camping on an island with a party of Bolivians. We were four in all, Alba and Lopez, two explorer-friends whom I had begged to take me along—I was always in quest of thrills—and Timo, a very shrewd guide. We all had come from the border, intent upon killing the fleet and bloodthirsty jaguar. Its domain, a heavy thicket well beyond an effervescent lake of mud that surrounded us, was scarcely three miles west of our island.

It was nine in the morning, and we figured that noon was about the best time to go after jaguar, it being the hour when they are heavy with their meal. Timo wanted us to get started without delay, for the marshes are very difficult to traverse on foot. Although the soil was only slightly submerged and dotted with small mounds, it took us over two hours to go across. We saw on the way carcasses of alligators and the remnants of a deer. Occasionally we had to avoid crocodiles stupidly trying to hide so as to surprise and get us.

Alba and Lopez, wading strenuously through the swamps, and leaving me a good distance behind, caught up with Timo, who never let anybody get ahead of him, and waited for me. We had come to a place where a coarse, waist-high, yellowish sedge hid dangerous quagmires, detectable by the degree of resistance the ground offered when the grass was pulled. Two or three times the guide made a sign to stop, and Alba, alert and prepared for any eventuality, cautioned me to hold my gun in readiness. I could not see anything, but heard a swift rustling. Although I knew this meant snakes of the constrictor family, I did not pay much attention. The three men near me were ample protection. Furthermore, I had once killed a big snake. I had shot it down from a branch, with so little risk that it had furnished me no more excitement than if I had bagged a cackling hen.

We reached a wooded and solid ground. Here was abundant grass and rushes, where vipers undoubtedly thrived. Timo had drawn a poisoned arrow which he handled with extreme care, and, pointing reassuringly at this weapon, advised us to show no fear in case we should encounter a boa. His warning told me that he had seen unequivocal signs of this reptile. As to the vipers, I knew that our boots were sufficient guarantee against their attacks, so I was not alarmed by anything, except, maybe, by the silence of the forest or the sudden flight of a bird, which never failed to bring an image to my mind—that of a surprised prey escaping in the nick of time. It was strange, but this thought always occurred to me, and made me imagine myself in a similar situation. I learned afterwards that this feeling was common to most novices in the jungle. From afar came a noise like the crackling of dry sticks.

"To the trees, quick!" shouted Timo. With a leap he started up a tree; Alba, Lopez and I climbed for our lives, and a few seconds later, beneath us, we heard an avalanche of animals pass, gnashing their tusks. At the same time a strange moan echoed nearby in the jungle, and the guide, now back on the ground, urged us all to move forward with him. "Come!" he said. "Get your guns ready—something's happening there!" This stirred me to action, and, my young flesh tingling, this time with fear of the unknown, I followed with my friends the path recently laid by the fleeing animals. We reached an amphitheater, in the center of which was a lagoon where light hardly penetrated. The trees were enormous, and their uniform thickness was impressive. A meteorite, fallen centuries ago, perhaps, rose at one end through a thick, moist covering of leaves which deadened the sound of footsteps.

The lagoon, fed possibly from underground springs, was hidden by a dark mantle of moss, and slept there silently, mysteriously, surrounded by a setting a hundred times as gorgeous as anything I had yet seen in tropical display of majesty. A gigantic *Santa-Maria,* felled undoubtedly by a thunderbolt, almost formed a bridge over the lagoon, and, without the prodigious mane of branches, could have been used for one.

In its fall the tree had pulled over a net of leafless creepers, many of which still clung tightly to the tops of the mighty neighbours, thus giving a crude impression of the mast of a vessel hanging by its rigging.

We perceived on the opposite side something that chilled the blood in our veins. An enormous boa, at least thirty-five feet in length, half concealed by a screen of lianas, rose several yards from the ground in a threatening attitude. Its mouth opened spasmodically, and its sinister eyes peered into a small patch where there was probably a foe. A group of fig trees of gnarly, writhing boles edged the patch.

The taut neck of the serpent receded slowly, till it fell almost back upon the monstrous coiled body, undoubtedly crushing its prey. Foam drooled out of its mouth and slobbered down its coils, which contracted and expanded with terrifying force and machine-like regularity. Lopez was dazed, and Alba looked as if hypnotized by what we saw. Timo, leaning against a trunk, seemed to have forgotten us.

The boa was becoming fearfully enraged. A loud hiss came from its nostrils. Once or twice it made as if to leap forward, but it preferred to spare its prey, and withdrew further back. Its body, curled as it was now, had the appearance of a barrel whimsically painted. Its movements backward resembled the bouncing of a roly-poly toy. In this manner it managed to come out of the labyrinth of lianas, and we could see it clearly.

A fan of sunlight penetrated through a narrow gash in the canopied ceiling of thickly-leaved branches seventy feet overhead, and a beam of light struck the body of the monster. Indistinctly we distinguished something that made us hold our breath. Step by step a superb jaguar, large as an African lioness, advanced—its eyes afire, staring at its enemy, lashing its frizzled tail now quietly, now fretfully, doggedly moving forward as the serpent retreated.

"I understand now!" I heard Alba murmur; he was nervously fingering the trigger of his gun. "It has killed the mate."

The boa's long neck swayed. Drooling more than ever and raising a third of its body, it tried in vain to frighten its foe. Now it lifted itself to an incredible height and disclosed three gory masses, which Timo could still recognize in spite of the loathsome drivel which covered them.

"The cubs of the jaguar—and a peccary," he said in a low voice.

To our surprise the big feline then lay down on the ground, and, still looking fixedly at the boa, yawned dolefully and waited. The serpent grew more calm now, and its greediness finally triumphed over its suspicions. For a moment it drew its looped neck along the water, as if it wanted to moisten its foaming jaws. Then, giving one last glance toward the jaguar, which now looked at it furiously, it made horrible efforts to vomit, and its mouth became white with froth which it smeared on its victims before beginning to swallow them with fierce and repulsive avidity. . . .

The jaguar trembled nervously, and several times made as if to spring, but returned again to its former patient attitude. The peccary, which was the last to disappear, was exceptionally large and gave the serpent some trouble. Its jaws expanded more, until it seemed as though they would burst. It was certain that it had not crushed its prey thoroughly, perhaps because of the presence of its foe, which, again on its feet, followed the movements of the serpent with eyes afire and hair on end. The tail no longer beat against its flanks. It bent at the tip while the rest of it stiffened.

Perceiving this, the boa hissed again with blood-curdling fury and even threatened to attack, but it seemed tired and remained on the defensive. A heavy scrambling was heard from beyond, and an instant later a tapir reached the clearing. Unhesitatingly it went to the lagoon. With devastating swiftness the serpent fell on it.

For an instant the animal disappeared in the coils of the monster, but it suddenly was freed, and, unaware even now of the presence of its other enemy, the jaguar, darted away like lightning. The jaguar had taken advantage of the very moment when the boa was preparing to crush its new victim. It had hurled itself upon the serpent, clawed its neck savagely, and withdrawn, apparently dissatisfied with its hold.

We human spectators, surprised by the intruder, had not seen the initial attack, so swift was it. The jaguar, maddened by this contact, was roaring hoarsely, seeking a good position from which to spring again.

The reptile was apparently seized with stupour at that moment, and, although wounded, rather than charge according to tradition, it hastened to look for shelter. For a second it faced its enemy, but then, suddenly, slid to the foot of a tree. It was about to reach for a branch when the jaguar pounced again astride its upraised and already weakened neck. The boa struggled to stay erect while the jaguar fought to drag it down to the ground. But the jaguar failed. Its hind claws dug for a minute into the serpent, then slipped, and the whole animal was borne aloft, barely holding itself by its teeth.

That was the end. The boa thrust the animal into its coils; they tightened with furious strength. A fearful roar made the air vibrate for an instant, and then, through panting hisses, was heard a gruesome cracking of bones and a moan that grew more and more faint and sickening.

Alba could restrain his impulses no longer, and ran to the place of the fight. We followed, trying to dissuade him. When he was ten yards away, he fired once, twice, three times—shattering the head of the serpent at the first shot. For a moment the boa loosened its coils, but then clasped them even more tightly, till they were coloured by the blood of its victim. . . . Squirming convulsively in the death spasm, it reached the lake and disappeared under the thick covering of moss.

The water was still quivering when we made our way out, aghast with emotion and exhausted by the heat under those trees. Lopez and Alba looked at each other. "If I am not mistaken," said the first, "you want to go back—and I do too."

"Yes," Alba replied. "This has demoralized me—and I think it is the same with you," he said, turning to me. It was so. Furthermore, I could not have shot a jaguar that day. I was too much in sympathy with the beast, after what I had seen.

"Timo!" Alba called as we were passing the place where we had had to seek cover in the trees. "What were those animals about which you warned us before?"

"White-lipped peccaries, *niño*—like the one the boa ate," replied the guide, himself pale with emotion. "I did not see them coming, but I heard them. They were frightened, and they would have torn us to pieces if we hadn't escaped just in time."

"Why didn't they attack the boa, then?" I asked. "I thought those animals defended themselves successfully against all others."

"All the animals from the forest flee from the great serpents," Timo replied, "and this time you may be sure that the boa caught their leader. Otherwise they wouldn't have run like that—I have seen horses and men ripped by the peccaries."

We Few—By DAVID P. BERENBERG

WE WHO love silence
And the night,
Love the moon shadows
Lying white
Over dark roadways,—
Love the wind
Sweeping to seaward,
Like us,—blind!

The Tendency of History

By HENRY ADAMS

II—The Solutions

THE general reader, though apt to mistake the drift of thought, is still rather a better judge of it than the specialist can be, and he gets, from the literature of the twentieth century in its first decade, a decided impression that educational energy has passed into the hands of the physico-chemists and teachers of *Energetik* or thermodynamics. The old Law of Conservation, or mechanics, still rules in the workshop, but is somewhat lifeless in the scholars if not in the schools. Its teachers seem rather inactive, or even indifferent; yet possibly, here and there, one of them may feel uneasy at the prospect of actually coming to blows with his brother-professors as in the old days of religion. The Law of Conservation was an easy one; it left a reasonable share of freedom in the universe; even astronomers were allowed to be devout, and sometimes actually were so; while in strictness, physicists cease to be physicists unless they hold that the law of Entropy includes Gods and men as well as universes. Nevertheless, even a physicist may occasionally bear in patience with perfectly impartial, and, though conservative, yet not unsympathetic bystanders, who try to act as though the door were still open, and who beg only to be told what the new physicists are willing to do for mankind. What mankind will do for itself is quite another matter, since probably all teachers admit that, in daily life, society may go on indefinitely, quite as well,—or as ill,—in the future as in the past; but as between schools of education the divergence is wide. Possibly the Universities may think it safer to ignore the dilemma for another decade or two, as they have ignored so many others; but they would do better to reach an understanding if they can, especially because, if both parties could be brought into some slight sacrifice of principle, and so abate the rigour of their law, the compromise might put new life into the school of history, which badly needs it.

For purposes of teaching, the figure is alone essential, and the figure of Rise and Fall has done infinite harm from the beginnings of thought. That of Expansion and Contraction is far more scientific, even in history. Evolution, again, is troublesome, and has already yielded to the less compromising figure of Transformation. Expansion and Transformation are words which commit teachers to no inconvenient dogma; indeed, they are so happily adapted for Galileos who are wise enough not to shock opinion, that they seem to impose themselves on the lecture-room. In strictness, no doubt, water which falls and dynamite which expands, are equally degraded energies, but the mind is repelled by the idea of degradation, while it is pleased by the figure of expansion. Because an energy is diffused like table-salt in water, it is not rendered less useful; on the contrary, it can only by that process be made useful at all to an animal like man whose life is shut within narrow limits of intensity; who sends for a physician if his temperature rises a single degree, and who dies if it rises or falls 5° Centigrade; whose bath must be tempered and his alcohol diluted; and whose highest ambition is to train and temper his own brute energies to obey law. Notoriously, civilization and education enfeeble personal energy; *emollit mores:* they aim especially at extending the forces of society at cost of the intensity of individual forces. "Thou shalt not," is the beginning of law. The individual, like the crystal of salt, is absorbed in the solution, but the solution does work which the individual could not do.

Put in this form the law of thermodynamics seems less obnoxious. With the change of one word to another, the most sensitive evolutionist might not refuse a hearing to the physicist who should affirm that organic as well as inorganic nature shows a universal tendency to the dissipation of energy. At the utmost, the Evolutionist would need only to point out that nature, contrary to her usually wasteful habits, often teaches extreme economy, as when she locks up her energies in atoms and molecules, or, what is more to man's purpose, when she trains the glow-worm to habits of costless industry that may well make the sun veil its face; but, consenting to pass over, for the moment, this restriction on thermodynamic extravagance, the Darwinian will perhaps for the sake of harmony, concede that, however economical the process may be in its details, dissipation of energy is always occurring in the mass, and that nature shows no known machinery for restoring the energy which she dissipates. If the physiologists insist on this concession, the Darwinian may perhaps, by way of reaching an issue, content himself with allowing it, with only a single, but serious, restriction.

This single restriction concerns the limitations of science itself, which has thus far penetrated only the grosser operations of nature, and cannot deny that further knowledge may—and probably will—overthrow much of the experience of physics. This possibility is constantly discussed by the most eminent physicists, and is open to endless discussion by physiologists; but since it is the last ground on which the Darwinian can make a stand, he will do well to reserve it, on the chance that new scientific horizons will open to him.

Supposing, then, that the physicist takes the lead, and seeks for a means of compromise,—some middle term, on which the elevationist can stand while discussing the details of a treaty! The degradationist can produce from his stores of energy a number of figures for choice;—such as that of water, which expands or contracts, according to the temperature, or falls according to its position; or electricity, which dissipates itself in work; or of dynamite, which does work by explosion; or of gases, which work restlessly without accomplishing anything; or of table-salt, which dissolves mysteriously in water, to help digestion or stimulate appetite; but possibly he may begin with his favourite figure of a gaseous nebula, and may offer to treat primitive humanity as a volume of human molecules of unequal intensities, tending to dissipate energy, and to correct the loss by concentrating mankind into a single, dense mass like the sun. History would then become a record of successive phases of contraction, divided by periods of explosion, tending always towards an ultimate equilibrium in the form of a volume of human molecules of equal intensity, without coördination.

If this analogy, with its law of phases, should be rejected, the physicist might still offer a number of others, likening social energy to light, heat, electricity, or radiating matter;—in short, to any form of physical energy, provided it obeyed his second law of thermodynamics, by dissipating itself beyond recovery; but, with the utmost good-will, the evolutionist will find himself much embarrassed to accept any of these offers. If he is to remain evolutionist,—and he has no other motive for existence,—he is forced to assert, as his modest claim, the concession of two points: —1. That organic life has the exclusive power of economizing nature's waste.—2. That man alone enjoys the supernatural power of consciously reversing nature's process, by raising her dissipated energies, including his own, to higher intensities. That is to say, man must possess the exclusive power of reversing the process of extinction inherent in other activities of nature. The mere conservation of energy would not be enough for him, whatever it is for the glow-worm.

The physicist cannot for a moment be expected to grant either of these demands, and is quite likely to be irritated by them even to the point of flatly denying any exclusive privileges to organic life except in its processes. He is capable of going on to question the value of the processes too, especially on the point of economy, and of asserting that organisms are bad economists compared with inorganic matter. He will readily admit that some of the lower forms of life are economists:—the honey-bee, for example; and some caterpillars which store silk, and the coral polyp which stores lime, and so forth; but the vegetables do much better, with their starch and chlorophyl and carbon, while the ocean and the atmosphere do better still by storing heat on an enormous scale, and distributing it where man needs it; many natural minerals store heat and light and electricity, and part with them for man's uses; the earth itself is supposed to be a storehouse of energy; and the sun is admitted to have stored all sorts of energy in almost infinite volume, for no other known, intelligent use than the purposes of man. Further, steel stores elastic energy better than any vegetable life can do it; every molecule stores cohesive energy better than any animal life does it; while all intelligent people are still staring, with stupid bewilderment, at the storage power of an atom of radium. Matter indeed, is energy itself, and its economies first made organic life possible by thus correcting nature's tendency to waste.

Even less can the physicist admit that man alone enjoys the supernatural power of consciously reversing nature's processes, and of restoring her dissipated energies to their lost intensity. From the physicist's point of view, Man, as a conscious and constant, single, natural force, seems to have no function except that of dissipating or degrading energy. Indeed, the evolutionist himself has complained, and is still complaining in accents which grow shriller every day, that man does more to dissipate and waste nature's economies than all the rest of animal or vegetable life has ever done to save them. "Already,"—one may hear the physicists aver—"man dissipates every year all the heat stored in a thousand million tons of coal which nature herself cannot now replace, and he does this only in order to convert some ten or fifteen per cent. of it into mechanical energy immediately wasted on his transient and commonly purposeless objects. He draws great reservoirs of coal-oil and gas out of the earth, which he consumes like the coal. He is digging out even the peat-bogs in order to consume them as heat. He has largely deforested the planet, and hastened its desiccation. He seizes all the zinc and whatever other minerals he can burn, or which he can convert into other forms of energy, and dissipate into space. His consumption of oxygen would be proportionate to his waste of heat, and, according to Kelvin, 'If we burn up our fuel supplies so fast, the oxygen of the air may become exhausted, and that exhaustion might come about in four or five centuries.' He startles and shocks even himself, in his rational moments, by his extravagance, as in his armies and armaments which are made avowedly for no other purpose than to dissipate or degrade energy, or annihilate it as in the destruction of life, on a scale that rivals operations of nature. What is still more curious, his chief pleasures, so far as they are his own invention, consist in gratifying the same unintelligent passion for dissipating or degrading energy, as in drinking alcohol, or burning fireworks, or firing cannon, or illuminating cities, or deafening them by senseless noises. Worse than all, such is his instinct of destruction that he systematically exterminates or degrades all the larger forms of animal life in which nature stored her last creative efforts, while he breeds artificially, at great expense of his own energies, and at cost of the phosphorus and lime accumulated by nature's mostly extinct organisms, the feebler forms of animal and vegetable energies needed to make good the prodigious waste of his own. Physicists and physiologists equally complain of these tendencies in man, and a large part of their effort is now devoted to correcting them; but the physicist adds that, compared with this enormous mass of nature's economies which man dissipates every year in rapid progression, the little he captures from the sun, directly or indirectly, as heat-rays, or water-power, or wind-power, is trifling, and the portion that he restores to higher intensities would be insignificant in any case, even if he did not instantly degrade and dissipate it again for some momentary use."

Against this indictment of man's wastefulness, not even Darwin, fond of paradox as he was, would have cared to champion man's defence, and since Darwin wrote, the waste of energy has been doubled again and again. On this point, the evolutionist stands at great disadvantage. Astronomers are given to holding the sun to a sort of moral accountability because it utilizes only about 1/2,300,000,000 of its heat,—or gravitation, or electricity, or whatever energies it dissipates,—on any known work, and degrades the rest indefinitely in space; but, if their relative resources are taken into account, the sun is,—according to the physicists,—a model economist compared with man. The sun can keep up its expenditure indefinitely, subject to occasional fits of economy; while man is a bottomless sink of waste unparalleled in the cosmos, and can already see the end of the immense economies which his mother Nature stored for his support. Almost all other organisms, especially the lowest, were good economists, and inorganic matter seemed to be perfect. No physicist dares guess within millions of years the date when the carboniferous forests stored their carbon; but it was an affair of to-day compared with the date when steel stored its elasticity, or the magnet its attraction, or uranium its radiation, or the earth its gravitation; yet the chemists seem unconscious that any of the forms of matter actually known to them, unless it be the radiating activities, have lost or are now degrading their energies, while the higher animals have passed, and are still passing, like dreams.

The evolutionist knows all this quite as well as the degradationist, and has never held man's extravagance for a virtue except in a sense of his own, as though he were to adopt the physicist's figure, and say that the enormous fall of potential which he obtained from all this combustion was utilized or converted by him, and reappeared in the intenser form of energy called Thought. Considered as a mode of motion, Thought was far more valuable than Heat or Electricity, and more much easily stored; it was subject to the usual mechanical laws of attraction and inertia; its analogy with Electricity was declared to be close; and its usefulness was the more important because it had been so carefully economized that its full reservoir could be drawn upon,—as in Universities and schools and libraries,—by all the world without limit, like the oxygen of the air.

In literary language, Thought was God;—Energy in abstract and absolute form;—the ultimate Substance;—*das Ding an sich.* Most philosophy rested on this idea that Thought is the highest or subtlest energy of nature. The sun is an immense energy, but does its work on earth only by expending 2,300,000,000 times more than equivalent energy in space, while Thought does more work without expending any equivalent energy at all. By placing a lens in the path of the sun's rays, it restores to any given intensity the radiation which had been indefinitely diffused. By cheap mechanical instruments it raises or lowers the intensity of the electric current. By slight motions of the hand it sets chemical energies at work without limit; and, what stamps the act as divine, it impresses the result with Form.

Thus the dispute drifts back again to the middle-ages. The physicist can no more compromise with the evolutionist than Lord Bacon could compromise with the Schools. Galileo could as well admit that Joshua had held up the sun, as Kelvin could admit the power of man to reverse the dissipation of solar energy, and thus to produce a new energy of higher potential, called Thought; yet even if, for the argument's sake, he had done so, the dispute would not have been settled. If Thought were actually a result of transforming other energies into one of a higher potential, it must still be equally subject to the laws which governed those energies, and could not be an independent or supernatural force. Turn or twist the dilemma as they pleased, they returned to it in spite of themselves, and would do no better if the evolutionist were to give way, in his turn, and offer the concession he had refused.

"On reflection," he might say, "I will grant that thought may radiate its energy away, like electricity and heat; a figure which, I understand you to say, suits your law of degradation while leaving me free to prove, if I can, its power to rise in intensity. Where will this concession bring me out? You admit that the sun maintains its energy indefinitely by contracting its volume. Are you willing to admit that Vital Energy, regarded as a volume or society, might conceivably do the same thing? and if so, what then?"

To this, the physicist must be supposed to reply,—however unwillingly,—that nothing would suit him better than such a concession,—which he had in fact begun by offering,—but that, in common honesty, he was bound to regard it as a total surrender of the evolutionist claims. The mind either was an independent energy, or it was not. If evolutionists conceded at the outset that it was not, then the mere figure mattered nothing; the dispute ended of itself, and the law of thermodynamics went into operation. If, on the contrary, the evolutionists meant to insist on independence, they would gain little or nothing by proving a power to prolong life,—animal, vegetable, or physical,—by aggregation or by concentration; they merely changed the numerical value of the variable called Time:—

"No doubt," might a physicist be imagined to continue, "you can, if you like, give to this variable called Time a value approaching infinity, and this is your ordinary loop-hole of escape. You are welcome to it, as far as concerns us physicists, and we will help you to get it, and stay in it if you will only leave us in peace without annoying us by your unscientific, ignorant objections which would put a stop to science altogether, if you insisted on them. Yet when we look at it from your point of view, we cannot see what you gain by increasing the element of Time. You want to increase not Time but Tension. You do not want to preserve society as it is,—and if you did want it, you could not do it; you want to raise the level of its Vital Energy. Now, we admit that Vital Energy is not mere attraction or cohesion or elasticity, but we say that it is limited by the same laws, and we know little about any of them except their limitations. Of course, the mind can reverse them in action, but so can they reverse each other, and the mind too; as cohesion reverses gravitation; and a drop of water reverses cohesion; and one degree of heat reverses all. A watch-spring stores elasticity better than the mind stores thought. Any chance bit of obsidian or crystal can set forests afire, without calling itself intelligent. A fall of one degree in temperature gives form to an icicle, without claiming to be divine. A summer shower develops electricity at a tension sufficient to reverse the energy of as many minds as get in its way, without asserting the smallest pretension to reverse natural laws. Nature is full of rival energies; and,—for anything we know,—may once have been full of hostile energies; but, hostile or friendly, its infinite variety of Forms, Directions, Intensities, and Complexities, had taken order, from the smallest electron and ion to the widest range of stellar space measured by the most powerful light-ray, going through every possible form of physical evolution before man,—or his instinct,—or his reason,—or any other animal, or vegetable, or organic life, or vital energy, ever stirred!"

If then the evolutionist, irritated by treatment which seems a far-off echo of the remarks of the King of Brobdingnag to Gulliver nearly two hundred years ago, should still insist upon his mind being the highest possible intensity of energy on account of its consciousness, the degradationist might probably lose his temper and his manners outright, to the point of breaking out:—

"The psychologists have already told you that Consciousness is only a phase in the decline of vital energy;—a stage of weakening will. We physicists, even less than you Darwinists, deny the intensity of the Will, but we know it to be stronger in the Scarab or the Scorpion, where it is unconscious, than in Monkey or Man, where it is conscious; while we watch, over and over again, with abject incredulity, the apotheosis of a butterfly or the flowering of an orchid, which reveal to our scientific sense an intensity of vital energy out of all comparison with that of man. We never tire of marvelling at the essence of substance;—at the energy of the atom or the glow-worm; but this is the motive behind our whole thermodynamic law.

"The highest intensities of nature, such as produced the atom and the molecule, were precisely the earliest on our scale. Of the vital energies in the order of time we cannot pretend to know much, since all the types seem to have first developed themselves, during a great many millions of years, in water, or underground, in conditions indefinitely varied and altogether unknown; but the moment an animal appears above-ground, it turns out to be a Silurian Scorpion, a type of the intensest vital energy that ever lived, if one can trust the entomologists. Next, in the Carboniferous, we happen first on a dragon-fly with 'a spread of wing much exceeding two feet.' Carboniferous insects, like carboniferous forests, suggest intensities indefinitely stronger in creative power than any energies known to be at work to-day. In fact, no creative energies whatever are known to be at work to-day, unless it be the radiating activities. Mere heat creates nothing. Neither heat nor its absence accounts for any of the problems of vital energy,—neither for the cell, nor the form, nor the movement, nor the consciousness, nor the descent, nor the inheritance, nor the intelligence, of organisms; nor does motion account for direction. No intelligent man nowadays is satisfied with a purely mechanical formula.

"Palæontologists talk only of specialization, as though the more elaborate type were the higher intensity. The opposite is more likely to be true. Geology suggests plainly that, after at least fifty million years of conditions which made life impossible except under water, these anarchic forces dissipated themselves so far as to settle into an equilibrium which showed itself on land in the wild exuberance of the carboniferous forests, and which then developed into the wilder exuberance of the Eocene mammals. How long this exuberance lasted, Saporta has told us; and he is also authority for the fact,—not the theory, I say,—that the equilibrium was overthrown by the steady dissipation of energy. Gaudry, another sufficient authority, has added that vital energy fell step by step, and phase by phase, with solar energy. The geologists in general seem to agree with the astronomers in teaching that both forms of energy will continue to fall in intensity until both disappear. Meanwhile we are perfectly at liberty to teach that the relative intensity of each phase measured the relative intensity of each creation of land-organisms in the order of time. We are not only at liberty to do it; we are logically compelled to insist upon it. No other order of sequence can be made to accord with the positively miraculous properties which defy explanation in organic as in inorganic nature.

"We all remember the desperate efforts that Darwin made to fit within a uniformitarian schedule these violent leaps in the energy of evolution, but we seldom realize how difficult he found the task of convincing himself that his own scheme was convenient. When he said, as he often did, that he never thought of the eye without a chill,—'the eye, to this day (1860), gives me a cold shudder,'—he meant,—among other things,—that his theory was good for nothing as a convenient means of explaining why the eye should have leaped to perfection from its start, when it should have been the slowest in the order of evolution. In fact, the eye of the first fish, at the beginning of geological time, was at least as good as that of his descendant still living unchanged; and the first trilobites, somewhere in Silurian ages, had eyes of twelve or fifteen thousand facets. 'Assuredly,' says Gaudry, 'we marvel at such complication in creatures of such great antiquity, but we cannot conclude that the organ of sight reached its whole perfection in the primary period, for probably the thirty thousand facets of *Remopleurides* were not equal to the two beautiful eyes of our actual mammals.' Such a *probably* might well cause Darwin a chill; but had he gone on to say that the decline of the Tertiary quadrupeds caused him a worse shudder he would have said only what Dana seemed to feel, and what strikes every physicist with astonishment when he reads it in Dana, about the universal stunting of animal life in recent times. In South America alone, during and since the glacial epoch, the extinct species of quadrupeds number more than a hundred, while, among the peculiarly South American order of Anteaters, the extinct species were more numerous than all those that 'now exist in that part of the continent, and were far larger animals.' In Australia the Marsupials prove the same law: 'As on the other continents, the moderns are dwarfs by the side of the ancient species.' As a universal rule, the fact of dwindling size holds true of a large part of the mammals, including elephants and herbivores as well as many carnivores, edentates, rodents and marsupials: 'The kinds that continued into modern time became dwindled in the change wherever found over the globe, notwithstanding the fact that genial climates are still to be found over large regions.' Neither Kelvin nor Faye, neither Lapparent nor Flammarion, asserted the brutal facts of degradation nearly so strongly as Dana.

"To this law, which has already reduced us to 'living in an impoverished world,' you evolutionists require us physicists, under some mysterious penalty, to make for you an exception in favour of man. We cannot do it. We are willing to yield much of the old mechanical ground. We grant that we cannot explain why, in man or in molecule, the primitive energies of nature took directions which imply,—in our limited experience,—a reasoning forethought. Cause is a transcendental problem beyond our grasp. We no longer venture even to assert that we know the creative forces at all. We say only that in the world which we do know, we can see nothing supernatural in action. Infinite complication we admit, but no ultimate contradiction. Sooner or later, every apparent exception, whether man or radium, tends to fall within the domain of physics. Against this necessity, human beings have always rebelled. For thousands of years they have stood apart, superior to physical laws. The time has come when they must yield.

"The claim that Reason must be classed as an energy of the highest intensity is itself unreasonable. On the contrary, Reason is the last in time, and therefore the lowest in tension. According to our western standards, the most intense phase of human Energy occurred in the form of religious and artistic emotion,—perhaps in the Crusades and Gothic Churches;—but since then, though vastly increased in apparent mass, human energy has lost intensity and continues to lose it with accelerated rapidity, as the Church proves. Organized in society, as a volume, it becomes a multiplied number of enfeebled units, on which, like the eye in insects, reason acts as an enormously multiplied lens, converging nature's lines of will, and taking direction from them, but adding nothing of its own. Man has, indeed,—or had,—in a few of his stems, some faculty for artistic expression, not nearly so strong as that of some plants, or some butterflies, or some birds, but more varied. This instinct he probably inherited from an earlier, more gifted, animal; but as a creative energy he inherited next to nothing. The coral polyp is a giant beside him. As an energy he has but one dominant function:—that of accelerating the operation of the second law of thermodynamics. So far as his reason acts as an energy at all, it is a miraculous invention for this purpose, which inspires wonder and almost worship, but in strictness and reason does not work,

—it is only a mechanism;—nature's energy, which we have agreed to call Will, that lies behind reason, does the work,—and de grades the energy in doing it!"

Evidently, on these lines, no sort of agreement is possible. The two figures contradict each other beyond the chance of conciliation. Of course the contradiction has been slightly exaggerated to make it clear; but if the physicist had not himself lost the high literary potential of Swift and Voltaire, he would exaggerate to much better purpose, and would handle the unfortunate creature called Man in a temper such as any one may renew who cares to go back to Bunyan or Dante or the Bible, not to mention the Prophets in particular; but he would convince no one. Man refuses to be degraded in self-esteem, of which he has never had enough to save him from bitter self-reproaches. He yearns for flattery, and he needs it. The contradiction between science and instinct is so radical that, though science should prove twenty times over, by every method of demonstration known to it, that man is a thermodynamic mechanism, instinct would reject the proof, and whenever it should be convinced, it would have to die.

If the deadlock were a new thing, the situation would not be so difficult, but the history of the last five hundred years tells of little else. Man began by usurping the rank of lord of creation. Galileo and Newton succeeded in deposing him, much against his will,—as the Church very candidly confessed,—but he has never despaired of reinstating himself by means of his Reason. The doctrine of evolution seemed, in the nineteenth century, to favour him. For fifty years, society flattered itself that science stood solidly behind it, lifting it up from lower powers to higher, and restoring it to its old rank and self-respect as child and heir to the infinite. The contrary assertion of Kelvin had no effect upon it whatever. Indeed, if Eduard von Hartmann is right, society deliberately chose to be silent about the direction of physics, and refused to think or talk about it; but silence has never stopped this dispute, at least in western civilization, since the martyrdom of Prometheus, and merely hurried the moment when, on scientific principles, another catastrophe, like that of the Newtonian philosophy, became imminent.

William Thomson and Clausius, Helmholz and Balfour Stewart, asserted and reiterated the certainty of this catastrophe, in vain, as Descartes had asserted it,—also in vain,—two hundred years before; but Descartes offered a compromise, and in that respect differed from Kelvin. Descartes proposed to free man from material bondage, provided he might mechanize all other vital energies. Society rose in arms to protect the dog, and so defeated the scheme, leaving the world to go on asserting two contradictory principles in the same breath, down to the present day, to the undiminished embarrassment of Universities, and with little perceptible change in the situation, except that the Universities of to-day hesitate to assert with confidence the old conviction of spiritual authority, showing in this respect a distinct decline in energy; while technical instruction has reached,—or seems on the verge of reaching, —the point where it must insist on the universal application of its thermodynamic law.

Since compromise of principle seems to be out of the question, there remains only the resource of direct conflict. Each party is thrown back on the horns of a dilemma —the same old dilemma of Saint Augustine and Descartes,—the deadlock of free-will. The professor of physics will ask his colleague, the professor of history, to explain the process by which energy raises its own potential without cost, since this has been an object greatly desired by schoolmasters from the earliest known ages, and would singularly simplify the professorial accounts. The teacher of history, who has trouble enough already in trying to raise the potential of his scholars' energy, can only retort by asking his colleague to show how his own teaching proves progressive enfeeblement and degradation of quality. The degradationist might be quite ready to admit it, and quite competent to prove it, but he knows that he has already turned his own thermodynamic law into a means of convincing society of the contary. Since the year 1830, when the great development of physical energies began, all school-teaching has learned to take for granted that man's progress in mental energy is measured by his capture of physical forces, amounting to some fifty million steam horse-power from coal, and at least as much more from chemical and elementary sources; besides indefinite potentials in his stored experience, and progressive rise in the intensities of the forces he keeps in constant use. He cares little what becomes of all this new power; he is satisfied to know that he habitually develops heat at 3000° Centigrade and electricity by the hundred thousand volts, from sources of indefinitely degraded energy; and that his mind has learned to control them. Man's Reason once credited with this addition of volume and intensity, its victory seems assured. The teacher of history need then trouble himself with no further doubts of Evolution; but the teacher of physics seems—at least to an ignorant world whose destiny hangs on the balance, —very much required to defend himself.

Although this form of physical psychology is less than a hundred years old, it has already taken possession of society so completely as to serve it, in place of the old religious and mechanical formulas, for a philosophical foundation. The historian has a right to use it as such; but according to the understanding of the physical law already discussed, one would think physicists debarred from admitting it. To them it should seem an illusion, although one difficult to deal with; but, as far as a bystander has means of judging, they would still be at liberty to turn the dilemma about, and seek to impale their antagonist on the reversed horn, by suggesting that the theory of tropism or induction, or of physico-chemical relations in general, seems to require that the psychical will, under such conditions, should not absorb physical energy so much as physical energy would absorb the psychical will. Two similar energies, when in contact, would tend to a common level; force, if powerful enough, would control thought; the ocean would dissolve the crystal of salt; so that, if the evolutionist should insist on identifying the quality of his psychical energy with the quantity of his steam- or water-power or electric voltage, the physicist would expect to see the psychical potential of society vanish as suddenly as the potential of a Leyden jar.

Perhaps the Universities might be quicker than the technical schools to see the point of this retort, since they claim, in theory, to deal with quality rather than with quantity, and possibly some professors have noticed that quality may sometimes suffer from contact with volume. The idea is not precisely new,—far from it!—even beyond the pale of European Universities, portions of society have shown a somewhat enfeebled instinct of revolt against the psychical processes of the press and the public. Various writers have discussed the effect of dissolving society into a single mixture; even a name,—panmixia—has been made for it. Nothing is commoner than the prejudice against mechanical energy as a weakener of nervous energy whenever it gets control, as in manufacturing towns; or the belief that great masses of people under uniform conditions tend to a mechanical uniformity of mind, as in agricultural districts; but the interest of the subject lies less in the application of the theory than in the shape which the theory would have to take in order to conform with the rest of the law of thermodynamics. Physicists know best what their mathematical formulas for electricity and gases and solutions are; historians have no right to meddle with the methods of colleagues in rival departments; but they cannot help feeling curiosity to know whether Ostwald's line of reasoning would logically end in subjecting both psychical and physico-chemical energies to the natural and obvious analogy of heat, and extending the law of Entropy over all. (Ostwald, "Vorlesungen," Leipzig, 1902, p. 398.)

Few physicists would be likely to see any scientific sense in this personal application of their law, and no one is readier than the historian to admit that vital Energy is probably not so simple as any formula that he could state, or understand if stated to him. The most ardent lover of paradox, —the most inveterate humourist,—would hardly think it worth his while to follow a train of reasoning which would surely immolate physics and metaphysics together. Such amusements seem to be reserved for astronomers; but neither historians nor sociologists can afford to let themselves be driven into admitting that every gain of power,—from gunpowder to steam,—from the dynamo to the Daimler motor,—has been made at the cost of man's—and of woman's—vitality. The mischiefs thus charged upon Reason would not end there. Metaphysics as well as mathematics would measure enfeeblement; philosophy as well as mechanics would mark degradation; the Universities as well as the technical schools would alike close their doors without waiting for the sun to grow cold.

Direct conflict, therefore, seems to be as barren as compromise. Heretofore in human experience, such reasoning would have been dismissed at once as only the usual futile attempt at reduction to the absurd. That it would pass for such in a University of to-day is an open question; it sounds rather like another way of saying what Arndt, Branco, and Hopf, as well as Rousseau and a thousand others have said for the past hundred and fifty years; but in any case it has no value for teachers, since it leads only to the stoppage of teaching altogether. If the teacher of history cares to contest the ground with the teacher of physics, he must become a physicist himself, and learn to use laboratory methods. He needs technical tools quite as much as the electrician does; large formulas, like Willard Gibbs' Rule of Phases; generalizations, no matter how temporary or hypothetical, such as all mathematicians use for the convenience of their scholars. The whole field of physics is covered with such temporary structures, mere approximations to truth, but in constant demand as tools. Mathematicians practise absolute freedom; they have the right—and use it—to assume that a straight line is, or is not, the shortest distance between two points, as they please. In the whole domain of science, no field of cultivation is poorer in such labour-saving devices than that of human history, yet Man, as a form of energy, is in most need of getting a firm footing on the law of thermodynamics. One cannot doubt that Lord Kelvin could have suggested half-a-dozen figures which would answer the purpose, although he might very well have refused to waste his own stock of vital energy in the effort to prove his thermodynamic ascent from a hypothetical eocene lemur, or even from a duck-billed platypus; neither of which would have promised energetic means of saving him from the pitfalls which his keen mathematical instinct would have shown him as the work of his fellow-physicists, planted directly in his path.

Whatever the difficulties, Kelvin would have faced them honestly. He had courage beyond the common, and if the problem had been forced on him as he forced it on others, he would not even have felt himself obliged to obey his own laws. Almost in his last words he pathetically proclaimed that his life was a failure in its long effort to reduce his physical energies to a single term. Dying, he left the unity, duality, or multiplicity of energies as much disputed as ever. "A certain anarchy reigns in the sciences of nature's domain," says M. Lucien Poincaré, who is regarded as a sufficient authority; "any venture may be risked; no law appears rigorously necessary." Professor Joly of Dublin has just seriously risked such a venture in his "Radio-activity and Geology; an account of the Influence of Radio-active Energy on Terrestrial History" (1909); and although the general reader gathers from it mainly the conclusion that physical science is more or less chaotic, this conclusion is only what he needs to reach before he can begin to deal with vital science, which is all chaos. "We see the middle- and the end-series of the phylogenetic series," says Reinke; "that we do not see the beginning is self-evident, since it was built up in a period of the earth's history which is for us transcendental"; we could not understand it if we did see it. So far as concerns the history of man, every period of the earth's history, beyond its actual condition, is transcendental. The anthropologist knows nothing whatever about it. Among a thousand possible varieties of primitive man, he has scarcely more than two or three doubtful clues to follow, and thus far these lead nowhere.

The single point about which Professor Klaatsch speaks with positiveness approaching temper, is that "the primitive man must not be treated either as morally bad or as intellectually stupid. . . . The primitive man, our ancestor, is to be prized as a being high in rank, who, in many a point of view, in force of individuality and vigour of self-assertion (Kraft der Individualität und Kampfesmut) was the superior of his cultured heirs (seinen Epigonen der Kultur)." Apparently this is the only certain result of sixty years' effort in physics and physiology. Forced back on the logical suicide of asserting or accepting an act of creation, biologists prefer to admit mental enfeeblement, even at the risk of being driven to admit both; so that, if the safety of society should seem now to depend on assuming a multiple cause, as of old on establishing the unity of creation, nothing obliges society to persist in its monist scheme. If the physicist cannot make mind the master, as the metaphysician would like, he can at least abstain from making it the slave.

So little essential is monism, that M. Poincaré lately startled the world by avowing that physicists used that formula only because all science would become impossible if they were not allowed to assume simple hypotheses; but this mental need of unity is also a weakness, which gives the degradationist an artificial and altogether unfair advantage. The convenience of unity is beyond question, and convenience overrides morals as well as money, when a vast majority of minds, educated or not, are invited to live in a complex of anarchical energies, with only the privilege of acting as chief anarchists. Bewildered and outraged, they reject the image; but they find that of diffusion or degradation so simple and so natural as to satisfy every want. The Darwinian readily admits that Kelvin's sun accounts for evolution better than Darwin's did; and he is only too ready to drop all the school-phrases,—to call the process Transformation, and so, quietly, surrender the issue. He is equally ready to admit that Darwin never supplied a motive power that should vary in force with the phenomena; he might even go so far as to concede that the want of such an energy had embarrassed biology nearly to the point of paralysis; while he must honestly grant that Kelvin began mathematically by giving himself, from the start, all the power he needed, in the degree in which he needed it, so that his system supplied its own force,—like the Niagara River,—by degrading its own energies. Simplicity may not be evidence of truth, and unity is perhaps the most deceptive of all the innumerable illusions of mind; but both are primary instincts in man, and have an attraction on the mind akin to that of gravitation on matter. The idea of unity survives the idea of God or of Universe; it is innate and intuitive. Thought floats much more easily towards than against it, and from the moment when heat, or electricity, or thought, or any other form or symbol or medium of energy, was likened to a falling substance tending to an ultimate ocean of Entropy, nothing was simpler than to plot out the ordinates and abscissas that marked its curve of evolution. Astronomy, geology, palæontology, biology, psychology, could all move majestically down the decline.

Perhaps the feature of the scheme that was most repulsive to instinct, was most seductive to science,—its fatal facility in accounting for Reason. All organisms would tend to develop nervous systems when dynamically ill-nourished. As the Drosera is represented to have taken to a diet of insects when it could no longer nourish itself sufficiently as a vegetable, or as a tree may throw out wider and deeper roots in the degree that complexity might bring moisture, so the vital energy which had developed in the exuberance of physical quantity so long as its dynamic supplies were in excess of its needs, would turn itself, as its conditions were impoverished, into those "connecting, or, as they are technically called, association-fibres, which make nerve-currents work together as they could not without being thus associated." Thought then appears in nature as an arrested,—in other words, as a degraded,—physical action. The theory is convenient, and convenience makes law, at least in the laboratory.

In this freedom of handling his energies the physicist enjoys another easy advantage over the sociologist. As already pointed out, the physicist is safe from interference so long as he can still promise expansion of power, or relief from pain; while the oldest and driest professor of history would smile at the idea of trying to imitate his vivacious colleague by telling his students, at the opening of the collegiate year, that, "as an approximately correct working hypothesis," he should proceed to treat the history of modern Europe and America as a typical example of energies indicating degradation "with head-long rapidity" towards "inevitable death." Probably he would have no more difficulty than the physicist has, in making his material fit his figure; history can be written in one sense just as easily as in another; but however perfect this figure might seem to him he would not think it suited to the interests of the students or of the University, in spite of the fact that the University has never committed itself to the contrary. Indeed he could truthfully say that the Universities in Europe have never preached upward evolution at all.

History began with admitting as its starting-point that the speechless animal who raised himself to the use of an inflected language must have made an effort greater and longer than the effort required for him, after perfecting his tongue, to vulgarize and degrade it. Even after descending to the familiar facts of relatively recent evolution, historians never teach that Egyptian pyramids and tombs show childlike inferiority to the tombs and temples of Berlin. Artists have never been known to illustrate their lectures on the history of their art by showing how much the sculpture of Pheidias and Praxiteles might have been improved by an acquaintance with the sculpture of London. Dramatists do not hold up to derision the feebleness of Aeschylus or the folly of Aristophanes before the gigantic force and genius of Sardou and Rostand on the Paris stage. American professors do not read Pindar or Lucretius aloud in order to suit the intelligence of their children in the nurseries of New York and Chicago. Historians seldom express contempt for Thucydides, and still devote volumes to Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar.

They have obstinately shirked the duty of applying the law of elevation to their view of history, but rather have bitterly opposed it. Even the prophet of progress in the English school,—Macaulay,—could not resist the old trick of reviving a conventional barbarian to gloat, "in the midst of a vast solitude,"—over the exhausted energies of England. Histories invariably use Kelvin's figure whenever it is convenient, and talk of new races in set terms as so much fresh fuel, or oxygen, flung on the burnt-out energies of empire; while the great historical work in the English language is called "The Decline and Fall."

Something less than two hundred and fifty years ago, all the greatest scholars and wits of Europe were disputing the relative superiority of ancients and moderns. Swift's "Battle of the Books" still lives as a sparkling record of it. The moderns, having the advantage of being alive, decided the result in their own favour, but, until the amazing influx of mechanical and physical energies after 1830, the European Universities never seemed clear on the subject, and would be quite likely to-day to reverse the judgment on such evidence as decided the case in 1700. Only an unusually well-informed scholar could say with certainty what the German or French Universities think about the dogma of upward evolution in the year 1910, but their record is a bad one.

On the dogma of Degradation their record is worse. If the human race is to depend on their suffrages, its state is a parlous one. For a thousand years, as long as religion held sway, teachers were not merely permitted—they were obliged—to condemn the human race,—with rare exceptions, due only to the pity of God,—to eternal degradation following the near end of the world. After 1500, the Church very slowly lost its control of education, but the attitude of the schools changed little in regard to human history. In the University as in the pulpit, the standard of excellence remained among the Greeks, or the Romans, or the Jews, when it was not carried back to the Garden of Eden. In the nineteenth century, every one knows how eagerly the public responded to Wagner's resuscitation of the Middle Ages. By most artists modern life is assumed as decadence. What is most striking of all, the Universities have begun again,—within fifty years,—to announce through their astronomers the approaching demise of the solar system; through their geologists, the death of the earth and its occupants; through their physicists, the years still left for suns to shine, and the ultimate destiny of the celestial universe to become atomic dust at—270° Centigrade; while their anthropologists point out the rapid exhaustion of the race, and their newspapers day by day proclaim its steady degradation. What makes the matter infinitely worse is the common, daily experience that, not only in Universities but also at every street-corner of every European city, on every half-holiday, hundreds of thousands of men are taught to believe with delight, that society, down to the present day, is an unnatural, abortion, sustained by perverted illusions, and destined to immediate suicide. To such a point has this habit of teaching gone, that society itself, at every national and municipal election, is seen physically trembling; perplexed and confused; feeling its way; conscious of its dangers; anxious to do right; ashamed of the sores which,—as it is solemnly assured,—disfigure its surface, and of the hideous tumours which,—as it is incessantly told,—are ravaging its vitals; half-willing to be sacrificed, like Iphigenia, but timidly shrinking from staking the life, described as so worthless, on the gambler's chance of winning something less wretched in an unknown beyond.

Among all these voluble prophets, the historian alone may not discuss the problem for respect of youth, lest he should make still more serious an issue which was serious before schools began.

If the silent, half-conscious, intuitive faith of society could be fixed, it might possibly be found always tending towards belief in a future equilibrium of some sort, that should end in becoming stable; an idea which belongs to mechanics, and was probably the first idea that nature taught to a stone, or to an apple; to a lemur or an ape, before teaching it to Newton. Unfortunately for society, the physicists again abruptly interfere, like Sancho Panza's doctor, by earnest protests that, if one physical law exists more absolute than another, it is the law that stable equilibrium is death. A society in stable equilibrium is —by definition—one that has no history and wants no historians. Thomson and Clausius startled the world by announcing this principle in 1852; but the ants and bees had announced it some millions of years before, as a law of organisms, and it may have been established still earlier, in more convincing form, by some of the caterpillars. According to the recent doctrine of Will or Intuition, this conclusion was the first logical and ultimate result reached in the evolution of organic life; but the professor of history who shall accept the hymenoptera and lepidoptera as teachers in the place of Kelvin and Clausius, will probably find himself in the same dilemma as before. If he aims at carrying his audience with him, he will have to adopt the current view of a society rising to an infinitely high potential of energy, and there remaining in equilibrium, the only view which will insure him the sympathy of men, as well as—probably—of caterpillars; but if he wants to conciliate science, he will have to deride the idea of a stable equilibrium of high potential, and insist that no stable social equilibrium can be reached except by degrading social energies to a level where they can fall no further, and do no more useful work. Perhaps this formula, too, may please many students, whose potential of vital energy,—or, in simpler words, whose love of work,—is less archaic than that of the ants and bees; but as a matter of practical teaching,—as a mere choice between technical formulas,—the two methods result in the same dilemma for the old-fashioned evolutionist who clings to his ideals of indefinite progress. Between two equilibriums, each mechanical, and each insisting that history is at an end, lost forever in the ocean of statistics, the classical University teacher of history, with his intuitions of free-will and art, can exist only as a sporadic survival to illustrate for his colleagues the workings of their second law of thermodynamics.

To some extent, already, he finds himself actually in this awkward situation where his colleagues betray impatience at his continued existence. With singular unanimity, the polite but embarrassed authorities agree that history is not a science, and show marked unwillingness to permit that it shall ever, with their consent, become one. Except on their own terms, they will have nothing to do with human evolution, and their terms commonly require that they should treat man as a creature habitually striving to attain imaginary ideals always contrary to law. His Will and that of Nature have been constantly at strife, and continue to be so, under the Baconian philosophy and the law of *Energetik*, as decidedly as under the scholastic philosophy and the Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas. Even the friendly Vitalist treats his brother Vitalists with candour not to be mistaken for compliment, because, "in the history of humanity there is always only so much science as there is *no* History"; while the most *naïf* of all the historian's *naïvetés* is his favourite notion that the "understanding" of a problematic humanity can be furthered by adding to it a more problematic phantom of Descent. In truth, one is driven to admit that "the theory of descent," as Von Zittel says, "has introduced new ideas into descriptive natural history, and has given it a higher purpose; but we must not forget that it is still only a theory, which requires to be proved."

On this point, the professor of history who has any smattering of special training, knows all that he needs to know. He is as free as ever he was to go on compiling tables of dates, or editing, or reëditing so-called "documents," or seeking to infuse into the memories of his students a sufficient acquaintance with the statute Quia Emptores. He has fully made up his mind either for or against the existence of any philosophy at all, as well as whether he is required to lecture on such a philosophy in case it does, or does not, exist. Every competent teacher of history is supposed, justly or unjustly, to know his Herbert Spencer and Auguste Comte, even if not his Lamprecht. When his physiological colleagues ridicule his aspirations to science, the professor of history seems little disposed to resent their attitude, but rather encourages it; and he is right, if they are right, in doing so; but, none the less, he finds himself thus placed, for the first time in three hundred years, face to face with a painful, if not a vital problem. In one respect his dilemma is worse than in the sixteenth century, since Bacon's physical teaching aimed at freeing the mind from a servitude, while the law of Entropy imposes a servitude on all energies, including the mental. The degree of freedom steadily and rapidly diminishes. Without rest, the physicists gently push history down the decline, as yet scarcely conscious, which they are certain to plot out by abscissae and ordinates as soon as they can fix and agree upon a sufficient number of normal variables, not with conscious intention but by unconscious extension. Every reader of current literature knows that the subject is touched by half the books he reads, and that the most popular are the most outspoken. Few volumes are more widely known than M. Gustave Le Bon's "Physiologie des Foules," which closes with the following paragraph:—

"That which formed a people, a unity,

a block, ends by becoming an agglomeration of individuals without cohesion, still held together for a time by its traditions and institutions. This is the phase when men, divided by their interests and aspirations, but no longer knowing how to govern themselves, ask to be directed in their smallest acts; and when the State exercises its absorbing influence. With the definitive loss of the old ideal, the race ends by entirely losing its soul; it becomes nothing more than a dust of isolated individuals, and returns to what it was at the start,—a crowd."

Under the thinnest veil of analogy the physicist-historian, with scientific calmness, condemns our actual society as he condemns the sun; for the "crowd" which Gustave Le Bon declares to be the end of social evolution is not at all the same "crowd" that made its beginning, and is wholly incapable of doing useful work. In the very teeth of his own arguments and aims Gustave Le Bon in his "La Psychologie Politique," affirms that this process has already reached its critical point:—

"The surest symptom of the decadence threatening us is the general enfeeblement of characters. Numerous to-day are the men whose energy weakens, especially among the choicest, who should be precisely those who need it most, with the great masters who are placed at the head of nations, as well as with the small chiefs who govern in details, indecision and weakness become dominant. . . . Among the forces of which man disposes, in order to struggle successfully against the powers which constrain him, the Will was always the most active. . . . If we try then to discover why so many nations perished after a long decline,—why Rome, formerly queen of the world, ended by falling under the barbarian's yoke, we find that these profound falls had generally the same cause,—enfeeblement of the Will. . . . It was always by this enfeeblement of character, and not by that of intelligence that the great peoples disappeared from history. It would even seem as though to-day the dead alone gave us energy."

This is the teaching of a physicist, but the medical authorities on psychic disease are even more outspoken, frankly asserting as a fact, on which their teaching rests, that the weakness of the Will is the great malady of our epoch. Among these medical experts, Dr. Forbes Winslow in his "Recollections" has scandalized the community by his bluntness:—"On comparing the human race during the past forty years," he says, "I have no hesitation in stating that it has degenerated, and is still progressing in a downward direction. We are gradually approaching, with the decadence of youth, a near proximity to a nation of madmen. By comparing the lunacy statistics of 1809 with those of 1909 . . . an insane world is looked forward to by me with certainty in the not far distant future." In fact, the statistics show that in 1809 there was one lunatic in every 418 of the total population of England and Wales; in 1909, there was one in every 278; so that in three hundred years one-half the population should be insane or idiotic. "These are facts!" continues Dr. Forbes Winslow; "they cannot in any way be challenged."

Gustave Le Bon is himself a physicist of wide renown, but he is remarkable also as director of the "Bibliothéque de Philosophie Scientifique," the best known of all recent attempts to lighten the load of technical instruction and of scientific baggage. Among these admirable volumes is one on "Degradation," by M. Bernhard Brunhes, whose position as Director of the Observatory of the Puy de Dôme guarantees his competence to narrate the story. In one or two paragraphs, with the lucidity which so often distinguishes French thought from that of some other races, M. Brunhes summarizes the values of the two philosophies of history:—

"The preceding remarks give the key to the apparent opposition which exists between the doctrine of Evolution and the principle of Degradation of energy. Physical science presents to us a world which is unceasingly wearing itself out. A philosophy which claims to derive support from biology, paints complacently, on the contrary, a world steadily improving, in which physiological life goes on always growing perfect to the point of reaching full consciousness of itself in man, and where no limit seems imposed on eternal progress. Observe that this second idea,—of indefinite progress,—has furnished much more material than the first, for literary development! This is no doubt because the scientific facts on which it is constructed lend themselves to vulgarization far more easily than the scientific facts whose combination forms the principle of Carnot. From our point of view the principle of Degradation of energy would prove nothing against the fact of Evolution. The progressive transformation of species, the realization of more perfect organisms, contain nothing contrary to the idea of the constant loss of useful energy. Only the vast and grandiose conceptions of imaginative philosophers who erect into an absolute principle the law of 'universal progress,' could no longer hold against one of the most fundamental ideas that physics reveals to us. On one side, therefore, the world wears out; on another side the appearance on earth of living beings more and more elevated, and,—in a slightly different order of ideas,—the development of civilization in human society, undoubtedly give the impression of a progress and a gain."

This, then, is the extreme limit of the physicists' concessions. If a compromise is to be made, it must rest there. The degradationist can so far ameliorate the immediate rigour of his law as to admit that degradation of energy may create, or convey, an impression of progress and gain; but if the evolutionist presses the inquiry further, and asks where this proposed compromise will lead him as a teacher of young men,—what future reality lies behind the impression of progress,—what amount of illusion is to be reckoned as an independent variable in the formula of gain,—the degradationist replies, quite candidly and honestly, that this impression of gain is derived from an impression of Order due to the levelling of energies; but that the impression of Order is an illusion consequent on the dissolution of the higher Order which had supplied, by lowering its inequalities, all the useful energies that caused progress. The reality behind the illusion, is, therefore, absence of the power to do useful work,—or what man knows in his finite sensibilities as death:—

"Thus Order in the material universe would be the mark of utility and the measure of value; and this Order, far from being spontaneous, would tend constantly to destroy itself. Yet the Disorder towards which a collection of molecules moves, is in no respect the initial chaos rich in differences and inequalities that generate useful energies; on the contrary it is the average mean of equality and homogeneity in absolute want of coördination."

Perhaps an instructor needs a memory extending over sixty years in order to measure the revolution in thought which such teaching implies. Every right-minded University Professor of 1850 dismissed the ideas of Kelvin as he did those of Malthus, Karl Marx, and Schopenhauer, as fantastic. They shocked him partly for their extravagance but chiefly for what he regarded as their destructive pessimism. In 1910, an American professor who should try to get below the surface of thought in Germany, Italy France, or even in England, would probably incline to the conclusion that Schopenhauer may be regarded as an optimist. In reality pessimists and optimists have united on a system of science which makes pessimism the logical foundation of optimism. History is the victim of both. Let any young student take up the last German book on Biology that happens to fall under his eyes. Within the first hundred pages he is fairly sure to come upon some assertion or assumption of the second law of thermodynamics in its dogmatic form:—

"The *Energetik* of the living organism consists, then, in the last analysis, in the fact that the organism, when left to itself, tends in the direction of a stable equilibrium under the surrender of energy to the outer world. The reaching of the stable equilibrium,—even the mere approach to it,—means death. In this respect the organism acts like a clock that has run down." (Reinke, "Einleitung in die theoretische Biologie.")

In 1852, Thomson contented himself by saying that a restoration of energy is "probably" never effected by organized matter. In 1910, there is nothing "probable" about it; the fact has become an axiom of biology. In 1852, any University professor would have answered this quotation by the dry remark that society was not an organism, and that history was not a science, since it could not be treated mathematically. To-day, M. Bernhard Brunhes seems to feel no doubt that society is an organism, and the most marked tendency of recent historians is to reassert in almost dogmatic terms the historical fact that man is the creature, not the creator, of the social organism. Among living historians Eduard Meyer stands near the head, and his introduction begins with the axiom that "the whole mental development of mankind has, for its preliminary assumption, the existence of separate social groups."

"Above all, the weightiest instrument of men, Speech—which first makes the Man, and first makes possible the growth of our systematic Thought,—has not been a casual creation of individuals or of the relation between parents and children, but has grown out of the common needs of equals, bound together by common interests and regulated intercourse. But even the invention of tools, such as the acquisition of Fire, the taming of the domestic Animals, the settlement in Residence, and so on, are possible only within a group; or at least have meaning only so far as what has first and immediately benefited one, becomes the property of the whole community. That, in general, Manners, Law, Religion, and all such moral properties can have arisen only in such relations, needs no discussion. Thus the organization in such ties (Hordes, Stocks) which we meet in experience everywhere we get to know man is not merely just as old, but is far older than the Man; it is the preliminary condition of the existence of the human race altogether." (Einleitung.)

Even the child is the creature of the State Organism, not of the Family. "The generation and bringing up of the descendants lies much nearer the heart of the Social organism than of the individual man, for to him his own life is his chief interest, while to every social group the actual living members are wholly irrelevant in themselves, and only the momentary representatives of the chain of generations. . . . Hence the compulsion to marriage, and the care for the birth and bringing up of a posterity; hence also the decision whether a new-born child shall live and become a member of the society is for the most part not left to choice of the parent, but falls to the kin or to some other recognized public authority." In short, the social Organism, in the recent views of history, is the cause, creator, and end of the Man, who exists only as a passing representative of it, without rights or functions except what it imposes. As an Organism society has always been peculiarly subject to degradation of Energy, and alike the historians and the physicists invariably stretch Kelvin's law over all organized matter whatever. Instead of being a mere convenience in treatment, the law is very rapidly becoming a dogma of absolute Truth. As long as the theory of Degradation,—as of Evolution,—was only one of the convenient tools of science, the sociologist had no just cause for complaint. Every science,—and mathematics first of all,—uses what tools it likes. The Professor of Physics is not teaching Ethics; he is training young men to handle concrete energy in one or more of its many forms, and he has no choice but to use the most convenient formulas. Unfortunately, the formula most convenient for him is not at all convenient for his colleagues in sociology and history, without pressing the inquiry further, into more intimate branches of practice like medicine, jurisprudence, and politics. If the entire universe, in every variety of active energy, organic and inorganic, human or divine, is to be treated as clockwork that is running down, society can hardly go on ignoring the fact forever. Hitherto it has often happened that two systems of education, like the Scholastic and Baconian, could exist side by side for centuries,—as they exist still,—in adjoining schools and universities, by no more scientific device than that of shutting their eyes to each other; but the universe has been terribly narrowed by thermodynamics. Already History and Sociology gasp for breath.

The department of history needs to concert with the departments of biology, sociology, and psychology some common formula or figure to serve their students as a working model for their study of the vital energies; and this figure must be brought into accord with the figures or formulas used by the department of physics and mechanics to serve their students as models for the working of physico-chemical and mechanical energies. Without the adhesion of physicists, the model would cause greater scandal than though the contradictions were silently ignored as now; but the biologists,—or, at least, the branches of science concerned with humanity,—will find great difficulty in agreeing on any formula which does not require from physics the abandonment, in part, of the second law of thermodynamics. The mere formal exception of Reason from the express operation of the law, as a matter of teaching in the workshop, is not enough. Either the law must be abandoned in respect to Vital Energy altogether, or Vital Energy must abandon Reason altogether as one of its forms, and return to the old dilemma of Descartes.

Meanwhile, nothing prevents each instructor from aiming to unite with each of his colleagues in some sort of approach to a common understanding about the first principle of instruction; if each University solves the problem to its own satisfaction, the problem is, in so far, solved for the whole; and nothing need hamper the effort of the University to carry the process further, if it promises advantage. If the physicists and physico-chemists can at last find their way to an arrangement that would satisfy the sociologists and historians, the problem would be wholly solved. Such a complete solution seems not impossible; but at present,—for the moment,—as the stream runs,—it also seems, to an impartial bystander, to call for the aid of another Newton. (*To be concluded*)

The Inn of the Silver Moon

By HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ

I

“IF YOU will refrain from talking all at the same time, I will tell you everything that I know,” said the gardener, loftily, “and as it was I who last saw the master *alive*, what I have to say may be of some importance.”

The gardener laid stress upon the adjective, and observing that the under housemaid chanced to be occupied in tying a pink string about the neck of the cat, he waited until she had finished before continuing.

“It must have been five o'clock, or a trifle later. Monsieur was in the white rose arbour taking his afternoon tea. I was near by, at the geranium bed, filling in a cavern which Boy had pawed in the very middle. I had been most careful to shut the beast in the tool house, but as usual he had contrived to escape. Just as I had finished resetting the plants, the master called——

“‘Paul,’ he said, ‘yesterday was the day for clipping the poodle.’

“‘That is true, Monsieur,’ I answered, ‘but by good fortune, I noticed that the probabilities predicted it would be cooler.’

“‘On the contrary,’ he replied, ‘it is much warmer to-day. Why has it not been done this morning?’

“I was obliged to explain that I had not been able to find the clippers; that, in fact, this Image of Satan had hidden them himself, as he always does on Wednesdays.”

The gardener shuffled his feet uneasily and looked about him to note the effect of his disclosures.

“What else?” demanded the butler, coldly.

“What else? Why, nothing else. I took the dog to the stable. That is all I know.”

“It is all you would be likely to know,” sniffed the butler, waving his hand in stately dismissal.

“That does not settle the question of dinner,” said the cook, as he bisected an onion.

“The dinner will be served as usual!” spoke the butler, as one having authority.

“But if Monsieur is not here to eat it——”

“That is not our affair.”

In June, between the planting and the harvest, there is held at Greslin a market, to which it was the custom in times gone by for the farmers to bring the surplus of young pigs from the spring litters to be sold to the townpeople, many of whom were glad to purchase one or more to fatten in their gardens during the summer. Of late years changes in the methods of agriculture, and more stringent sanitary regulations against the keeping of pigs in towns, have caused the abandonment of the original purpose of the market; but the name is still preserved and the date kept as a local fête, celebrated with rustic games, and the attendant assembly of tombolas, carousals, and itinerant amusements of all kinds. A pig is set at liberty in the market-place, well smeared with lard, to become the property of whomsoever may succeed in catching him, and stalls for the sale of charcuterie still reflect the origin of the festival. All day the cabarets are filled with thirsty rustics, and the red wine of the country flows freely. In the evening there is a bonfire in the *place* and dancing under the horse-chestnut trees, where the peasant girls vie in gaiety of attire with their more sophisticated sisters of the government match factory, and where for the hour the most frugal man becomes a spendthrift, the most sedate a gallant.

Of all the country-side, Achille Vifour alone had never seen the market. Often when after dinner the ladies had withdrawn and the glow of Burgundy fell warm upon the cloth, he had heard his elders chuckle as they recalled some old remembrance of the fair. Year by year through the palings of the Château wall he had seen the peasants hurrying toward the town with laughter and clumsy chaff; night after night he had heard them returning with new store of wit and scraps of song learned from the mummers, and at such times he would vow that another year should see him among the merry-makers; but with every opportunity came a new reluctance, a fear lest a reputation earned by years of studious habit and punctilious conformity to the demands of his position, should be compromised. Then, too, it is poor fun to go rioting alone, and the popular impression that Achille was superior to such frivolity discouraged offers of companionship.

It is the way of the world that when an individual once starts upon a career of exemplary behaviour, hands are not wanting to accelerate his progress; to boost him, so to speak, from level to level up the pyramid of Virtue till at last he stands upon an eminence as uncomfortable as it is conspicuous. Thus Achille was not only often overlooked when adventure was afoot, but it was expected of him that on a return from a visit to the Capital, he should bring intelligence of the latest movements in literature and art; that he should have opinions touching the music at St. Roche or even of the preaching at the Madeleine; and shall he be blamed if it was behind closed doors that his piano gave forth echoes of the Café Chantant, or that the volumes picked up beneath the arcades of the Odéon and Rue de Rivoli were not conspicuously placed upon his library shelves?

It was the day of the Pig Market, and Achille Vifour, having finished his tea, placed the cup upon the iron table at his elbow and looked from the white rose arbour across his pleasant acres of fruit and flowers, smooth turf and snowy gravel. From any point of view it was a charming garden, a trifle stiff, perhaps, a stranger might have said—but in the eyes of the young bourgeois the place was a veritable Paradise. Nevertheless, as he rose and stepped into the sunlight he regarded the familiar scene with less than wonted approbation, and stretched his limbs with something like a yawn.

At the far end of the garden the high enclosing wall gave place for the distance of some thirty metres to an equally high iron railing, divided into panels by massive columns of masonry on which were great stone balls. Through this grille the passers-by along the road beyond could see the flowers and trees, and above them the high-pitched, many-gabled roof of the Château, with turret and pinnacle such as bear the name of the merriest king that ever lived—the king who set old France a-laughing so that the smile has not yet faded.

From the garden one could see the world without, the great flat, poplar-studded world, flaming with poppies, gay with gold wheat; and the long white road where the trees in double ranks touched elbows like soldiers on parade. Along the road ran well-paved gutters, bordered by belts of close-clipped grass. In all the land there was not a bramble, a weed. or a foot of idle earth.

As Achille looked far out across the fertile plain he shook his head and sighed; then drawing from his pocket a paper-covered book, he opened it and turned to some passage that had caught his fancy. The book was a translation of a tale by Cooper and the passage a description of scenery in the wilds of the Horican.

"The river was confined between high and cragged rocks, one of which impended above the spot where the canoe rested. As these again were surmounted by tall trees which appeared to totter on the brows of the precipice——"

Achille looked out again.

"It must be altogether different," he said.

He might have continued his reading, but seeing ahead a mention of one Chingachgook, a character for whom he entertained an unreasoning dislike on account of his name, he closed the book, and turned again to watch the moving shadows, the infinite lines of trees, and the pleasant reaches of the distant river Loup. Sometimes when the breeze veered a little to the south it brought the sound of music from the town.

Presently the round-shouldered, pigeon-toed postman came trudging along beneath the trees. With his scrip and staff he might have been a pilgrim who wore for penance a heavy, closely-buttoned woolen coat of winter above the cotton trousers of July. Seeing Achille through the grating, the man unslung his mail-bag, and approaching, made a military salute.

"Shall I ring?" he asked respectfully, "or would Monsieur desire to take his letter himself?"

"I will take it" said Achille. "Have you but one?"

"Only one for the moment, Monsieur. There are doubtless others, but every one at Greslin is completely insane on account of the Pig Market. Monsieur is going to the Pig Market—no? Ah, it is a spectacle! It is like Paris. One cannot hear himself speak for the noise, and all the world is intoxicated. Monsieur would find it very agreeable."

"Without doubt," assented Achille. "Give me my letter, and hurry back. Here is something to help you make up for lost time."

"Monsieur is amiable. Au revoir, Monsieur."

Achille retired with his letter to a shady seat near by, and broke the seal. The bees buzzed persistently, a cricket chirped in the wall; from the torture chamber came the plaintive moans of Boy and the soothing voice of Paul——

"Have grace, my brave one, till I have finished thy stomach. Keep thy paw in thy pocket or I may cut off thy beautiful wristlets."

The letter was a long one, and after a paragraph or two of formal compliment ran thus:

"It was only yesterday that I was so fortunate as to obtain the long promised interview with Madame la Marquise de Banville. As you have doubtless been informed, Madame is a victim to neurasthenia in its most aggravated form, and is therefore seldom permitted by her physician to do anything that is not amusing. As this was my seventh visit, each by special appointment, you may picture to yourself my joy at being told that I was at last to be admitted. It was the first time that I have had the honour of meeting Madame, and though they tell me that she has changed greatly since the days of the Empire, I would swear that she still retains much of her youthful vivacity. From the anteroom I could not help hearing the remark with which my card was received. 'It is that pig of a notary!' she exclaimed. 'I suppose he will never stop coming till I see him. Admit him, and if he stays more than five minutes, announce the doctor.'

"You may be sure that I stated my errand without unnecessary delay. Her answers, I must confess, were both evasive and unsatisfactory. To be brief, my friend, the Marquise refuses to consider your engagement to her niece as serious, avowing that both your late respected father, and her brother, had been dining generously on the occasion when the pledge was made that was to join your infant hand with that of Mdlle. de Belle Isle. She insists further,—pardon my frankness, but it is best that you should know the whole truth,—that you must be a rustic in a blue blouse with trousers' pockets large enough to carry wine bottles, and that you doubtless misuse your knife at the table.

"Madame was, however, good enough to say if the young lady upon seeing you should express a wish to become your wife, she herself would make no objections; provided that upon investigation, your fortune proved to be as represented; and added that she expected you to keep clear of all entanglements until such time as it might be convenient for her to arrange a meeting. In a word, that she would consider you as bound while the young woman remained free to choose for herself.

"As I was about to protest warmly against the unfairness of this proposition, the doctor was announced."

"It is preposterous!" cried Achille. "Here am I, leading the life of a hermit in obedience to my father's wish, while this old woman is at liberty to treat my name and estate like parcels from the *Bon Marché*, to be returned if unsatisfactory!"

So saying he turned once more to the letter in his hand, a page of which remained unread.

"Concerning Mlle. de Belle Isle, I regret that I have been able to obtain but the most meagre information. Though nearly twenty years of age the young lady is still at the convent, the fifth at which her education has been conducted, and as each successive institution appears to have been more positive in its piety than the last, I fear that she may have a leaning towards the religious life.

"Through the intervention of my brother's wife, I have spoken with the good Mother Superior of the convent before last, but all that she could be induced to say in answer to the most delicate questioning was, 'Ah! Mademoiselle de Belle Isle!' raising her eyes to heaven. When I ventured to touch upon the question of personal appearance she answered only—'Beauty is not everything——'"

"Which is to say," muttered Achille, tearing the letter, and scattering the fragments to the wind regardless of the spotless turf—"Which is to say, that I have the honour to be betrothed to a camel who dresses like an English woman and observes the canonical hours! . . . Ah! what forethought on the part of parents! What a beautiful system!"

Taking up the yellow book, he flourished it in the air.

"It would be better," he cried "to be a

savage like this Cooper; this Uncas; this Sacred Chin-gach-gook! Better shoot the Wampum, track the Tomahawk to its lair, and hurl the deadly Moccasin. . . . Parbleu! what have I done!"

Achille had not meant literally to hurl anything, but in his excitement the yellow book flew from his grasp, and, skimming the palings, lighted in the very middle of the white road directly in the path of two ladies upon bicycles who chanced to be approaching.

Both ladies screamed, and the younger losing her balance dismounted hurriedly. Achille rushed to the bars with many protestations of regret, but the lady who was still awheel only elevated her chin disapprovingly as she described a figure eight upon the road while waiting for her companion to remount. She was a comely woman—a trifle plump perhaps for knickerbockers—but she rode gracefully, and Achille would have persisted in his demands for pardon had not the other, turning suddenly toward him, caused him to forget everything else.

It was as if the prismatic universe came in an instant to a focus; as if all the gold of the wheat were suddenly concentrated in one bright aureole of blonde hair beneath which all the blue of the sky shone from two laughing eyes. It was as if all the green of the earth had condensed itself into one tailor-made costume, and the varied colours of the cultivated fields had shrunk to the dimensions of a pair of Scotch plaid stockings.

The lady seemed much amused, and when her companion called to her, "Let us hurry on, this is doubtless a private lunatic asylum," she only smiled the more sweetly, and then to Achille's amazement stooped, and, picking up the "Last of the Mohicans" from where it lay, advanced toward him trundling her wheel by the handle, and laid the volume in his hand—

"Monsieur has lost his book," she said softly, blushing as she spoke. "It is fortunate that we chanced to be near."

Before he could bring himself to utter a word she had mounted and ridden away. As she joined her friend he thought he heard her say:

"He seems perfectly harmless."

Achille watched the figures till they were out of sight. Once he fancied that the slighter of the two turned and looked back, and he waved his hand, but in a moment regretted an action that might be misconstrued into further evidence of an unsound mind.

He concealed the Story of Uncas in the hollow of a statue representing the God of Love, and, reasoning that the ladies could not possibly have come from a great distance, set about devising plans for the establishment of their identity that would have been creditable to the Bureau of Secret Information. Had he followed his first impulse he would undoubtedly have ordered the English dog-cart, and in the course of a drive stopped casually at the sign of the Golden Cat, whose landlady was a specialist in the doings of the local gentry; but realizing the futility of the most subtle diplomacy during the progress of the market, he abandoned the idea and, chafing under the burden of enforced inaction, paced to and fro behind the grating with the exaggerated disquiet of a zoölogical specimen.

"Pshaw!" he cried, "I am rapidly becoming the lunatic for which she took me!" and with an effort to regain the contentment of the early afternoon he left the grating. But the garden had become an assortment of vegetables stupidly growing in highly fertilized earth, the cricket a noisy imbecile, the bee an intolerable bore, and at last, unable to endure the exasperating calmness of nature, he opened the great gate and stepped out upon the highway.

There lay the road straight and level as a bowling alley, with the trees like misplaced tenpins along the side; beyond, the flat fields took on new flatness, the river stretched motionless as a sleeping snake.

"Ah!" sighed the young man, "the road is like my life. It has a stone for every hundred metres. Ah, if one might but sometimes lose the way!"

Beyond the nearest meadow, a line of willows marked the course of a small stream, the little river Loup, and among them nestled the low, red-tiled roof of a washing shed. The sight of this brought to his mind a pleasant suggestion of cool water, and as he knew that all the accessories to a comfortable plunge were there, he welcomed the thought as an inspiration.

Achille splashed for awhile in water scarcely above his waist, and then seeking more adventurous sport moved down the stream to a pool behind the willow patch, in which a man might swim without encountering the sandy bottom. Here, tempted by the sunshine, he prolonged his bath beyond its usual limits; and when, at last, he waded back, shaking the water from hair and eyes, he did not at first observe that some one had come to the washing shed during his absence.

"Hello!" he cried, when he saw he was not alone. "Hello!——Sacre bleu!"

The stranger wore his clothes, his favourite pearl gray suit and his broad-brimmed straw hat; even his violet necktie and his patent leather shoes.

"Sacre bleu!" he repeated. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Do not be disturbed," said the stranger, lightly, "I have only taken the liberty of borrowing from your wardrobe to attend the fête. It is possible that I may return the clothes later unless I find that I am becoming attached to them; at any rate, Monsieur has doubtless many more, and I will gladly place my own apparel at his disposal. I hope that he will consider my humble outfit as his own for the time being. I would also suggest that as the evening is getting chilly, and as ladies might pass at any moment, Monsieur should lose no time in making his toilet. I have tied knots in the arms of the blouse and in the legs of the pantaloons which will detain Monsieur some little time and prevent any impetuosity on his part in the matter of pursuit, which might be unpleasant for both of us. My address, by the way, is the Inn of the Silver Moon. Pray bear it in mind. I have the honour to say au revoir; au plaisir!"

So saying, the stranger lifted the broad-brimmed hat and sauntered leisurely away.

II

Apparently there was no choice for Achille but to put on the garments left him by the stranger. It would have been futile to look to the Château for assistance, for his voice could not have been heard beyond the outer gate; and knowing well the rapidity with which the story of his mishap, once started, would spread throughout the small community, he did not care to attract the attention of chance passers along the road. Amused, in spite of himself, at his predicament, he laboriously untied the knots, and at last, an excellent counterfeit of a needy workman, he laughed heartily at his own reflection in the stream.

He had fortunately taken the precaution to hide his pocketbook with his watch and keys in a crevice in the wall where they had escaped the notice of the thief, and, the first flush of indignation passed, he argued that it might be the part of wisdom to let the criminal go unpunished rather than furnish material for the merriment of his friends.

Sitting upon the edge of a linen barrow, Achille looked the matter fairly in the face. Evidently he must delay his return to the Château until dark, and still it seemed imprudent to remain in a place where the servants on discovering his absence would be sure to seek him . . . Suddenly a light broke on his puzzled meditations . . . Surely there was nothing to prevent a shabby young workman passing an hour or two at the Pig Market, where among the throng there were many who knew which château of the neighbourhood sheltered a guest much given to bicycling and Scotch plaid.

With the stealthy tread of an intelligent Mohican, Achille followed the river bank until a kilometre lay between him and the garden gate; then, crossing the fields to the road, he adopted what he conceived to be the bearing of an artisan upon a holiday, and struck out toward Greslin, singing as he went.

The young man sang at first because he considered song to be in keeping with his rôle, but presently he found himself singing from very lightness of heart, and smiled as he recalled the refrain of an old Provençal ditty, to recognize in it the meaning of the address given by the stranger—

What care if the day
Be turned to gray,
What care if the night come soon?
We may choose the pace
Who bow for grace
At the Inn of the Silver Moon.

Ah, hurrying sirs,
Drive deep your spurs,
For it's far to the steepled town—
Where the wallet's weight
Shall fix your state
And buy for ye smile or frown.
Through our tiles of green
Do the stars between
Laugh down from skies of June,
And there's naught to pay
For a couch of hay
At the Inn of the Silver Moon.

You labouring lout,
Pull out, pull out,
With a hand to the creaking tire,
For it's many a mile
By path and stile
To the old wife crouched by the fire—
But the door is wide
In the hedgerow side
And they ask not bowl nor spoon,
Whose draught of must
Makes soft the crust
At the Inn of the Silver Moon.

Then here's to the Inn
Of the empty bin;
To the Host of the trackless dune,
And here's to the friend
Of the journey's end
At the Inn of the Silver Moon.

Before the song was ended Achille had covered half the distance to Greslin.

As he walked between the trees he recalled that she, his fair green lady, had passed there not many hours before. At the bridge, where the little river Loup crosses the road, he paused to wonder if she had rested upon the broad stone parapet. As he climbed the long hill to the town he thought of her and pictured her beside him; not the princess that she must be, but a girl of the people, and he the vagabond that his dress proclaimed him. He pictured them, this humble couple, as being very poor, depending on a fiddle and a tambourine for sous and supper. He pictured one impossibility after another, changing scene and circumstance to suit his fancy, but in all his pictures they two were hand in hand.

On the outskirts of Greslin the highway is joined by another of less importance, coming from the hills, the borders of the forest, and the stony uplands called by the peasants "Purgatory"; and at this meeting of the ways there stands, on one hand the village octroi, and on the other an uninviting wine shop that has above its door the "carrot" of the tobacco license, and the withered bush that proclaims the débit des boissons.

As Achille approached this suburb he noticed that the entire male population was gathered about the door of a low shed adjoining the tavern, before which a red stain upon the road, and some fragments of glass neatly swept together in the gutter, announced that a bottle of wine had been recently broken. The young man joined the group of blue blouses, and, as the attraction that had drawn them together was evidently upon the wane, had little difficulty in forcing himself to the front.

Upon the straw within, the landlord knelt beside a prostrate shape, which Achille thought at first must be that of a wounded animal, but which, when his eyes became accustomed to the light, he recognized as a bicycle with its forward tire in a state of collapse.

"Was any one hurt?" he demanded, breathlessly.

"Hurt! not she," growled the landlord, resentfully, without looking up.

"But the question is, where am I to put my donkey? He cannot remain on the road; he cannot sleep in the bed with my children, and here there is not room for both. Now she has gone away, without so much as buying a drink, leaving me with this sacred machine. How do I know that I shall see one of them again? How do I know that I shall be paid for my trouble?"

"But the owner, the lady, who was she?" cried Achille, impatiently.

"How can I tell who she was?"

"What was she like?"

"How do I know! these imbecile rich are all alike. When they are fat they tie themselves in; when they are thin they stuff themselves out . . . Hey! what are you doing in my shed; who told you to come in?"

Achille had, in his eagerness to learn the particulars of the accident, advanced beyong the threshold, and the irate publican, observing for the first time the intrusion of an unpromising stranger, turned upon him angrily—

"What do you want poking your nose into other people's sheds? Parbleu, I've seen such prowling fellows as you taken in hand by the gendarmes."

"Pardon me," said Achille, who had yet to learn that the poor speak plainly. "Pardon me, but I am greatly interested in this lady."

"Oh, you are, my boy!" sniffed the other, scornfully. "Well, I don't recall that the lady expressed any great interest in you. You had better go home and make yourself a little more chic if you are after the girls."

The men about the door laughed, and Achille, anxious to make the best of an awkward situation, said:

"I suppose that I can get a glass of grog?"

The landlord shrugged his shoulders, and made the gesture of one who rubs a coin between his thumb and forefinger.

In the low, bare taproom a stout carter slept, sitting bolt upright on a wooden bench, with his whip and a half-finished tumbler of spirits before him on the table. Behind the bar, a round-faced girl smiled officially.

She said "good day," and asked what Monsieur desired. Monsieur desired *crème de menthe*, but Monsieur did not get it. In its place he took apple brandy. The girl had seen the accident. It was no great thing. Two ladies had gone past toward Greslin on their wheels, and in half an hour she had seen them coming back. A moment before, someone had dropped a wine bottle, and the road was covered with glass. People are so stupid! if bicycles were shod with iron like carriages such things would not occur. Fancy, a little piece of glass had made the machine completely useless! It had been the machine of the younger lady that was injured—that is, if you might call her young, when it was so easy to buy a yellow wig. After the accident there had been a great commotion. The elder lady had been very much agitated, and had insisted upon hiring the landlord's donkey, or the hay wagon of the carter. No one can tell what might have happened if the gentleman had not arrived.

"What was the gentleman like?" asked the listener carelessly.

"Oh, very elegant; something like this Monsieur Vifour, at the Château, but with more air, more spirit," explained the girl, adding that the gentleman had talked a great deal with the ladies, and that they had all three gone back to Greslin. To her mind the whole affair was very droll.

Achille paid for the brandy, which he had slyly poured into the glass of the sleeping carter, and turned to go.

"Have you been to the Pig Market?" he asked, affably, as he received his change.

"Not yet, Monsieur," replied the maiden, looking down, "but this evening when the dancing begins, perhaps, if anyone cared to look near the fountain in the corner of the *place* . . . "

Achille did not stay to learn what attraction one might expect to find at the fountain, and as he raised his cap in parting salutation, the girl added, irrelevantly—"Me, I am engaged for every dance."

About the *place* of Greslin, in a hollow square, are two ranks of close-clipped chestnut trees. The long cool alleys beneath are usually silent as the arches of a cloister. There are benches in the shadow, but they are rarely used. There is a fountain in the corner, built to commemorate a forgotten man who wrote a forgotten book; but the basin is empty, and in a land of wine the water is not missed. An old man with a broom of twigs sweeps up the brown leaves as they fall, and gathers them into a bag. In the autumn, when there has been a frost, his son helps him and they have a horse and a blue cart. It is very quiet under the trees, and when the priest walks there he draws a small book from the breast of his black cassock and reads, and the good sisters, crossing from the convent to the church, bow their heads while their lips move silently. The children coming home from school go round another way, for the old man with a broom is known to hold strong views on the subjects of sabots and white gravel, and the soldiers prefer the outer pavements, either on the side of the Golden Cat, or on that of the Coin of France. Commonly the place is as sacred to fleckless order as a New England parlour.

Achille shared in the respect of the townspeople for this their municipal best room, and experienced a feeling of indignation when the desecration wrought by the Pig Market dawned upon him.

Beneath the chestnut trees, grim and erect as policemen at an opera ball, were a score of tents and booths flaming with gaudy banners and impossible cartoons, while before each door drums were beaten, or men and women in spangles or cotton tights told shrilly of the marvels to be seen within. In the open a Strong Man tossed cannon balls into the air as though they had been melons, trusting for reward to voluntary contribution. Young women hurried to and fro selling bonbons and paper windmills, and older women offered rosaries and pictures of the saints. Somewhere rifles were cracking in a shooting gallery; from another direction came the noise of a steam piano, which shrieked with insane hilarity. Everywhere were squads of awkward peasants, lurching aimlessly from booth to booth, eager to be deceived and cunning to resent deception; their red hands deep in cavernous pockets, guarding greasy sous which they longed to spend; praying in the same breath for temptation to overcome their avarice, and for new strength of avarice to resist temptation. There was little talking and less laughter, but upon every face, rosy or wrinkled, was the look of beatified satisfaction that is the national symbol of a fête.

Achille stood still, unable for the moment to collect his thoughts amid the changes that had come to the familiar place.

"Try your strength with the sledge hammer!" shouted a voice to the right.

"Buy a ticket for a trip on the Russian Mountains!" cried one to the left.

"Gentlemen and ladies!" bawled another, "the Lion Tamer is about to enter the den!"

Achille joined a group attracted by the dancing bear, and when the tambourine came round threw in a piece of fifty centimes, more because the solicitor was pleasing than to mark his appreciation of the efforts of the beast. Some young men who had seen the silver slapped him on the back and cried, jovially:

"Ah, comrade, you have sold your pig! Come along and pay us a drink!"

"Why should I?" demanded Achille, but not ill-naturedly.

"Oh, if you can afford to squander ten sous on an imbecile bear, you might spend a franc on some fellow workmen."

"As to that, I will willingly stand a bock all round," said Achille laughing, and with a gesture of the arm, recalled from convivial peasants upon the theatrical stage, he led the way toward the nearest cabaret.

As he stood with his guests at the bar of the humble drinking shop, one of the men asked:

"What trade have you, my little brother? Your hands are as white as those of a baby."

"I am a jeweler," answered Achille, raising his glass, and pleased to discover in himself a talent for deception not before suspected.

"It is a good trade," said another, adding slyly, "and one that must have its opportunities."

"It has," assented Achille, doubtfully, fearing that too great contentment with his lot might arouse suspicion as to his right to wear a blouse, "it has, but then there are many drawbacks."

"Ah, I suppose so," sighed the first, sympathetically, and glancing cautiously over his shoulder, "I suppose so. One can never be sure. Well, I wish you good luck! Some time when I am flush it will be my turn to treat. Au revoir, little brother, you need have no fear of the gendarmes; but for your hands and your clean collar I should have taken you for a field hand."

Achille did not attempt to correct the unjust impression he had given as to his moral character, but he resolved on parting from his fellow toilers to adopt another calling should occasion arise. Then, mingling with the multitude, he allowed himself to drift with the current from one attraction to another, with eyes and ears alert in eager anticipation of the advent of the unexpected.

Before the door of the Golden Cat the garrison of small tables, recruited in honour of the fête from a platoon to a battalion composed largely of conscripts from garret and kitchen, had spread in undisciplined ranks far out in the roadway. Among the tables were gathered assorted generations of prosperous townsfolk, and well-to-do farmers with their families over beer or orgeat, absinthe or syrup of cherries. Here and there sat representatives of the more liberal country families; or a knot of officers in smart uniform. At one table a young priest with his old mother; at another a painter with a beautiful girl—one would have said that at last had dawned the millennium of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

III

Achille, as his eyes wandered from group to group, recognized many faces familiar in his daily life. There were the Courvoisers, male and female, with whom he was to dine on Sunday. There was little Bleauvelt of the Line, who was to breakfast with him on Saturday. There was the saddler and the man who had promised to mend the garden pump. It was amusing that they should not know him, and he laughed inwardly at the humour of the situation. But the laugh was of short duration, for, at a far table, so close to the white wall of the Golden Cat as to be within the shadow of the iron balcony, the vision rose before him of a broad-brimmed straw hat with a white ribbon about it, and beneath, the shoulders of a pearl-gray coat and a necktie of lavender.

At the sight his sleeping indignation awoke with renewed strength, he forgot the course of clemency on which he had resolved, forgot the possible consequences of publicity, and forcing a passage through intertabulary spaces, before whose narrow limits a waiter would have hesitated, made his way toward the broad straw hat.

Achille had read that a guilty conscience may often be counted on to take much trouble off the hands of an avenger, and he reasoned that it would be well to give a guilty conscience every opportunity; but when at length he stood within a few paces of the object of his righteous wrath, the impulse that impelled the charge had in a measure cooled, and he regretted that he had not called upon the civil authorities for assistance. He regretted it still more as he became aware that the stranger was not alone, but seated in the company of two women of apparent respectability. Their faces were turned from him, but their backs were neat and their head covering inconspicuous, and when he lowered his eyes in search of further detail they fell upon a pair of Scotch plaid stockings clearly visible beneath the table!

"Have a care who you shove!" cried the saddler, who felt his shoulder rudely clutched.

"Monsieur is not polite!" exclaimed the mender of pumps, replacing his hat.

Achille felt that public patience had reached its limit during his advance. Before him the unexpected grinned with fiendish mockery. To right and left the saddler and the pump mender grew visibly anxious that he should move on.

"Image of a pig!" he muttered, glaring at the author of his discomfort.

The image of a pig was not so deeply engrossed in his companions as to be oblivious to what was taking place about him. He had observed the coming of the shabby figure, and now, to Achille's amazement, he rose, and after a few hurried words to the ladies, came forward as rapidly as circumstances would permit; upon his face a smile of ready recognition and in his bearing the evidence of a lively satisfaction.

"Not a word!" he whispered, when near enough to be heard, at the same time holding up a warning hand. "Not a word! I am in disguise."

"You are in my clothes!" retorted Achille fiercely. "It is I who am in disguise!"

"I am so glad that you have come," went on the stranger, still in a whisper. "I did not discover your little joke till I had gone two kilos, and then it was scarcely worth while to return. I supposed, of course, that it was a pleasantry, and now that you are here I am sure of it."

"A pleasantry!"

"Yes, about the money. I was astonished to find the pockets of these excellent clothes empty, and the circumstance has caused me some annoyance, but Pierre Rabot can take a joke as well as the next, and we will say no more about it."

"Do you suppose that I would be so foolish as to leave money in my pockets where such a fellow as you could get it?"

"One can never tell, but of course you know, the better one is dressed the more essential money becomes. You must have been greatly amused at the situation. I can fancy how you laughed!"

"Can you, indeed! I assure you . . ."

"Come, come, no apologies! It is not a joke that I should have played myself, but then, fun is more primitive in the country . . . more elementary, shall we say? And now that you are here . . ."

"Do you imagine for an instant that I have come to give you my money!" cried Achille, allowing amazement at this new impertinence to divert him from the original offense.

"Oh, as to that it shall be as you please," returned the other with dignity. "If you prefer to act as banker I shall be perfectly satisfied. By the way, my charming friend the Countess de Salviac has just this moment been speaking very pleasantly of you. It appears that she passed your château this afternoon and saw you at the gate. She was en bicyclette, and with the Baroness de Brazos. Perhaps you happened to notice her, she wore Scotch plaid stock . . ."

"Silence!" cried Achille, with such vehemence that those who sat nearest looked about.

"Of course," continued Pierre Rabot, "I should not have spoken of such things to a stranger. . . . I hope you do me justice to believe it! At all events the young lady is charming, and what is more she has expressed a willingness to have you presented, and with people of her position you know that means a great deal. Come, will you join us?"

It seemed to Achille that he had fallen asleep, and that in his sleep he dreamed that the thief had become his friend and benefactor. He tried to collect his senses, but a furious band had struck up the March of Boulanger, and his thoughts went capering to the tune, *En Revenant de la Revue!* The world was upside down; the saddler looked at him with scorn; the pump man with contempt; and in the midst of the confusion, the brouhaha of the café, the tumult of the Pig Market, there sat the lady of his love—the Countess—the goddess—and she had expressed a willingness that he should be presented.

"Come," he gasped, "come," and he started toward her, forgetful of all else, but Pierre Rabot caught his arm and held him back.

"It may be necessary," he said, "to make some explanation of your present costume. I should never have noticed such a matter, but women are so much more observant."

"Camel!" cried Achille, returning suddenly to a consciousness of his condition, "do you imagine that I would meet the Countess in the rags of a vagrant! Wretch, it is you . . ."

"Be calm, my friend! It is I who would present you. Ah, I have it! We will say that you have been milking."

"Milking!"

"Yes, I will tell her privately that you are eccentric—just a little cracked on socialism and the rights of man. It will be capital! Come on!"

"I will not go with you! I shall denounce you before the whole town. I shall tell them the truth."

"The *truth!*" cried Pierre. "Pray, do not speak so loud. When did you divine my secret?"

"I have divined nothing except that you have stolen my clothes."

"Ah, that again! really you grow tiresome. But the time has come when I should confide in you. You may not believe me. Listen! I am the author of All Evil!"

"The devil?" gasped Achille, starting back in amazement.

"No, no, you misunderstand me. The author of a book called 'All Evil,' which has, I may say, created some small sensation of late. I have been challenged by every officer in the garrison of Paris above a sub-lieutenant."

"Sir . . .!"

"Yes, there was not an exception. Believe me, I have but to raise my hand to deluge France in blood."

"Really . . .!" began Achille, but Pierre Rabot continued rapidly:

"When you have read my book—I shall take the liberty of sending you a copy, Edition de Luxe, very rare—you will understand me, and I hope you will love me, and now, away with care! The Countess waits. Remember, you have been milking."

As Achille suffered himself to be drawn beneath the balcony it was with a firm determination that he would become a party to none of the deceptions in which his guide was such an adept. He was convinced that the ladies could know little of the character of Pierre Rabot, and every instinct of chivalry urged him to put them on their guard; to stand, if need be, between them and the consequences of a misplaced confidence.

There was something fine, too, in the idea of a knightly heart beneath a plowman's blouse. Perhaps some day he would meet the Countess when he was better dressed, and hear from her the story of the noble artisan. . . . It is a violet moment when the rays of blue duty and red inclination meet and mingle.

When Achille stood at last before the Countess, the climax was not as he had pictured it. He found himself wedged into a narrow space between a stout table—borrowed from the *blanchisseuse*—and the rougher portions of the façade of the Golden Cat. On one side the ladder used to lower baggage from the omnibus barred the way of further progress, and on the other Pierre Rabot pressed close against his elbow. From across the board the Baroness de Brazos regarded him impassively through her lorgnette, and the lady who had expressed a willingness to know him seemed quite unconscious of his presence. He recalled uncomfortably that it was outwardly quite another man who had been the object of her favour, and again regretted that he had not confided in the gendarmes. Meanwhile Pierre Rabot talked. Pierre Rabot was always talking.

"Permit me," he was saying, "permit me to present my old friend Felix DuLorme—the great DuLorme of whom you have doubtless read. He is called the New Jean Baptiste—the Herald of Universal Love. Forsaking name, rank and a career of exceptional promise, he has devoted the best years of his life, and a considerable portion of his immense fortune, to the service of the poor and humble. Born in a palace, he has chosen to make the cot of the peasant his shelter for ten long years—but, ladies, to-night his vow expires, and he intends to return to the state in which he was born, and for which he is so eminently fitted. Tonight he resumes his title of Duke de . . . but no, I must not speak the name until the midnight bell has tolled! . . . Felix, my boy, lend me five hundred francs to pay the waiter."

"Five hundred francs!" gasped Achille, again allowing surprise to take the place of just resentment.

"Did I say five hundred! I meant five thousand, or five, which was it? Do be quick!"

Achille would not have acted as he did had not the fat, familiar features of the garçon of the Golden Cat mutely announced a time of reckoning; but he knew the power of penetration beneath that calm exterior, and, reluctant to arouse his curiosity, he drew forth his well-filled pocket-book and produced a roll of notes.

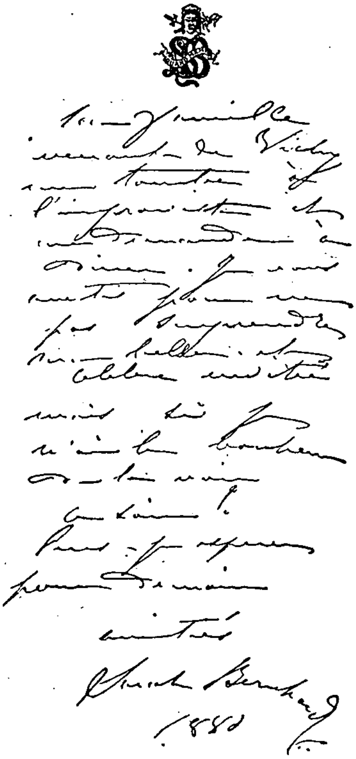
"I have not that much silver," he said, "but here is one hundred, perhaps . . ."

Deftly plucking the bill from his fingers, and with a regretful glance at the others more firmly held, Pierre Rabot laughed.

"I will get the change," he said. "I see my old friend Baron Blumm there yonder; trust a banker to have money about him. Excuse me for one moment . . . I will return."

Pierre Rabot did not return at the end of one moment, nor at the end of many; in point of fact, he did not return at all.

(*To be continued*)



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Puis-je espérer
pour demain
amitiés
Sarah Bernhardt
1880

Une famille venant de Vichy me tombe à l'improviste et me demande à dîner. Je vous averti pour ne pas surprendre ma belle et célèbre invitée mais si je n'ai le bonheur de la voir ce soir? puis-je espérer pour demain

Amitiés

Sarah Bernhardt

1880.

A family from Vichy has taken me unawares and invited me to dine. I notify you in order not to surprise my beautiful and celebrated guest, but if I haven't the joy of seeing her this evening, may I not hope to do so to-morrow

Friendly regards

Sarah Bernhardt

1880.

Said by Sarah Bernhardt

"Certainly a woman may love more than once!" Sarah Bernhardt said; "I have loved more than a hundred times with all my heart, and I am sure there are many women in the world with far bigger hearts than mine. I would pity the littleness of the woman's nature who would admit being so delinquent of character as to be unable to foster a plurality of loves. To be so weak would be already a disgrace in my estimation, and to add to this such a confession means the very last syllable of ignominy and shame. I consider such a woman a discredit to her sex."

Sarah Bernhardt believed ardently in that form of natural alliance known as "trial marriage," and her belief did not terminate with paradoxical preachments. She lived up to every line that she ever uttered or wrote on the subject, and so her "philosophy of love" is worthy of more serious attention than the same sentiments would be had they emanated from a source that invented them merely for the sake of being sensational. Some of the excerpts in this collection come from her love-letters, but more come from carefully preserved notes of her brilliant conversations.

Oscar Wilde was one of the three great developing influences of Sarah Bernhardt's life. Her love affair with Victorien Sardou, and likewise her love affair with Pierre Berton, were memorable, and left their mark on her every movement afterwards. But their influence acted *directly on the heart, whereas the influence of Oscar Wilde acted on the mind. She loved to imitate him in many ways, especially in the art of making striking combinations of words, calculated to impress hearers as intellectual and shocking, all in one breath. She soon caught the secret, and some of her aphorisms and epigrams are good enough to be indistinguishable from those of Wilde, except by the fact they do not appear in any of Wilde's writings.*

SYLVESTRE DORIAN.

Men never change. That is the tragedy of men's lives. Women always change. That is theirs.

At no moment of a man's life is he either more or less than he is at every other moment of his life.

When all is said, nothing is said.

When Montaigne wrote "Que sais-je?" he wrote something infinitely more informing than was written by any of his contemporaries in a whole book.

Paris without love is like a clock whose hands have been removed.

Lovers must search out the things in each other's characters that they can serve, and the things that will make them essential to each other, the thing that will constitute an essential and harmonious counterpart to each separate existence.

One should not go out for extremes. One should learn moderation. One should not make one's self a part of the enormous society that always demands a postscript or a fifth act; of those who can not exchange a kiss without attempting, simultaneously, to exchange tonsils.

I always swore that if I ever married it would be simply to make myself more popular with all men; for I was never blind to the fact that men like women better for being another man's property.

Physical love is the love that is worth most, and the love that I prefer to all other sorts of love. It has demonstrations, and without demonstrations love remains inarticulate and worthless. When we die there will be time enough to look out for spiritual love!

One who enjoys living could never be brought to prefer a spiritual love, the love that is commonly called "spiritual," to a purely physical love, if one has ever had a physical love.

The physical love is probably more genuine; it is based upon the visible—upon the things which we may see and analyze; whereas, so far as we know, the spiritual love is a temple builded upon sand: we can not see any foundation, and are liable to wake and find our structure gone with less notice given than when the physical love departs!

He who first praises a book becomingly is next in merit to the author.

Oscar Wilde is the only Englishman whom I would ever have considered marrying, and that is only because I have found out that he is not English.

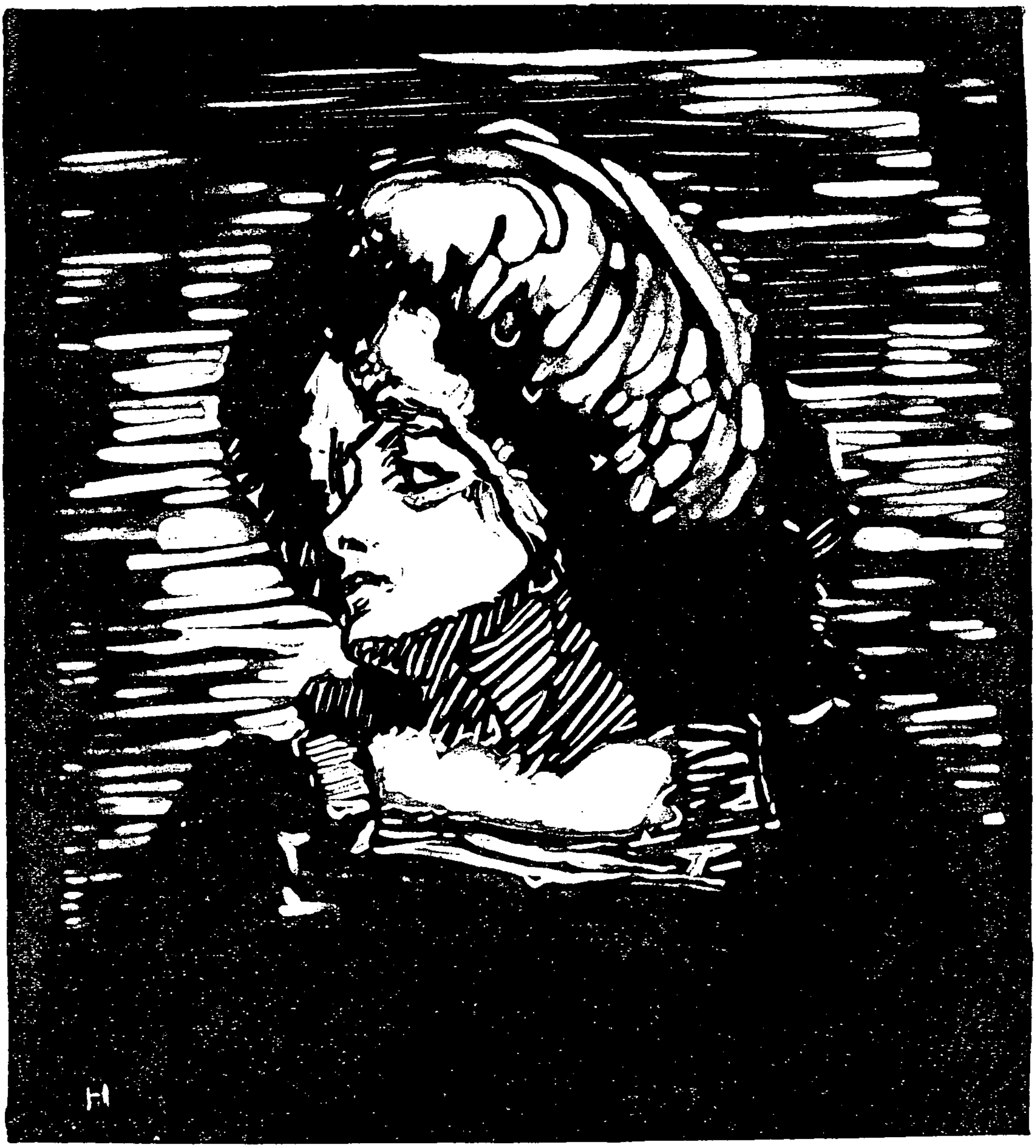
Good women look forward to their pasts, and bad women look back upon their futures.

A thing that is worth saying twice is not worth saying at all.

A woman should never regard her husband as a permanent institution, unless in a purely public sense.

The physical is for this world; the needs of the body seem to require all of our time here; the soul is for another existence. There will be time enough to consider the soul's wants when we have got the body off our hands.

It is deplorable to think of a woman marrying for money. Beside such a woman a prostitute looks like a saint. For the prostitute at least leaves the Lord and the sacred vows out of her behaviour, and does not add *deception* to her other iniquities.



Je vous embrasse
tout plein
et vous aime très
fort —

Sarah

An original block-print, after a photograph, by Carroll Holliday.

All roads lead to Rome, but only two lead to great artistic achievement.

I have remarked at different times that two things alone can make up a great artistic achievement, two things alone can move a man to attain to the utmost height. He must either love greatly, or be exiled from his native land. If there were no criminals, then perhaps there would be no exiles, and so there is a good measure of credit due the poor criminals after all. I do not believe that Dante would ever have had the eyes that explored heaven and hell, had he never been exiled. Having been denied full living in his mortal sphere, in the country of his birth, and having, nevertheless, to give his imagination a home in the meantime, he set sail for the far harbours of future existence, and he saw what none other may see without a like sufferance.

Chopin's best work was done in Paris. He could not have worked so well in his native land. He loved his country more for his separation from it, and his love of country inspired his grander passages.

Paris is where good people go when they die. And London is where the bad people go.

People have often asked me if I believe in heaven and hell. Why, I do not know. I have received heaven several times from several people, and have given hell to others an equal number of times, so for me, of course, there can be no doubt about the fact that they both exist.

It is always the author, the work of God, that interests me more than the book, the work of man. The painter is more interesting than the picture, and the composer more than his music. If a writer, a painter, a musician makes me feel that he held those things to be lovable which I myself hold to be lovable, I am satisfied. Art is only interesting in so far as it reveals the personality of the artist.

Love is a vase, which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or even accident, may as well be broken at once. We can never trust it after. The more shapely and decorative it was, the more convinced we are on discerning the hopelessness of restoring it to its one-time state. Rough stones, when they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones never.

Napoleon and Richard III and Sarah Bernhardt were as great as people may be without virtue.

We are as the moon. The stars represent our friends. Our loves are the comets. The stars remain there forever, steadfast, sincere; whereas the comets, like meteors of a moment, flash, burn, light up the world for a radiant hour, and then go their way and leave us in complete darkness, with our tears and sad remembrance. The stars may give a less brilliant illumination, but it is more permanent and secure.

When men will have learned to love women less and like them more, the world will learn at last the force of union and the luxury of an all-year-round drink as compared to champagne that goes so quickly flat.

The capacity to be loved is younger than the capacity to love. An amateur may love perfectly, but only the habitué may *be loved* with any degree of perfection. The first may come out of ignorance, or instinct, which is the same thing, but the second comes only from education.

Life without love is like a language without adjectives.

Just as it is only when one's heart is broken that one has any heart at all, it is only when a few laws are broken that one has any liberty at all.

There is far too much law and too little living for anyone to find peace, much less happiness, in modern existence.

In love it is more blessed to receive than to give—because in love the capacity to receive, the spirit in which to receive, is more spiritual than the capacity merely to love.

The world has often been called a strange place; it has been called many another thing, too, and, strangely enough, the more that is said about the world, the less we know about it.

Books are a curse, and learning is a corruptor of intelligence. Science with all its theories and revelations has really got us nowhere. We are far more distant from an understanding of the intricate scheme of things than were the inhabitants of the world five thousand years ago.

There is one thing worth more than all the thinking and theory-advancing and theory-proving in the world: it is *to love;* and to find time for that alone, is to find more time than life has to offer; and love teaches us more and leads us on nearer to an understanding of all things, than all the universities.

Love does not live forever in the same house. It is a precious element, and perhaps there is not enough for the whole world, so it visits *here* first, then *there*. It is a transient visitor, and not a permanent family boarder, and those who mistake it for such and figure on its remaining, are unhappy forever. But love can teach us more in a day than all the other things—all the other experiences of the world—can teach us in an eternity.

A friend is a better possession than a mere lover. If one must give one's life exclusively over to another, it is difficult to know which would be preferable. A complete woman requires both, but few women are complete.

I first captivated the Americans by showing them my jeweled garters.

It is only depravity that could allow a man of more than sixty to think of such a thing as love.

The highest form of friendship does not exist between man and woman, but between man and man. David said to Jonathan: "Thy love to me was wonderful, surpassing the love of women." The love of Jonathan for David is the highest love, the love that can neither die nor lessen, the love that is not prostituted, as it were, by reference to sexuality. A love as wholesome and as abiding and as smooth-running as this, perhaps, never once existed between a man and his wife.

Men never analyze women. They take them just as they find them—so they love to say—but they rarely leave them so.

Men are seldom gods among themselves; to make one's self felt as a force among one's own sex is for the few, but there never was a man yet who was not several times a god among women!

"Future" is often only the name that men give to women's pasts.

A man cannot both like and love the same woman.

Good women are unlovable and bad women are unloved. That is the only difference between good and bad women.

French women dress; American women upholster. That is the principal difference between French and American women.

Women are not good for many things. Woman's real mission is to be beautiful in the eyes of men. To this, all things may be added, but that is the thing which constitutes her fortune; when she goes beyond this and puts her foot into other things, she invariably makes a fool of herself and lessens all of her chances.

If a woman who is beautiful begins to cultivate her intellect, her dimples soon become crow's feet, and even her laughter, after that, leaves lines in its passage.

If a woman is beautiful she may be a success; if she acquires brains she must effect such acquisition at the cost of her beauty. And so, woman has to choose between being a fool and a failure.

A beautiful woman should be considered only for her purely decorative value.

Women should be allowed to change their husbands as often as they please. It is women who change their *lovers* who deserve to be outcast and disrespected!

Woman's mission in life is to have children and to be as charming as she can be.

A woman who can talk well without opening her mouth too wide is really the ideal type.

A woman's vocabulary, rather than her wardrobe, represents her fortune, and a man is the outcome of her income.

On the American continent, vulgarity is the price of fame. You must be infamous there before they call you famous. It didn't take me long there, of course, to make my name stand out! If I wanted to be invited to the White House, I would walk on Broadway in pink tights.

Someone has said that Americans have too many commas in their letters. I do not know anything about that, but I have often remarked that they had far too few periods in their conversation!

I loved once and it left me a ruin. I was years outgrowing it, and, even yet, it comes back in an occasional break of the voice, or in a limp, or in a lapse of memory. They say that the person who goes through life without loving is unfortunate. The person, generally speaking, who goes through life loving, is more unfortunate still. It blindfolds you, takes a mortgage on your liberty and your peace of mind, and bids you walk in low places.

I can survive anything except cold soup and Debussy's music. And there are two other things, too, which I do not believe I could survive: kissing or being kissed by a man who has false teeth, and being too often mistaken for a lady!

I know a man who married a woman because she was red-haired. After a few weeks, she bought a dress which required another colour, so she ceased to apply henna to her hair, and allowed it to come back in its original shade. "So you want to be yourself to me!" he shouted. "You do not care enough about me to want to deceive and charm me! Very well!" And, taking his hat and coat, he went to that land from which no traveler returneth, and to which fed-up husbands, and the dead alone, hold the key.

I do not believe that any woman ever had exactly the same feeling for her husband after once seeing him take his shoes off. For in this act, a man is rarely, if ever, a gentleman.

People are saying that my husband has no visible means of support. . . . I protest. . . . Now I make no pretense at being fat and conspicuous, but I certainly am visible!

An unfrocked priest and a broken heart have far better returns in a box office than all the legend and history of the world, be they the ruins of Rome, or the heads of the Borgias.

Tolerance and compassion are the supreme virtues, for without them no other virtue can be permanent and counted as an asset to one's character.

The big, loud-voiced love that the books tell us about, is not the best thing to have in a household at all. It is too like a volcano, throwing bad along with good, and forever in eruption. The most peaceful homes are run without it.

Jealousy is an unmistakable sign of a love that is purely physical.

Putting one's heart on paper is the quintessence of vulgarity; it is like undressing in public.

Words, once they have been uttered, go with the minutes and the winds; but the written word remains on the spot to harass you with a mocking finger and derision until the end of your days.

The pearls are numbered on the rosary of youth.

The feeling that one can dominate another person is a powerful sensation; the desire even to do it is so splendid an ambition that it alone makes one's desires realizable.

Comment is far too numerous and abundant in the matter of the arts, nowadays. A thing that is as delicate as are the arts, should be touched upon lightly, as we would touch the exquisite bloom of some exotic flower. We should try to talk less about art, and create more. If there were not so many self-styled critics in this world, or, in fact, no critics at all, the world that is made up of artists would be far better off. Critics have been a long time being brought to see the wisdom of the statement of a great man, who said that the first duty of an art-critic was to keep his mouth shut, and that, until it had been found out what his second duty was, he should live in retirement, removed from those his presence might unbalance.

Laws and hearts are made but to be broken.

In all the arts, in literature perhaps more than any other, great men suffer more from little friends than from their big enemies.

Beauty and brains rarely, if ever, frequent the same place.

The ideal thing to have is a heart like a portable electric-lamp. Attach it somewhere, anywhere you want light, and there is a current. Then read, write, sew, play, or do the other things; in fine, do what you want, but when you have had enough, be free to declare yourself and pick up your bed and walk, and move with the world. Do not rest at anchor, so to speak. And love does anchor you, there is no doubt about that, and it puts all manner of little boats about you to watch you and see that you do not quit port. When you finish what you have to do, detach the lamp and go on until you feel like doing the same thing again; then attach it to the first current that you find, and keep going on, doing the same thing at your will.

Wherever total prohibition prevails, social life will be killed, digestion ruined, and the very word "Liberty" become a thing despised and spat upon.

Genius should be defined as the capacity to live within one's means

In order to love a man, we must find him beyond understanding in some way. The minute he tells his real name or lives his real self or expresses his real opinions, he explains himself away. The bloom is gone, the petals are shattered, the show is over!

Oscar Wilde said that to be immortal was to be misunderstood. To be loved indefinitely one must at least be mysterious. It is so with women and men, too.

A man is never so like an ape as when he takes off his socks. So unnatural are the movements with which a man removes his socks, that I cannot bring myself to believe God ever intended men should wear them. Like all other immodest things, perhaps, they were intended for women.

Blank verse is the result of a poet putting his whole mind into his work.

Love united David and Jonathan. Love still unites men, I believe, but only scandals and panics can unite two women.

Men hate scenes; that is why a wise woman always has them in public places. Scenes are as essential to the progress of love as wars are to the progress of civilization.

Of all the gifts of man, oblivion and the capacity to forget are most considerable. He has them abundantly, just as woman has her tears. Napoleon said that to conquer was to replace. A man can replace with forgetfulness, whereas a woman dedicates her whole life to remembrance.

Woman has the capacity to love but once, whereas Man has not the capacity to love at all. Men judge women by their hands, just as women judge men by their feet.

Woman is far more complete and independent in herself than the opposite gender. They can make far more out of the solitude. Go off and leave a man all to himself. You come back and find shavings all over the floor, which tells you that he has been uselessly mutilating or destroying something. A broken or bad-smelling pipe is at one place, and ends of cigarettes are at another. Away from their mates they can do nothing. But leave the woman alone and come back after some time. You find the house put in order,—and lots of babies and embroidery. Yes, woman is far more self-contained than man—she has less need for going out of herself to find the things requisite to her life. It takes nine tailors to make a man, but only a fig-leaf to make a woman. Men dress for dinner—women undress.

The Night Watchman

By AVÉTIS AHARONIAN

Translated by J. S. Wingate

IT WAS cold and wintry, and a blizzard was blowing.

For days it had been so dark and stormy that the people of O—— could not remember when they had last seen daylight or sunlight, warm days or clear skies.

How the wind blew! It bore such a threat and a menace in its moaning and howling that it seemed to come from the city of Death. It toyed with the snow; it licked up objects with its deadly breath.

It was not only the people of the village who shivered in the blast; but even the huts, the haystacks and the piles of fuel trembled in that fierce wind, and cowered in the thick darkness. Were they trembling with cold, or shuddering with fear? The village was in the grip of terror.

To the villagers the clouds, the lightning, the wind and storm were not the insensate, careless play of the elements, but a scourge sent them for some specific reason. They were sure it was so. Why should they not tremble? The sign of the cross will fend off lightning, but when there is a blizzard there is nothing to do but to huddle in the warm coffee-house.

"*Whoo-whoo-whoo-oo!*" whistled the wind, and at every repetition of the terrifying sound the occupants of the seats lined against the walls of Melik-Schahen's coffee-house broke off their talk, and, removing their pipes from their mouths, gazed into each other's faces in alarm and huddled still closer together.

"Good Lord! snow is good and the cold has its place, but what message does this wind seek to convey?" some one exclaimed. But no one ventured to give expression to the meaning of that mournful song of the elements, though all felt that it was a terrifying dirge which the wind, that everlasting pilgrim, has composed of the sorrows of the earth, the groans of the weak, the cries of the suffering, the tears of the wretched and the supplications of the needy.

Not a breath of pain is lost in space, from the faintest, most pitiful plaint to the most heartrending shrieks; they are all gathered by the wind into its eternal bosom for an everlasting testimony. They are borne to high mountain peaks, they are compressed in gloomy caverns, to be let loose again and descend upon the earth, uttering cries of fear and pain, whispers and threats of an inevitable fate.

So thought the villagers seated in the coffee-house. They were listening to a dirge composed of the moans of the dead, the screams of fiends, the howls of wolves; for do not all these come out of their abodes during storm and tempest and render nature still more terrible with their unearthly cries? They make the hair stand on end; they parch the tongue; they choke the throat.

"*Whoo-whoo-whoo-oo!*" The tempest increased in fury. The roof of the coffee-house creaked as though trodden by heavy footsteps.

"Oh! It is hell outside!" exclaimed one, for the sake of saying something. "May my enemy not be freezing on the mountains!"

"Go as far as the vineyards, if you dare, let alone the mountains," said another. "Heaven and earth are at grips."

Silence once more. There was much to ponder.

The outer door creaked, and all eyes were turned in that direction. In the dim light they saw a figure wearing a cloak white with snow. The man had been out in the storm for hours.

"Good e'en," said the newcomer, shaking off the snow.

"God give you a good e'en." "Why! poor Hai, come in, come in, you poor fellow. You must be frozen!" cried one and another heartily. "Give him a seat"; "Let him be seated."

"Yes, wallah! I am frozen," said the newcomer, stepping forward. "I couldn't stay outside any longer. The heavens are falling. They crush a man to earth. What a storm! What a tempest! I had to come into the coffee-house for a few minutes to get warm. Then I'll go out again," he said, taking a seat.

Above the fireplace, in a small clay lamp filled with olive-oil, a feeble wick was burning, its murky flame flickering and swaying. It, also, seemed to cower before the wind; but still it gave a pitiful light, enough to outline the faces that peered out from under the heavy astrakhan caps, and a few feeble, yellow rays fell on the face of the newcomer.

It was the face of a peasant, on which a life of toil and suffering had left its heavy imprint. He was young in years, but looked old in experience. The firmly compressed lips under the thick mustache gave him a look of determination. His eyes were small, but restless and fiery. He was the village night watchman.

There had been many Hais in the village. The rest had gone, but this one had remained, like a deserted crane. He didn't care to beg, so he became a watchman. No one knew his name. It was really Nakho, and some had called him Mukho and others Muggo, but finally they all compromised on Hai, or the Armenian. Although they were all Armenians, he was a stranger from the village of Vozon, and it was easier to call him Hai. It was this Hai who was now sitting in a corner against the wall.

How warm it was in the coffee-house! Outside the storm continued unabated. The wind howled like a wounded animal.

"It was on a night like this that the poor fellow came to grief," said Reïs Kevon. The village chief was referring to a villager who had been caught in a blizzard a few days before and had perished in the snow.

"How many times we said: 'Don't go; don't wander about in the wilds in this snow and sleet. You have a wife and child,'" observed another.

"Oh, what foolish talk!" replied Melik. "It was written upon his forehead that he must go and perish. Who can escape his Fate?"

"That's true, true enough, Melik," said one and another. "The writing on one's forehead cannot be effaced."

Fate, all-powerful Fate! What more fitting subject for conversation than this blind force, at this dread hour of night, here in this under-ground coffee-house, while the furious blast outside brings melancholy tales to mind?

Each offered some observation, and all were agreed that man is the toy of Fate, that all human means and efforts are powerless to overcome it.

"I don't believe in Fate," spoke a voice from a corner of the room.

All eyes turned in that direction.

"Who's that azhtah (dragon)?" sarcastically inquired Melik.

"It is I, your servant, Melik. I don't believe in Fate," replied the same voice, in a firm tone.

The men didn't know whether to laugh or to be angry. The one who didn't believe in all-powerful Fate was the miserable night watchman!

"The scurvy goat goes crazy," quoted Melik, more vexed than amused. The watchman's presumption really annoyed them all. Rich, powerful Melik believed in Fate and feared it. Reïs Kevon, before whose rod all trembled like aspen leaves,—even he was in deadly fear of Fate. The priest wound up every sermon with admonitions about Fate. Every one of them feared it, and yet here was this miserable fellow who neither believed in it nor feared it!

"No, I don't believe in Fate," repeated Hai even more stoutly, as he observed the scornful looks cast in his direction. "And I could prove to you that I am right, but, alas, I must go now and take a turn around the village," he continued, rising to leave.

"Stay, stay, Hai!" cried several, piqued with curiosity. "Tell him to stay, Reis; the village isn't going to be plundered tonight."

With the consent of the village chief, Hai seated himself once more. All looked expectantly at him, waiting to hear the story of this man who so stoutly denied belief in Fate.

"That year," began the watchman, "there were ten of us—ten desperate fellows. We had been wandering for months from desert to desert, from valley to valley, from mountain to mountain. We had been drinking with the snakes, sleeping on their beds of stone. What else could we do? We had swallowed our pride. We had had unbounded patience, but there was no limit to the cruelty of our enemies, their heartless cruelty. We had no bread left, or only such as could not be eaten. It had become bitter like poison. So we had left hearth and home, wife and child, and, setting out, each with his rifle on his shoulder, sought to wipe away the stain on our honour.

"We did well. Now we were free. Oh! when a man has had such sorrows as ours, when his sister, his wife and his mother have been dishonoured; when his child has been killed and his aged father reviled, then he has nothing left—nothing but his rifle.

"The Turks and Kurds called us fetayi (those consecrated to death), but the Armenians called us avenging devils. The fear of us went before us; we left death in our wake. We shared the mountain-tops with the eagles. How far we journeyed! How many Turks and Kurds we slew—their evil purposes unfulfilled! They sought us everywhere, but we were invisible; we were everywhere and yet nowhere. It is not easy to trace a fetayi; it is dreadful to meet one. That's how it was with us, and we were waiting for our Fate. We believed in it implicitly.

"One day, when we were on the top of Mount Sim, we ran out of provisions. The lot fell to me to go after some. I knew the villages of that region. I went down from our hiding-place by day, without a weapon, without even a staff. I did not think I should meet an enemy, and, if I should, my being unarmed might be my salvation. But if I perished it would be because it was so written. And so I went.

"For a time I saw no one. I had to cross a mountain to reach the valley beyond. I climbed the slope, and there on the top appeared a Kurdish soldier, fully armed.

"'Salutations, Kirva (master),' I said carelessly.

"'Salutations, fla,'* replied the Kurd; but he did not pass on. He stood and looked me over.

"I didn't pause, but continued on my way. But I felt him standing there and looking after me. I did not hurry, in order not to arouse his suspicions.

"'Hey! fla, stop!' I suddenly heard him cry. I stopped and looked back. 'It is my Fate,' I said to myself. I quite expected that my Fate would overtake me in the shape of just such a Kurd, his rifle on his shoulder, his curved scimitar at his side, an ivory-handled dagger thrust into his girdle. He had an evil face, with eyes like those of a famished wolf. He drew near me.

"'In these days and in these regions no fla dares to show himself,' said the Kurd. 'You don't look like the right sort to me. Who are you? Where are you going?'

"'Kurd,' I said, 'times are evil. But we are neighbours. I tell you, neighbour, that I am from Khout. There is famine in our region, as you know. I am on my way to Terchan to find bread for my little ones. Let me go on my way in peace.'

"'No, fla, you can't deceive me. You're not the right sort.'

"'Kurd, you have a God. As you see, I have no weapon. I have no knife. What can I do with nothing but my two hands? Let me pass.'

"'Walk in front of me. I am going to take you to the governor.'

"To the governor! That looked bad to me.

"'Kurd, don't take me to the governor. He won't harm me, but I shall be late. It will be a pity for my little ones. They will die of hunger. For God's sake, Kurd, let me go.'

"The Kurd had no mercy. 'It's my Fate,' I said to myself, and, with head bent low, I went ahead. What could I do? I was in his power. The rifle was on his shoulder; the sword was at his side; the dagger was in his girdle. We went along.

"Everything about us was beautiful. The sun was bright. The sky was clear. The hills were green. The flowers were fragrant. Birds filled the air. There was life and joy all about. Far, far up in the sky a stork was sailing, bold and free. I seemed to forget my fears for myself as I watched the bird, long and steadily. Was I envying it, or was there some other reason why I watched it so intently? I don't know why it was. The stork was soaring overhead, when suddenly it began its spiral descent and lighted on a hill very near us. I judged there must be a snake there which the stork had seen from above. Hearing the rustle of wings, the reptile hid its head underneath its coils. Then a terrible struggle began. We both stopped to watch it.

"'Do you see that?' said the Kurd. 'The snake is a fla, and that's how he should be destroyed.'

"I made no reply. I was watching. The stork had alighted. It gave a stab at the snake with its bill and then stepped across it. The snake tried to escape, but before it could uncoil itself, its dreaded enemy flew at its head. The snake curled up and hid its head again. The Kurd was right. My condition and that of the snake were very similar. His Fate had overtaken the snake. There was no hope for him, I was thinking. The thought gave me some comfort. Little by little the stork grew bolder. He stabbed oftener and harder. Finally, thinking that the snake was losing strength, he stood beside it to give it a final blow. The snake had kept its head hidden and had done little to defend itself. Now the stork was very close to it. All at once a remarkable thing happened. The dying reptile gathered itself together for a last effort, raised its head, uncoiled its body, and, rising upright, threw itself upon the stork and wrapped its deadly coils around his long neck. In vain the stork tried to free his neck from the deadly embrace. His wings trailed. His beak sank in the dust. He plunged backwards and forwards. He tried to fly, to rise in the air and escape—all his efforts were in vain. The desperate fury of the snake was terrible. Its coils grew tighter and tighter, and at last the bird fell lifeless to the ground. Then the snake loosened its hold and slipped away.

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*A term of contempt; in modern parlance, "wop."

"The Kurd said nothing. He only looked at me, and we gazed at each other for a long moment. Each was trying to read the thoughts of the other. There was no doubt but that each was thinking dreadful things about the other. We could read that clearly in each other's eyes. I could see that, aroused by the unexpected victory of the snake over the stork, he was determined to kill me. His look had grown more malevolent. But I was thinking, too. The struggle between the snake and the bird had brought about a change in me, also. I had never heard that a snake was able to throttle a stork. The stork is the snake's deadly enemy, the embodiment of its Fate. How did it happen that on this day its Fate had failed to overtake it? Would God, who did not allow even a vile snake to become the unjust prey of the stork, allow my Fate to be settled by this Kurd? No, I said to myself, I was wrong. One must find a way. I began to ponder. I tried to think of some way. But what way? I had not even a knife. At that moment my eye fell on the dagger stuck in the Kurd's girdle. Ah! If only I had that—only that!

"'Go on!' thundered the Kurd. 'What are you stopping for?'

"I walked on. We were entering a dark, lonely valley. The Kurd began to look about anxiously. He lowered his rifle from his shoulder, but put it back again. I felt that the end was near. But I didn't wish to die yet. If a snake has a right to live, how much more has a man? My steps grew slower. I must not walk ahead of the Kurd. That was dangerous.

"'Hurry, walk faster!' urged the Kurd. He was trying to keep me in front of him, while I was trying to walk abreast of him. We understood each other. We were engaged in a silent combat—a mortal combat, terrible with its secret plottings.

"Suddenly I stopped. I had to tighten the cords of my sandals. The Kurd overtook me, and he stopped, too. Without raising my head I took note of his position. He was standing at my right, the white handle of the dagger protruding from his girdle.

"'Be quick! Hurry, fla!' he cried angrily, seeing how slow I was.

"In a flash I rose, and, seizing the dagger before he could make a move to defend himself, I drove the weapon into his breast. With a groan he sank to the ground. I was saved. Behold the dagger that saved my life!"

The watchman drew an ivory-handled dagger from his girdle and held it before his hearers. All leaned forward and gazed at the evil-looking tool that had freed a man from the entangling meshes of Fate. Hai, that insignificant, bent figure of a man, had become an azhtah, a dragon in their eyes, He had overpowered Fate. He scorned Fate. He was right.

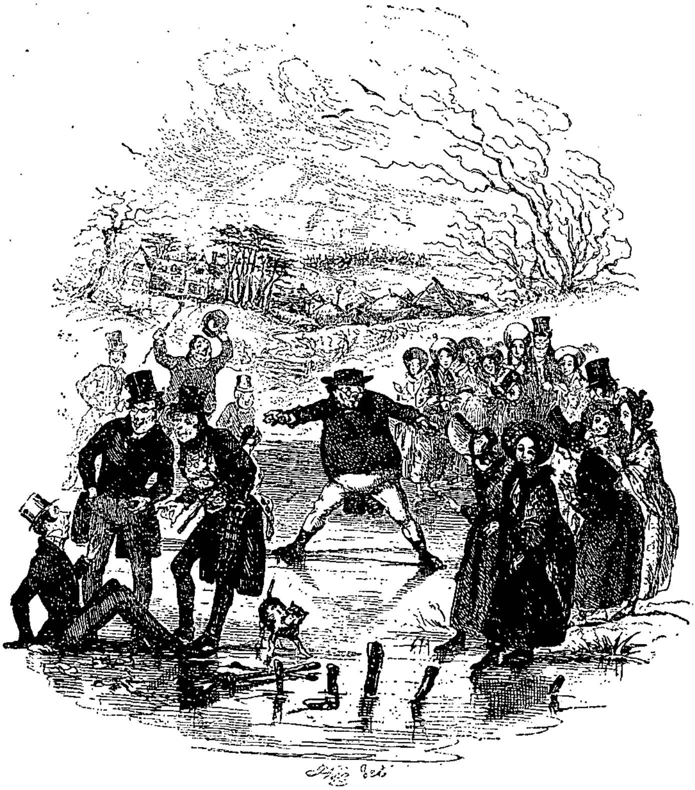
Again Hai announced: "I don't believe in Fate." But this time none laughed him to scorn. They heard him in respectful silence.

He picked up his dagger, and, thrusting it back into his girdle, strode out of the room, with never a word from the company.

Outside the wind was raging as before, but now it was not freighted with the paralyzing dread of Fate. Among the many voices in the air, men heard the call to fight for freedom.

December—By JOHN B. TABB

DULL sky above, dead leaves below,
And hungry winds that whining go,
Like faithful hounds upon the track
Of one beloved that comes not back.



"Mr. Pickwick ... went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart."

Drawing by "Phiz"

Mr. Pickwick on the Ice

By CHARLES DICKENS

"WELL, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, as that favoured servitor entered his bed-chamber with his warm water on the morning of Christmas Day, "still frosty?"

"Water in the wash hand-basin's a mask o' ice, sir," responded Sam.

"Severe weather, Sam," observed Mr. Pickwick.

"Fine time for them as is well wropped up, as the Polar bear said to himself ven he was practising his skating," replied Mr. Weller.

"I shall be down in a quarter of an hour, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, untying his nightcap.

"Wery good, sir," replied Sam. "There's a couple o' Sawbones downstairs."

"A couple of what?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, sitting up in bed.

"A couple o' Sawbones," said Sam.

"What's a Sawbones?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, not quite certain whether it was a live animal or something to eat.

"What! Don't you know what a Sawbones is, sir?" inquired Mr. Weller. "I thought everybody know'd as a Sawbones was a Surgeon."

"Oh, a Surgeon, eh?" said Mr. Pickwick, with a smile.

"Just that, sir," replied Sam. "These here ones as is below, though, ain't reg'lar thorough-bred Sawbones; they're only in trainin'."

"In other words they're Medical Students, I suppose?" said Mr. Pickwick.

Sam Weller nodded assent.

"I am glad of it," said Mr. Pickwick, casting his nightcap energetically on the counterpane. "They are fine fellows, very fine fellows; with judgments matured by observation and reflection, and tastes refined by reading and study. I am very glad of it."

"They're a-smokin' cigars by the kitchen fire," said Sam.

"Ah!" observed Mr. Pickwick, rubbing

his hands, "overflowing with kindly feelings and animal spirits. Just what I like to see."

"And one on 'em," said Sam, not noticing his master's interruption—"one on 'em's got his legs on the table, and is a-drinkin' brandy neat, vile the tother one—him in the barnacles—has got a barrel o' oysters atween his knees, wich he's a-openin' like steam, and as fast as he eats 'em he takes a aim vith the shells at young dropsy, who's a-sittin' down, fast asleep, in the chimbley corner."

"Eccentricities of genius, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick. "You may retire."

Sam did retire accordingly; Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of the quarter of an hour, went down to breakfast.

"Here he is at last!" said old Wardle.—"Pickwick, this is Miss Allen's brother, Mr. Benjamin Allen. Ben we call him, and so may you if you like.—This gentleman is his very particular friend, Mr.——"

"Mr. Bob Sawyer," interposed Mr. Benjamin Allen; whereupon Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen laughed in concert.

Mr. Pickwick bowed to Bob Sawyer, and Bob Sawyer bowed to Mr. Pickwick. Bob and his very particular friend then applied themselves most assiduously to the eatables before them, and Mr. Pickwick had an opportunity of glancing at them both.

Mr. Benjamin Allen was a coarse, stout, thick-set young man, with black hair cut rather short, and a white face cut rather long. He was embellished with spectacles, and wore a white neckerchief. Below his single-breasted black surtout, which was buttoned up to his chin, appeared the usual number of pepper-and-salt coloured legs, terminating in a pair of imperfectly polished boots. Although his coat was short in the sleeves, it disclosed no vestige of a linen wrist-band; and although there was quite enough of his face to admit of the encroachment of a shirt collar, it was not graced by the smallest approach to that appendage. He presented, altogether, rather a mildewy appearance, and emitted a fragrant odour of full-flavoured Cubas.

Mr. Bob Sawyer, who was habited in a coarse blue coat, which, without being either a greatcoat or a surtout, partook of the nature and qualities of both, had about him that sort of slovenly smartness and swaggering gait which is peculiar to young gentlemen who smoke in the streets by day, shout and scream in the same by night, call waiters by their Christian names, and do various other acts and deeds of an equally facetious description. He wore a pair of plaid trousers, and a large, rough, double-breasted waistcoat; and out of doors carried a thick stick with a big top. He eschewed gloves, and looked, upon the whole, something like a dissipated Robinson Crusoe.

Such were the two worthies to whom Mr. Pickwick was introduced, as he took his seat at the breakfast table on Christmas morning.

"Splendid morning, gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick.

Mr. Bob Sawyer slightly nodded his assent to the proposition, and asked Mr. Benjamin Allen for the mustard.

"Have you come far this morning, gentlemen?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Blue Lion at Muggleton," briefly responded Mr. Allen.

"You should have joined us last night," said Mr. Pickwick.

"So we should," replied Bob Sawyer, "but the brandy was too good to leave in a hurry—wasn't it, Ben?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Benjamin Allen; "and the cigars were not bad, or the pork chops either—were they, Bob?"

"Decidedly not," said Bob. The particular friends resumed their attack upon the breakfast more freely than before, as if the recollection of last night's supper had imparted a new relish to the meal.

"Peg away, Bob," said Mr. Allen to his companion, encouragingly.

"So I do," replied Bob Sawyer. And so, to do him justice, he did.

"Nothing like dissecting to give one an appetite," said Mr. Bob Sawyer, looking round the table.

Mr. Pickwick slightly shuddered.

"By-the-bye, Bob," said Mr. Allen, "have you finished that leg yet?"

"Nearly," replied Sawyer, helping himself to half a fowl as he spoke. "It's a very muscular one for a child's."

"Is it?" inquired Mr. Allen, carelessly.

"Very," said Bob Sawyer, with his mouth full.

"I've put my name down for an arm, at our place," said Mr. Allen. "We're clubbing for a subject, and the list is nearly full, only we can't get hold of any fellow that wants a head. I wish you'd take it."

"No," replied Bob Sawyer; "can't afford expensive luxuries."

"Nonsense!" said Allen.

"Can't indeed," rejoined Bob Sawyer. "I wouldn't mind a brain, but I couldn't stand a whole head."

"Hush, hush, gentlemen, pray," said Mr. Pickwick; "I hear the ladies."

As Mr. Pickwick spoke, the ladies, gallantly escorted by Messrs. Snodgrass, Winkle, and Tupman, returned from an early walk.

"Why, Ben!" said Arabella, in a tone which expressed more surprise than pleasure at the sight of her brother.

"Come to take you home to-morrow," replied Benjamin.

Mr. Winkle turned pale.

"Don't you see Bob Sawyer, Arabella?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, somewhat reproachfully. Arabella gracefully held out her hand, in acknowledgment of Bob Sawyer's presence. A thrill of hatred struck to Mr. Winkle's heart as Bob Sawyer inflicted on the proffered hand a perceptible squeeze.

"Ben, dear!" said Arabella, blushing, "have—have—you been introduced to Mr. Winkle?"

"I have not been, but I shall be very happy to be, Arabella," replied her brother, gravely. Here Mr. Allen bowed grimly to Mr. Winkle, while Mr. Winkle and Mr. Bob Sawyer glanced mutual distrust out of the corners of their eyes.

The arrival of the two new visitors, and the consequent check upon Mr. Winkle and the young lady with the fur round her boots, would in all probability have proved a very unpleasant interruption to the hilarity of the party, had not the cheerfulness of Mr. Pickwick and the good-humour of the host been exerted to the very utmost for the common weal. Mr. Winkle gradually insinuated himself into the good graces of Mr. Benjamin Allen, and even joined in a friendly conversation with Mr. Bob Sawyer, who, enlivened with the brandy, and the breakfast, and the talking, gradually ripened into a state of extreme facetiousness, and related with much glee an agreeable anecdote about the removal of a tumour on some gentleman's head, which he illustrated by means of an oyster-knife and a half-quartern loaf, to the great edification of the assembled company. Then the whole train went to church, where Mr. Benjamin Allen fell fast alseep; while Mr. Bob Sawyer abstracted his thoughts from worldly matters by the ingenious process of carving his name on the seat of the pew, in corpulent letters of four inches long.

"Now," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch, with the agreeable items of strong-beer and cherry-brandy, had been done ample justice to, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye-yes, oh yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I — am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is *so* graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off vith you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made, at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile; "I'm coming."

"Just a-goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily; "you needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and unswanlike manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank,——

"Sam!"

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a-callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian, and in so doing administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have ensured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle, hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle, "I'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller and said, in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders, and beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered, in a low but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words,——

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With these words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavours cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding which is currently denominated "knocking at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a twopenny postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks a nice, warm exercise that,

doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do, please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh, pooh! Nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterized all his proceedings. "Here; I'll keep you company. Come along!" And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat; took two or three short runs, balked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a-bilin', sir!" said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony: to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards the point from which he had started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so and ran after his predecessor—his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank with an ardour and enthusiasm that nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp, smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared; the water bubbled up over it; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance; the males turned pale, and the females fainted; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might.

It was at this very moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice—it was at this very moment that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant!" bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do; let me implore you—for my sake!" roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary—the probability being that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valour were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant. Three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller—presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman, dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground without any clearly-defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

But Mr. Pickwick cared not for appearances in such an extreme case, and urged on by Sam Weller, he kept at the very top of his speed until he reached the door of Manor Farm, where Mr. Tupman had arrived some five minutes before, and had frightened the old lady into palpitations of the heart by impressing her with the unalterable conviction that the kitchen chimney was on fire—a calamity which always presented itself in glowing colours to the old lady's mind when anybody about her evinced the smallest agitation.

Mr. Pickwick paused not an instant until he was snug in bed. Sam Weller lighted a blazing fire in the room, and took up his dinner; a bowl of punch was carried up afterwards, and a grand carouse held in honour of his safety. Old Wardle would not hear of his rising, so they made the bed the chair, and Mr. Pickwick presided. A second and a third bowl were ordered in. And when Mr. Pickwick awoke next morning there was not a symptom of rheumatism about him; which proves, as Mr. Bob Sawyer very justly observed, that there is nothing like hot punch in such cases; and that if ever hot punch did fail to act as a preventive, it was merely because the patient fell into the vulgar error of not taking enough of it.

The jovial party broke up next morning. Breakings up are capital things in our school days, but in after life they are painful enough. Death, self-interest, and fortune's changes are every day breaking up many a happy group, and scattering them far and wide; and the boys and girls never come back again. We do not mean to say that it was exactly the case in this particular instance; all we wish to inform the reader is, that the different members of the party dispersed to their several homes; that Mr. Pickwick and his friends once more took their seats on the top of the Muggleton coach; and that Arabella Allen repaired to her place of destination, wherever it might have been—we daresay Mr. Winkle knew, but we confess we don't—under the care and guardianship of her brother Benjamin, and his most intimate and particular friend, Mr. Bob Sawyer.

Before they separated, however, that gentleman and Mr. Benjamin Allen drew Mr. Pickwick aside with an air of some mystery; and Mr. Bob Sawyer, thrusting his forefinger between two of Mr. Pickwick's ribs, and thereby displaying his native drollery, and his knowledge of the anatomy of the human frame, at one and the same time, inquired,——

"I say, old boy, where do you hang out?"

Mr. Pickwick replied that he was at present suspended at the George and Vulture.

"I wish you'd come and see me," said Bob Sawyer.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"There's my lodgings," said Mr. Bob Sawyer, producing a card—"Lant Street, Borough. It's near Guy's, and handy for me, you know. Little distance after you've passed Saint George's Church—turns out of the High Street on the right-hand side the way."

"I shall find it," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Come on Thursday fortnight, and bring the other chaps with you," said Mr. Bob Sawyer; "I am going to have a few medical fellows that night."

Mr. Pickwick expressed the pleasure it would afford him to meet the medical fellows; and after Mr. Bob Sawyer had informed him that he meant to be very cosy, and that his friend Ben was to be one of the party, they shook hands and separated.

We feel that in his place we lay ourselves open to the inquiry whether Mr. Wilken was whispering, during this brief conversation, to Arabella Allen; and if so, what he said; and furthermore, whether Mr. Snodgrass was conversing apart with Emily Wardle; and if so, what *he* said. To this we reply that whatever they might have said to the ladies, they said nothing at all to Mr. Pickwick or Mr. Tupman for eight-and-twenty miles, and that they sighed very often, refused ale and brandy, and looked gloomy. If our observant lady readers can deduce any satisfactory inferences from these facts, we beg them by all means to do so.

The Wind Has Blown Their Swords Away

Translated from the Afghan by Achmed Abdullah

(*This poem, of the late eighteenth century, comes from Yaghistan and is in the northern Afghan dialect. It is a* ghazal, *a form of poetry not native to Afghanistan, but borrowed from Persia, which is used only by the* sha'ir, *the polite poet of city and court who knows his Hafiz and Sa'di, and never by the rough, illiterate* dum *or village bard, the real poet of the hills, who improvises his verses at night in the* hujra *or communal council hall, accompanying himself on the* rebab *or Afghan guitar. This ghazal is interestingly reminiscent of Villon's* "Où sont les neiges d'antan?" *and also of the famous Persian poem which begins: "Where are Feridoon, Zohak and Jemshid, The kings of Arabia and Persia's emperors?"*)

LISTEN to my words, O Moslems.
All the world's pride returns to dust.
So take with you to your graves a few spiritual truths,
That you may have no regrets in the hereafter.

For where is Abraham, the friend of God?
And Ismail, His sacrifice?
Where is the Prophet Mohammed, who wore the halo of the Blessed,
Though he never climbed the peak of Mount Sinai?
And Jesus, the great Saint? Where is he?
Hai! Hai! The wind has blown their dust away!

Where is the emperor Akbar? And where went Mohammed Shah?
Tell me: where is Aurungzeb, the mighty Mogul,
And where all the Fatimides?
Hai! Hai! Sighing they went to their graves!

Where is Gengiz Khan, the conqueror of black China?
And Kublai Khan, the thunderer? And Nadir Shah, the Turkoman?
Where is Uzbek Khan of the Golden Horde who enslaved the Russians?
Hai! Hai! Today their riches are but vanity.
For the end is the end. The end is nothing.

You have forgotten the Lord God, O Moslems.
But the tomb will be your fatherland. All earthly deeds matter not.
So turn your thoughts to the Lord God, and curse Satan the Stoned!
The end is the end. The end is nothing.
And where then is Ghirei, the Khan of the Crimea?
Hai! Hai! The wind has dried up his blood!

When comes death, the black camel rider, none will help you,
Except the Lord God.
The end is the end. The end is nothing.
Hai! Hai! The wind will blow your pride away!

Tell me: where are Sultans and Khans and Amirs?
Where went Alexander of Macedon?
Osman of Samarkand—where went he?
And Wang Khan, the ape-faced Manchu?
Hai! Hai! The wind has blown their swords away!

Tomorrow, your foreheads black with sin, you will go to the grave.
Tomorrow the end will be the end. The end is nothing.
Today is the hour of religion, O Moslems.
Do good deeds! Pray! Oppress not the orphans!
Tomorrow—*hai! hai!*—the wind will blow your bones away!
So bow today before the Lord God, King of the Day of Judgment!
His glory shines across the seven worlds!
By His grace Islam is resplendent!

Equals

By AUGUST STRINDBERG

Stockholm d. 15e September 1907
August Strindberg.

CHARACTERS

MR. X., *An archæologist* } *Middle-aged men.*
MR. Y., *A traveler from America.* }

SCENERY

Simple room in the country; door and windows at the back looking out on a landscape. In the middle of the floor a big dining table with books, writing materials, archæological implements on one side; microscope, etymological cabinet, flask of spirits on the other. On the left a bookcase; otherwise the furniture of the house of a rich peasant.

MR. Y. *comes in with a butterfly net and in his shirt-sleeves; goes straight up to the bookcase and takes down a book, which he starts reading. The bells ring after service in the local church; the landscape and the room are flooded with sunlight.*

Now and again the hens are to be heard clucking outside. Enter MR. X. *in his shirt-sleeves.*

MR. Y. *gives a violent start, in turn puts the book down and takes it up—pretends to look for another book on the shelf.*

MR. X.—What oppressive weather! I quite think we shall have thunder.

MR. Y.—Re-ally, old man? Why do you think so?

MR. X.—The bells are ringing so dully—the flies are stinging, the hens are clucking, I should be out fishing, but couldn't find a worm. Don't you feel nervous?

MR. Y. (*reflectively*)—I? Oh no!

MR. X.—My dear man, you look the whole time as though you were expecting a regular thunderstorm.

MR. Y. (*gives a start*)—Do I?

MR. X.—Well, you'll be leaving tomorrow with me. What's the news? Here's the post. (*Takes up a letter from the table.*) Ah! My heart beats like anything each time I open a letter—nothing but debts, debts, debts. Have you ever been in debt?

MR. Y. (*shifting about*)—No.

MR. X.—Quite so, then my dear chap, you've no idea what I feel like when unpaid bills come in. (*He reads letter.*) Rent unpaid, landlord on the warpath, wife in despair. And I who sit here up to my ears in gold. (*Opens an iron-bound chest which is on the table on either side of which the two men are sitting.*) Look here; I've got here about six thousand kronors' worth of gold which I dug up in fourteen days! I only want these armlets here for the three hundred and fifty kronors that I actually require. And with all this I ought to do myself thundering well. I ought, of course, at once to get drawings made, and blocks cut for my book, and then get it published, and then travel. Why don't I do it, do you think?

MR. Y.—You are afraid of being discovered.

MR. X.—Perhaps that's it. But don't you think that a man of my intelligence ought to be able to work it so that he's not discovered? I just went alone—without witnesses—rummaged about there beyond the hills. Would there be anything strange in my filling my pockets a bit?

MR. Y.—Quite so, but selling would probably be particularly risky.

MR. X.—Ah! ah! I should of course melt it all down and coin good golden ducats—full weight, of course.

MR. Y.—Of course.

MR. X.—You can quite understand that, if I were running a false mint, well, there'd be no need for me to dig up my gold. (*Pause.*) It's remarkable, at all events; if another person were to do this, which I can't reconcile myself to,—why, I should absolve him, but I can't absolve myself. I could make a brilliant defence of the thief, prove that gold was *res nullius*, or nobody's, that it came into the earth at a time when there was no such thing as property, that it shouldn't by right belong to anybody else except the first-comer, since the contents of the earth existed a long time before landowners made their artificial laws of real property.

MR. Y.—And you would make your case all the more plausible if, as you say, the thief did not steal from want, but as a matter of collecting mania, as a matter of pure scholarship, because of his ambition to make a discovery. Isn't that so?

MR. X.—You mean that I shouldn't get him off if he had stolen out of want? No, that's just the one case for which there is no excuse. That's pure theft.

MR. Y.—And wouldn't you excuse that?

MR. X.—How? Excuse? I couldn't, for there are no excuses in law. But I must confess that I should find it hard to prosecute a collector for theft, because he made an archæological discovery in somebody else's ground which he didn't have in his own collection.

MR. Y.—Then vanity and ambition are to serve as an excuse where want is no excuse?

MR. X.—And all the same want should be the valid, the only excuse. But it's like this: I can't alter, any more than I can alter my own will not to steal in any such case.

MR. Y.—You count it, then, as a great merit of yours that you can't—h'm—steal.

MR. X.—It's an irresistible something in my character, just as the craving to steal is something irresistible in other people, and therefore it's no virtue. I cannot do it and he cannot refrain from doing it—you quite understand, my dear fellow? I covet this gold and want to possess it. Why don't I take it, then? I can't. It's simply disability, and something lacking is scarcely a merit. That's what it is. (*Beats on the chest. It has rained in streams outside in the country, and now and then the room becomes dark. The darkness is that of approaching thunder.*)

MR. Y.—It's awfully stuffy. I think we shall have thunder. (MR. Y. *rises and closes the door and windows.*)

MR. X.—Are you frightened of thunder?

MR. Y.—One has to be careful. (*Pause.*)

MR. X.—You are a queer fellow. You spring yourself on me here a fortnight ago, introduce yourself as a Swedish-American on an etymological journey for a museum.

MR. Y.—Don't bother yourself about me.

MR. X.—That's how you always go on when I get tired of talking about myself and want to show you some little attention. That's perhaps why you're so sympathetic to me, that's why you let me speak so much about myself. We became old friends in no time; you had no angles I could knock up against, no bristles to prick me with. It wasn't so much that your whole person was so full of a deference which only a highly refined man could manifest; you never made any row when you came home late; never made a noise when you got up in the morning; didn't bother about trifles; caved in when there was any chance of a squabble—in a word, you were the ideal companion. But you were much too yielding, much too negative, much too silent, for me not to think about it in the long run—and you're as funky and nervous as they're made. That looks as though you had a shadow knocking about somewhere. I tell you what—when I sit here in front of the mirror, and look at your back, it's as though I saw another man altogether. (MR. Y. *turns round and looks in the looking glass.*) Yes; you can't see yourself from the back. From the front view you look like a straight man going about to face his life with his head up; but the back view—no, I don't want to be offensive—but you look as though you carried some burden, as though you were flinching from some blow, and when I see the cross of your red braces on your shirt—then you look like one big brand, an export brand on a package.

MR. Y. (*rises*)—I think I shall suffocate if the thunderstorm doesn't break soon.

MR. X.—That'll come in a minute, you just steady on. And then the nape of your neck. It looks as though there were another face there, but of another type than yours; you are so awfully small between the ears that I sometimes wonder what race you are. (*It lightens.*) That looks as though it had struck the inspector's place.

MR. Y. (*anxious*)—The inspector's place?

MR. X.—Yes, that's what it looks like. But all this thunderstorm business doesn't matter to us. Just you sit down and let's have a chat, as you are leaving to-morrow. It's a queer thing that you, with whom I became quite chummy in almost no time, are one of those people whose faces I can't call to mind when they aren't there. When you're out of doors, and I remember you, I think all the time of another friend of mine, who isn't really like you, though at the same time there is a certain likeness.

Mr. Y.—Who is it?

Mr. X.—I won't mention his name. However, I always used to feed at the same place many years ago, and I met then, over the *hors-d'œuvres*, a little blond man with pale, agonized eyes. He had an extraordinary power of being in the front of any crush without either pushing or being pushed; he could take a slice of bread from yards away, even though he stood by the door; he always seemed happy to be with people, and when he found a friend he would follow him about with hysterical enthusiasm, embrace him and slap him on his back as though he hadn't met a human being for years and years. If anyone trampled on him, it would be as though he begged his pardon for being in the way. During the two years I kept on seeing him I amused myself by guessing his profession and character, but I never asked him what he was; in fact, I didn't want to know, because my hobby would have gone bust as soon as I did. This man had the same characteristic as you—that of being nondescript. Sometimes I'd put him down as a grammar-school teacher, a subaltern, a chemist, a clerk of the peace, or one of the secret police, and he seemed, like you, to be made up of two differing pieces which fitted in front but not at the back.

One day it happened I read in the papers about a big check forgery by a well-known civil servant. I then knew that my nondescript friend had been the partner of the forger's brother, and that his name was Stroman, and in that way I found out that the aforesaid Stroman had previously carried on business with a lending library, but that he was now a police-court reporter on a big daily. But how could I establish any connection between the forgery, the police and his nondescript demeanour? I didn't know, but when I asked a friend if Stroman was punished he answered neither no nor yes; he simply didn't know. (*Pause.*)

Mr. Y.—Well? Was he—punished?

Mr. X.—No, he went scot-free. (*Pause.*)

Mr. Y.—Don't you think that may have been why the police had such a morbid fascination for him, and why he was so frightened of knocking up against his fellow-men?

Mr. X.—Yes.

Mr. Y.—Do you still keep up with him?

Mr. X.—No; and I don't wish to. (*Pause.*) Would you still have kept up with him if he had been—convicted?

Mr. Y.—Yes—like a shot. (Mr. Y. *gets up and walks up and down.*)

Mr. X.—Sit still—why can't you sit still?

Mr. Y.—Where did you get your broad views of human conduct? Are you a Christian?

Mr. X.—No—can't you see that? (Mr. Y. *Facial expression.*) The Christian asks for forgiveness as I ask for punishment—to restore the balance, or whatever you call it. And you, my friend, who've done your little stretch, ought to know that quite well.

Mr. Y. (*is nervous and stunned. Looking at* Mr. X. *first with wild hate and then with wonder and admiration.*) How—can—you—know—that?

Mr. X.—I can see it.

Mr. Y.—How? How can you see it?

Mr. X.—I have taught myself. It's just a science, like so many others. But now we won't talk about it any more. (*Looks at his watch, takes out a paper for signature, dips his pen in the ink and hands it to* Mr. Y.) I must think of my own business troubles. Would you mind witnessing my signature on this bill which I shall present to the Malmö bank to-morrow when I follow you?

Mr. Y.—I don't intend to travel by Malmö.

Mr. X.—No?

Mr. Y.—No.

Mr. X.—But at all events you can witness my signature?

Mr. Y.—No; I never put my name to a piece of paper.

Mr. X.—Again—that's the fifth time you've refused to sign your name. The first time was on a post-receipt—that was when I first began to observe you; now I notice that you are frightened of pen and ink. You haven't sent off one letter since we've been here; only a single letter-card, and that you wrote in pencil. Do you understand now how I worked out your lapse? Again, that's the seventh time you refused to accompany me to Malmö, though you haven't been there at all this time. And all the time you've come here from America simply to see Malmö. And every morning you go half-a-mile southward to the windmills just so as to see the roofs of Malmö. And you stand there, my friend, by the right window, and look out through the third pane of glass on the left counting from the bottom, so that you get a view of the spires of the castle and the chimney of the prison. So you see now it's not a case of my being so smart, but of your being so dense.

Mr. Y.—Now you despise me?

Mr. X.—No.

Mr. Y.—Yes, you do; you must do so.

Mr. X.—No. See, here's my hand on it. (Mr. Y. *kisses the outstretched hand.* Mr. X. *takes back his hand.*) What bestial fawning!

Mr. Y.—Forgive me! but you were the first man, sir, who held out his hand to me after he knew——

Mr. X.—And now you start calling me "Sir." It appalls me that, after you've served your sentence, you don't feel you can hold your head up, and start with a clean slate, on the level, just as good as anybody else. Will you tell me all about it? Will you?

Mr. Y. (*wriggles*)—Yes; but you won't believe what I tell you. I'll tell you about it, and you'll see that I'm not just an ordinary criminal, and you'll be convinced that my fall took place, as one says, against my will. (*Wriggles.*) Just as thought, it came of itself—spontaneously—without free will, and as though one couldn't help it. Let me open the door a little. I think the thunder has passed over.

Mr. X.—If you wouldn't mind.

Mr. Y. (*opens the door, then sits on the table and tells his story with frigid enthusiasm, theatrical gestures and affected intonation.*) Yes, do you see, I was a student at Lind, and once I wanted a loan from the bank. I had no serious debts, and my governor had a little property, but not much, you know. In the meanwhile I had sent the bill to another man to endorse, and, contrary to all my expectations, I got it back with a refusal. For a whole hour I sat stupefied by the blow; you see, it was a most unpleasant surprise, most unpleasant. The document happened to be lying on the table. Close by was the letter. My eyes wandered first over the fatal lines that contained my doom—as a matter of fact, it wasn't my death sentence, because I could quite easily have got somebody else to endorse it,—as a matter of fact, as many people as I wanted; but, as I said, it was very unpleasant as things stood; and as I was sitting there in my innocence my gaze became gradually riveted on that signature on the letter, which, if only in its right place, would perhaps have saved my future. The signature was just a piece of ordinary handwriting—you know how, when you're thinking about something else, you can sit down and fill a piece of blotting paper with absolute nonsense. I had a pen in my hand. (*Takes up the pen.*) See here, and, just like this, it began to move. I'm not going to contend that there was anything mystical—anything spiritualistic—at the back of it, because I don't believe in all that stuff; it was simply a purely mechanical thoughtless process, as I sat and copied that pretty signature time after time—of course without any intention of making any advantage out of it. When the sheet had been covered I had acquired a complete proficiency in signing the name. (*Throws the pen quickly away.*) And then I forgot all about it. All night I slept deeply and heavily, and when I woke up I felt as though I had dreamed; but could not remember my dream; at times it seemed as though a door were ajar and I saw the writing table with a bill on it just like mine, and when I got up I went straight up to that table just as though after mature consideration I had made the irrevocable resolution to write the name on that blank piece of paper. All thought of consequences—of risks—had vanished; there was no hesitation—it was just as though I was fulfilling a solemn duty—and I wrote. (*Springs up.*) What could it have been? Is it a case of inspiration or suggestion? But from whom? I had slept alone in the room. Could it have been the primitive part of my ego, the savage part, which was a stranger to all progress, which, in the working of my subconsciousness during sleep, had come along with its criminal will and its inability to calculate the consequences of an act? Tell me, what do you think of the matter?

Mr. X. (*torturing him*)—Quite frankly, your story does not satisfy me completely. I find gaps in it, but that may be because you haven't remembered the details, and, as to criminal suggestion, which I've read a fair amount about, I'll try and remember—h'm! But it all comes to the same thing—you've served your punishment—and you've had the pluck to own up to the error of your ways. Now, don't let's talk any more about it.

Mr. Y.—No, no, no, we will go on talking about it until I convince myself that I'm not a criminal.

Mr. X.—Haven't you done that?

Mr. Y.—No, I haven't.

Mr. X.—Yes, you see, it's that which bothers me. It's that which bothers me. Don't you think that every man has a skeleton in his cupboard? Haven't we all stolen and lied as children? Yes, of course we have. Well, one finds men who remain children all their lives, so that they're unable to control their criminal desires. If the opportunity but presents itself, one of the type will become a criminal immediately. But I can't understand why you don't feel yourself innocent. If you look upon children as irresponsible, you ought to look upon criminals in the same way. It's strange—yes, it is strange, I shall perhaps be sorry afterwards that—(*Pause.*) I once killed a man. I did, and I have never had any qualms.

MR. Y. (*keenly interested*)—You—you?

MR. X.—Yes, I myself. Perhaps you'd rather not shake hands with a murderer?

MR. Y. (*briskly*)—Oh, what rot!

MR. X.—Yes, but I went scot-free.

MR. Y. (*with an air of familiarity and superiority*)—All the better for you! How did you dodge the coppers?

MR. X.—There was no one to accuse me—no one to suspect me—there were no witnesses. The thing was like this. A friend of mine had invited me one Christmas to his place outside Upsala for the hunting. He sent to drive me a drunken old blighter who went to sleep upon the box, drove bang into a hole and upset in the ditch. I won't say it was a matter of life and death, but in a fit of temper I let him have it in the neck to wake him up, with the result that he never woke up, but lay there dead.

MR. Y. (*slyly*)—Well, and didn't you give yourself up?

MR. X.—No; for the following reasons: The man had no relations or other people for whom his life was necessary; he had lived out his vegetable existence; his place could be taken immediately by someone else who needed it much more; while on the other hand I was indispensable to my parents' well-being, to my own—perhaps to science. The result of the whole business had already cured me of my penchant to punch people in the neck, and I didn't feel inclined to sacrifice my own life and that of my parents to satisfy a sense of abstract justice.

MR. Y.—I see. So that's how you judge human values?

MR. X.—In the case in question, yes.

MR. Y.—But how about the consciousness of guilt, retribution?

MR. X.—I had no consciousness of guilt; I hadn't committed any crime. I'd taken and given punches as a boy. But what was responsible was my ignorance that a fatal result could be so easily produced upon an old person.

MR. Y.—Yes—but killing by chance-medley is punished by two years' hard labour, all the same—just the same as—forgery.

MR. X.—I've thought about it enough, as you can think. And many a night I've dreamed I was in prison. I say, tell me, is it as bad as they make out to be under lock and key?

MR. Y.—Yes, my dear fellow. They first disfigure your appearance by cutting your hair, so that if you didn't look like a criminal before, you do so afterward, and when you look at yourself in the glass you're convinced that you're a murderer.

MR. X.—That's a mask which can perhaps be taken off, but it's not such a bad idea.

MR. Y.—You joke about it, do you? And they reduce your food so that every day, nay, every hour, you feel yourself further away from life, and so much nearer to death. All the vital functions are depressed and you feel yourself dried up, and your soul, which ought to be cured and improved, is put upon starvation treatment, and thrust back a thousand years of civilization; you are allowed to read only books that have been written for the edification of our antediluvian ancestors; you can manage to hear what's never going to take place in heaven; but what takes place on this earth remains a sealed book; you are taken away from your environment, degraded from your class; put beneath those who are beneath you; you get visions of what life was like in the Age of Bronze, feel as though you were dressed in skins in a barbarous state—lived in a cave and drank out of a trough.

MR. X.—Quite so; but it's only reasonable that if a man's behaving as though this were the Age of Bronze he should live in the appropriate costume of the period.

MR. Y. (*frowns*)—You're making fun of me, you are. You carry on like a man in the Age of Stone, who is yet somehow allowed to live in an Age of Gold.

MR. X. (*interrogating sharply*)—What! What do you mean by that expression of yours—the Age of Gold?

MR. Y. (*slyly*)—Nothing at all.

MR. X.—You're lying, you are, because you haven't the pluck to say what you really meant.

MR. Y.—I haven't the pluck! You think that! I showed some pluck, I think, when I dared show myself in this neighbourhood after I'd gone through what I'd gone through. But do you know the worst part of the suffering when a man's inside? Do you? It's just this, that the other men aren't there too.

MR. X.—What other men?

MR. Y.—The men who went scot-free.

MR. X.—Are you referring to me?

Mr. Y.—Yes.

Mr. X.—I've not committed any crime.

Mr. Y.—Really, haven't you?

Mr. X.—No; an accident isn't a crime.

Mr. Y.—I see: it's an accident if you commit murder.

Mr. X.—I haven't committed murder.

Mr. Y.—Really—really! It's not murder, then, to strike another man dead?

Mr. X.—No—not always. There's manslaughter—there's chance-medley—there's accidental homicide—and there's the distinction between malice aforethought or not. At all events, I'm quite afraid of you now—since you belong to the most dangerous category of humanity—the fools.

Mr. Y.—Indeed! You imagine that I am a fool? Just listen. Would you like a proof that I'm very smart?

Mr. X.—Let's hear it.

Mr. Y.—Will you acknowledge that I reason with both shrewdness and logic when you've heard what I've got to say? You have had an accident which might have got you two years' hard labour; you've escaped scot-free from the stigma of hard labour, and here sits a man who has been the victim of a misfortune—a piece of unconscious suggestion—and suffered two years' hard labour. This man can by great scientific services wipe out the stigma which he involuntarily brought upon himself, but to perform those services he must have money—a lot of money—and money at once.

Don't you think that the other man—the man who went unpunished—should readjust the balance of human life in the same way as if he were adjudged liable to pay compensation? Don't you think so?

Mr. X. (*quietly*)—Yes.

Mr. Y.—Now we understand one another. (*Pause.*) How much do you think fair?

Mr. X.—Fair? The law provides that fifty kronors should be the minimum compensation, but as the dead man didn't leave any dependents your argument falls to the ground.

Mr. Y.—No; you won't understand. Let me make it clearer. It's to me that you must make the compensation.

Mr. X.—I've never heard before that a homicide should make compensation to a forger, and, besides, I haven't found anybody to accuse me.

Mr. Y.—No? Well, here is someone.

Mr. X.—Now we're beginning to see how the land lies. How much do you want to abet my homicide?

Mr. Y.—Six thousand kronors.

Mr. X.—That's too much. Where am I to get it from? (Mr. Y. *points to the chest.*) I won't. I won't be a thief.

Mr. Y.—Don't try to bluff me. Are you going to tell me that you haven't been to that chest already?

Mr. X. (*as if to himself*)—To think that I could have made such a complete mistake! But that's the case with soft natures. You like soft natures, so you're apt to believe that they like you, and that's why I've always been on my guard against anyone I liked. And so you're absolutely convinced that I took the chest out of the ground?

Mr. Y.—Yes, I'm certain.

Mr. X.—And you'll inform against me if you don't get six thousand kronors.

Mr. Y.—No mistake about it—you can't get out of it, and it's not worth while trying.

Mr. X.—Do you think that I will give my father a thief for a son, my wife a thief for a husband, my children a thief for a father, my friends a thief for a colleague? Not if I know it. Now I will go to the police and give myself up.

Mr. Y. (*springs up and collects his things*)—Wait a bit.

Mr. X.—What for?

Mr. Y. (*hesitating*)—I was only thinking—that it's not necessary any more—as it's not necessary for me to stay here—that I might go.

Mr. X.—No, you don't—sit down in your place at the table where you were before—then we'll talk a bit first.

Mr. Y. (*sits down after he has taken up a black coat*)—What, what's going to happen now?

Mr. X. (*looks in the mirror at the back of* Mr. Y.)—Now it's as clear as possible.

Mr. Y. (*nervously*)—What do you see so strange?

Mr. X.—I see in the looking-glass that you are a thief—a simple, common or garden thief. A few minutes ago, when you sat there in your white shirt, I just noticed the books were out of order a bit in my bookcase, but I couldn't notice in what way, as I had to listen to you and observe you. But now that you've become antipathetic to me my eyes have grown sharper, and now that you've on your black coat, which affords a colour foil in the red backs of the books, which there wasn't before when your red braces were showing, I see that you've been and read your forgery story out of Bernheim's treatise on suggestion, and have put the book back upside down. So you stole the story as well. Now, that's why I think that I'm right in drawing the deduction that you committed your crime because you needed either the necessities or luxuries of life

Mr. Y.—Out of necessity! If you only knew!

Mr. X.—If you only knew in what necessity I have lived, and live still. But that's got nothing to do with it. But you've done your stretch, that's nearly certain, but it was in America, because it was American prison life that you described; and another thing is almost equally certain: that you haven't done your term here.

Mr. Y.—How can you say that?

Mr. X.—Wait till the inspector comes, then get to know. (Mr. Y. *gets up*.) Look here, now! The first time I mentioned the inspector, in connection with a thunderbolt, you wanted to clear out. Besides, when a man has served in prison he will never go to a windmill every day and look at it, or post himself behind a window-pane—in one word, you are both a punished and an unpunished criminal. And that's why you were so unusually difficult to get at. (*Pause.*)

Mr. Y. (*absolutely cowed*)—May I go now?

Mr. X.—Now you may go.

Mr. Y. (*puts his things together*)—Are you angry with me?

Mr. X.—Yes. Would you prefer it if I pitied you?

Mr. Y. (*sulkily*)—Do you consider yourself better than I am?

Mr. X.—I certainly do. I am better than you are. I am much smarter than you, and much more useful than you are to the general community.

Mr. Y.—You are very deep, but not so deep as I am. I am in check myself, but all the same you'll be mate next move.

Mr. X. (*fixes* Mr. Y.)—Shall we have another round? What mischief are you up to now?

Mr. Y.—That's my secret.

Mr. X.—Let's have a look at you—you're thinking of writing an anonymous letter to my wife and telling her about this secret of mine.

Mr. Y.—Yes; and you can't stop me doing it. Put me in jail? Why, you daren't; and so you've got to let me go; and when I'm gone I can do what I want to every day.

Mr. X.—Oh, you devil! You've found my one weak point—do you want to compel me to become a murderer?

Mr. Y.—You can't do that, you wretch!

Mr. X.—You see, there's a difference between one man and another. And you know yourself that I can't do things like you do; that's where you have the pull over me. But just consider—supposing you make me treat you in the same way that I treated the coachman. (*Lifts up his hand to deliver a blow.*)

Mr. Y. (*stares insolently at* Mr. X.)—You can't do it—you can't do it; just as you couldn't find your salvation in that chest.

Mr. X.—You don't believe then that I took it out of the earth?

Mr. Y.—You didn't have the pluck. Just as you didn't have the pluck to tell your wife that she'd married a murderer.

Mr. X.—You're a different type of man from what I am—whether you're stronger or weaker I don't know—more criminal or not doesn't touch me. But there's no question about your being more of an ass; because you were an ass when you wrote in somebody else's name instead of begging, as I managed to do; you were an ass when you went and stole an idea out of my book. Couldn't you have known that I read my books? You were an ass when you thought that you were smarter than I was and that you could lure me into being a thief; you were a fool when you thought it would adjust the balance if there were two thieves in the world instead of one, and you were most foolish of all when you laboured under the delusion that I would go and build up my life's happiness without having first made the corner-stone safe. You go and write anonymous letters to my wife that her husband is a homicide?—she knew it when we were engaged! Now take yourself off!

Mr. Y.—May I go?

Mr. X.—You shall go now. At once. Your things will follow you. Clear out!

Curtain.

To his Mistresse objecting to him neither Toying or Talking — By ROBERT HERRICK

YOU say I love not, 'cause I doe not play
Still with your curles, and kisse the time away.
You blame me too, because I cann't devise
Some sport, to please those Babies in your eyes:
By *Loves Religion*, I must here confesse it,
The most I love, when I the least expresse it.

The Café in Surat

By BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE

Translated by Myrtle N. Volkhardt

IN SURAT there is a café where travelers gather in the late afternoon. One day there appeared a Persian seidre, or doctor of law, who had written on theology all his life, and who no longer believed in God.

"Who is God?" he said. "Where does he come from? Who created him? Where is he? If he had form, we should see him; if he were a spirit, he would be intelligent and equitable; he would never let there be any such suffering in the world. Take me, for instance; after having worked so in his service, I should now be a great pontiff at Ispahan, instead of being driven out of Persia for having tried to enlighten my fellowmen. No, there is no God!"

Thus, the doctor, led astray by his own ambition, had reasoned so long over the origin of things that he had ended by accepting his own belief, and thought that not only his own intelligence, but even that of him who governs the universe, no longer existed. He had a slave, a half-naked Kafir, that he had left at the door. He himself was comfortably reclining on a sofa, drinking a cup of coquenar or opium, and as soon as the drink began to beat upon his brain, he began to harangue his slave, seated on a stone in the sun chasing the flies that were devouring him.

"Wretched negro, do you believe that there is a God?"

"Who can doubt it?" replied the Kafir. And as he uttered these words, he pulled out a little wooden marmoset from the ragged cloth that girt his loins.

"Here is the God that has protected me since I have been in the world. It is made of a twig of the sacred tree of my country."

The people in the café were no less surprised at the slave's answer than at his master's question.

Then a Brahman, shrugging his shoulders, said to the slave, "Poor fool! You carry your God dangling from your belt? Listen! There is no other God than Brahma who created the world, and whose temples are on the banks of the Ganges. The Brahmans are his only priests, and it is under his special protection that they have existed for one hundred and twenty thousand years, in spite of all the revolutions of India."

Immediately a Jewish trader spoke up. "How can the Brahmans believe that God's temples exist only in India, and that he exists only for their caste? There is no other God than the God of Abraham, who has no other people than the Children of Israel. He will protect them, however scattered they are over all the earth, until at last they will all be reunited in Jerusalem. There he shall give them dominion over all the nations, when his temple, that wonder of former times, shall be raised up again." As he spoke these words, the Israelite shed a few tears. He was going to speak again when an Italian in a blue mantle addressed him angrily.

"You make God an unjust God when you say that he loves only the people of Israel. He rejected you more than seventeen hundred years ago, as any one can see by the dispersion of your race. To-day, he is calling all men into the Roman Catholic Church, outside of which there is no other salvation."

A Protestant minister of the Danish mission at Tinquebar paled at these words, and said to the Catholic missionary: "How can you restrict salvation to men of your idolatrous communion? I tell you that only those shall be saved who follow the teachings of the Evangelists, and who worship God in spirit and truth according to the laws laid down by Jesus Christ."

Then a Turk, an officer of the customs at Surat, who had been smoking his pipe, calmly and seriously said to the two Christians: "Fathers, how can you restrict the knowledge of God to your churches? The laws of Christ have been abolished since the arrival of Mohammed, the Paraclete predicted by Christ himself—the Word of God. Your religion exists only in a few kingdoms, and it is on its ruins that ours has been raised up in the most beautiful part of Europe, in Africa, and in Asia and on its islands. It is seated to-day on the throne of the Mogul, and has spread even into China, that country of wisdom. You all recognize the reprobation of the Jews in their humiliation; recognize, then, the mission of the Prophet in his victory. Only those shall be saved who are the friends of Mohammed and Omar. To the followers of Ali, all others are infidels."

At these words, the seidre, who was from Persia where Ali is worshipped, began to smile. But a great cry went up in the café because of the words of all of these travelers of different religions, for there were present also Abyssinian Christians, Copts, Tartar Lamas, Ishmaelite Arabs, and Ghebers or fire-worshippers. They all began to quarrel furiously over their gods and their cults, each one maintaining that the true religion came from his country.

There was present, however, a learned doctor from China, a disciple of Confucius, who traveled for instruction. He sat in a corner of the café drinking his tea, listening to everything, but saying not a word. The Turkish official at last cried out to him in a loud voice: "Learned doctor, who sits there so silently, you know how many different religions have penetrated China. Merchants from your country who have needed my services here have assured me that, of all, Mohammedanism is the best. Like them, do justice to the truth. What do you think of God, and of his Prophet's religion?"

Immediately great silence fell upon the café. The disciple of Confucius settling back, his hands drawn into his large sleeves and crossed on his breast, began, in a soft, well modulated voice: "Gentlemen, if you will permit me to tell you, I have found that it is ambition that prevents men from agreeing on any one thing. If you have the patience to listen to me, I will cite an example that is still fresh in my mind.

"When I left China to come to Surat, I set sail on an English boat that had been around the world. On the way we dropped anchor on the east coast of Sumatra. Toward noon, having gone ashore with a few of the crew, we sat down by the sea, near a little village where a number of men from different countries were resting in the shade of the coconut palms. Along came a blind man, who had lost his sight from contemplating the sun. He had the ambitious folly to try to solve the problems of nature by appropriating some of its light. He tried by all the processes of chemistry, optics and even necromancy, to catch a sunbeam in a bottle, and when he did not succeed, he said: 'Sunlight is not a fluid, because it is undisturbed by the wind; it isn't a solid, because you can't break off pieces of it; it isn't fire, because it doesn't go out when it goes down into the water; it isn't a spirit, because it is visible; it isn't a body, because you can't touch it; it isn't even a force, because it doesn't move even the lightest bodies; therefore it isn't anything!' At last, from staring so much at the sun and arguing about it, he lost his sight, and, what is worse, his reason. He believed that it was the sun, not his sight that no longer existed. He had a negro to lead him about; and this slave, when he had got his master seated in the shade of one of the palms, picked up a nut which he began to fashion into a lamp, making a wick of the fibers, and extracting the oil from the meat. While the negro was thus occupied, the blind man said to him, with a sigh: 'Then there is no longer any light in the world.'

"'There's the sun's light,' replied the negro.

"'What is the sun?' questioned the blind man.

"'I haven't any idea,' said the African, 'except that my work begins when it comes up, and ends when it goes down. Its light interests me less than my lamp that is going to light me in my cabin. Without it I couldn't wait upon you at night.'

"Then, showing his little coconut shell, he said: 'There's my sun!'

"At this, a villager who walked with crutches began to laugh; and thinking that the blind man had been born blind, said to him, 'The sun is a globe of fire that rises every day out of the sea and sets every evening in the west, in the mountains of Sumatra. That is what you would see yourself as well as all of us, if you could see.'

"A fisherman then spoke up and said to the cripple: 'One can easily see that you have never gone out of your village. If you had legs, and if you had ever gone around the island, you would know that the sun does not set in the mountains. It comes up every morning out of the sea and goes back again every evening to refresh itself. That's what I see every day along our shores.'

"At this a native of India spoke up and thus rebuked the fisher: 'How can a man with common sense believe that the sun is a globe of fire, and that each day it comes out of the sea and goes back in again without putting itself out? I will tell you. The sun is a *deuta* or divinity of my country, where it rides through the sky every day in a chariot about the Golden Mountain of Merouwa; and when it disappears it is because it is swallowed up by the dragons Ragou and Ketou, from whom it is delivered by the prayers of the Indians on the banks of the Ganges. It is wild imagining for an inhabitant of Sumatra to think that it shines only on his horizon. Such an idea could come only from the head of one who had never traveled in anything larger than a canoe.'

"As quickly, a Lascar, the *padrone* of a freighter that was at anchor, put in: 'It is still wilder imagining to think that the sun prefers India to the other countries of the world. I have traveled in the Red Sea, on the shores of Arabia, to Madagascar, to the Moluccas, and to the Philippines. The sun lights all of these countries just as well as India. It doesn't revolve about any mountain, for it rises in Japan. That is where Japan gets its name of Jepon or Gue-puen, the Land of the Rising Sun. It sets far away in the west, back of the British Isles. I am sure of that, because I heard it when I was a child from my grandfather, who had traveled to the very ends of the sea.'

"He was going to say more, when one of the English sailors of our crew interrupted, saying: 'There isn't a country in the world where they know more about the sun's course than in England. The sun doesn't rise or set in any place. It keeps going around and around the earth. I am sure of it, because we have just been around the world, and we found it everywhere.' Then, taking a stick from one of his listeners, he drew a circle in the sand and tried to explain to them the sun's courses from one tropic to another, but not being able to, he called on the pilot to bear out what he had said. The pilot was a canny man, who had heard all of the dispute without saying a word; but when he saw that all of the listeners were silent to hear what he had to say, he spoke. 'All of you are mistaken, and each one is deceiving the other. The sun doesn't turn around the earth. The earth revolves around it, displaying one country after another during the twenty-four hours: Japan, the Philippines, the Moluccas, Sumatra, Africa, Europe, England and many other countries. The sun doesn't shine only for a mountain, an island, a horizon, a sea, nor even for this earth. It is the center of the universe, from which center it illumines five other planets, that likewise turn about it. Some of these are bigger than the earth, and much farther away than we from the sun. Saturn, for instance, is thirty thousand leagues in diameter, and is two hundred and eighty-five millions of leagues away. I do not even mention all the moons that reflect the sun's light on those planets that are very distant. Each one of you would get an idea of these truths if he would simply look up at the sky some night, and if he didn't *want* to believe that the sun shone only for his country.' Thus, to the astonishment of his listeners, spoke the pilot who had been around the world, and who had studied the heavens.

"It is just the same for God as for the sun," continued the disciple of Confucius. "Each one believes he has him all to himself in his chapel, or at least in his country. Each nation thinks it can confine in its temples, him whom the whole visible universe cannot confine. And, at the same time, is there a temple comparable to the one that God himself has raised to gather together all men in common communion? All the temples of the world are designed after nature's. In almost all of them you will find baptismals, columns, arches, lamps, statues, inscriptions, books of law, sacrifices, altars and priests; but in what temple can you find a baptismal as vast as the sea? —no shell contains that! Where are there more beautiful columns than the trees of the forests, or the fruit-laden trees of the orchard? an arch as vast as the vault of heaven, and a lamp as shining as the sun? Where will you see more interesting statues than the human beings that love each other, help each other, and who speak? inscriptions as intelligent and more religious than the good deeds of nature? a book of law as universal as the love of God founded on our gratitude, or the love of mankind founded on our common interests? sacrifices more touching than those of our praises of him who has given us everything, and our passion for those with whom we must share our all? and, finally, an altar as holy as the soul of a good man, where God himself is the pontiff? So, the farther man extends God's power, the nearer he draws him to himself; and the more indulgence he will have for men, the more he will be imitating his kindness. Therefore, may he who enjoys the light of God that shines for all the universe, not disdain the superstition of one who sees only a glimmer in his little idol, or even the atheist who is entirely deprived of light, lest he be punished for his arrogance like the philosopher, who, in his desire to appropriate all of the sun's light, became blind, and was reduced to being led by the lamp of a negro slave."

Thus spoke the disciple of Confucius; and they who had been arguing so violently on the excellence of their religions were silent.

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Mrs. Beardsley has cast-off clothing of every kind and invites an early inspection.
Knoxland (Mo.) Recorder.

Card of Thanks. We wish to thank the many friends for the expressions of sympathy and for their assistance in the death of my husband.
Kentucky paper.

FOR SALE, cameo brooch with two small diamonds with $40; will sacrifice for $10. Address brooch. X-179, care Times-Union.
Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.

FOR SALE—Good Royal typewriter; first class condition; no abuse, except two fingers of owner in being mixed up in keys. Will give away on easy terms. See Dr. J. A. Mitchell quick for rare bargain.
Tullahoma (Tenn.) Guardian.

HARPER ST., 59—Nicely furnished living room; use of kitchen and bed, with one girl; complete housekeeping privileges; everything furnished. Monroe 1260 or 4490-J.
Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.

DEINES MORTUARY
Unobstructive Service Gives Consolation.
Russell (Kansas) Record.

British, English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Manx or Channel Islands' models of INVESTMENT TRUSTS SHARES, while good, cannot offer better, practical profitably beneficial diversity for safety than you get at No Free Agency loss in this 17-year tried, proved and improving investment medium that your neighbor knows of—why don't you? ——— ——— & Co. *Seattle Times.*

WANTED—Middle-age lady to do housework, milk and care for sick lady in country. Address Box No. 47, care Star. *Terre Haute (Ind.) Star.*

GARDENER (English), inside and out. Hickman. Cambria Rooms, Vancouver, B. C.
Victoria (B. C.), Daily Chronicle.

HOUSEWORK—Competent girl for bumpers, heater, disc wheels. A bargain $450.00. Your car as first payment. Used Car Exchange, half block south of Delano on Howden.
Muskegon (Mich.) Chronicle.

IN the city or vicinity, I would like to have position as a cook or general work where I can serve with most faithful heart to make house beautiful out of desert. S. H., 338 Clay St., City.
Los Angeles Times.

MONDAY SPECIAL!
MEN'S SPECIAL
SUMMER FROCKS
Fine Colors
17c Value. *PAIR* 10c
Scranton (Pa.) Scrantonian.

LOST—Small white fox terrier by little boy from Ames with brown head and short tail.
Missouri Valley (Iowa) Times.

WANTED—By a refined middle aged lady, a position as housekeeper in a respectful widower's home, or will take care of confinement cases. Address "Verna" care of Journal.-122t3.
Macomb (Ill.) Journal.

OLD LIKE MAN to do choirs on small farm for good home and some wages. Address "Farmer," care Reporter. *Independence (Kans.) Reporter.*

FOR SALE—Hand Picked Apples and Pigs. Inquire of R. R. Renshaw, R. D., Freeport, Pa.
Freeport (Pa.) Journal.

AUNT CLEMMY'S
for Luncheon and Dinner
1 University Place
North East Corner of Washington Sq.
Table d'Hote Luncheon........$.50— .60—.65
Table 'dHote Dinner...........$.85—1.00
Waffles & Steak & Cops to Order
N. Y. U. Daily News.

POSITION WANTED. GENTLEMAN, AGE 35. Former captain of cavalry, regular army, with thorough knowledge of equitation, fox hunting, chicken fighting, bird shooting and dry fly fishing, but nevertheless willing to work. WHAT HAVE YOU? State details, including salary in first communication. AG 234 OREGONIAN.
Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.

WANTED—Good fresh milch goat, must be reasonable. Mrs. Robert Haswell, Route A, Box 26. *La Junta (Colo.) Democrat.*

LOST, STRAYED, FOUND

BLACK leather bill fold, 14k gold corners and Ted Forsyth, containing $27 and band ring, lost. 3-2738; reward.
Fort Worth (Tex.) Record-Telegram.

YOUNG LADY WANTED WITH CAR TO teach driving in private home; give phone number. Star office.
Washington (D. C.) Star.

SLOGAN ADOPTED AT THE MORTICIANS' CONVENTION

"Make this country a better place to die in."

WANTED—Young man to help fill rooms with boy student. Ken. 9188.
University District Herald (Seattle).

YOUNG HEN to travel with manager taking orders; city or road work; can earn $35 weekly. Apply 630 Wabash Bldg., 410 Liberty Ave.
Pittsburgh (Pa.) Post-Gazette.

FOR SALE—Dresser, or take butcher for half interest. Call 19-R-2. *Casper (Wyo.) Herald.*

READING—The annual Miller family reunion will be held to-day in the grave at St. Paul's Church, of Hamlin, near the Berks-Lebanon county line.
Philadelphia (Pa.) Inquirer.

We most cleanly and carefully wash our customers with cheap prices as under—Ladies $2 a hundred; Gentlemen, $1.75 a hundred.
Chinese Laundry Sign.

173 DOGS too many; must sell. Beautiful singers $3-$5. Want white angora kittens. 741 Cherokee.
St. Paul (Minn.) Daily News.

BABY BLANKETS........................ 19c
Wednesday. Infant wrapped around Blanket, with pink or blue border.
Santa Barbara (Cal.) paper.

WHY EDITORS LEAVE HOME

Mme. Saroya is called the most beautiful prima donna of the operatic stage and one of the most satisfying artists as well. She has been a star of the San Carlo Company for several seasons, and a year ago last Summer sank the title role in Aida.
Sacramento (Cal.) Union.

Martin Heyde, Waterloo baritone and vice teacher is starting his fifth year in Waterloo.
Waterloo (Ia.) Tribune.

Mrs. Nungesser then asked a bit timidly perhaps, if she might embrace her visitor. The mayor, as moved as she, bent tenderly over and, with tears in his eyes, killed her gently.
Bemidji (Mich.) Daily Pioneer.

EVERYDAY QUESTIONS
Answered by DR. S. PARKES CADMAN
Bath, Me.

How can I get any consolation from religion? At times I can feel God very near to me, when "He leadeth me in green pastors and beside the still waters."
Evansville (Ind.) Courier.

John Yonker's mother recently passed away in Minnesota.

Miss Ollie Noble accompanied her on her piano.
Estherville (Iowa) News.

PILGRIMS VISIT SPOT
WHERE SAINT PATRICK
WRESTLED WITH SATIN
Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

Had Enjoyable Session—Thursday afternoon last, at the regular gathering of the Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian church, there appears to have been a "full attendance" of the membership and in addition a number of visitors, among them the entire teaching corpse of Ackley public schools.
Ackley (Iowa) World-Journal.

The estate is largely personal, containing only about $60,000 worth of real estate. Anna Margaret died in June, 1924. Her father died about four years before, previous to her birth. No mention of her was made in his will.
Birmingham Age-Herald.

Mrs. Gulett is survived by three sins, H. S. Gullett, Dr. J. P. Gullett and T. A. Gullett, all of Austin, and two daughters.
San Antonio (Tex.) Express.

WILL COMISKEY OUST SCHALK
DIGESTIVE ORGANS WORK
LIKE FACTORY

Stomach Grinds Up and Prepares the Food But the Small Intestine Has the Most Important Functions

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.
United States Senator from New York,
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City
Chicago Tribune.

Question: How is Carrot Salad made?

Answer: Some women simply marinate cooked, diced carrots in edges and fasten to padding with a few French knots. *Utica (N. Y.) Daily Press.*

Funeral for Mrs. Alice Ellise Kinner, was held at the residence, 411 Park street, Tuesday morning and at the Spiller funeral home later, with burial in Oakview cemetery. Mrs. Kinner died Saturday following an illness of three years. She was 31 years old and was born in England. Surviving her are her husband Lee, three sisters and one brother.

I hate skunks. They put on such awful airs.
Royal Oak (Mich.) Outlook.

The bride's brain was borne by two tiny pages.
Midway (Iowa) Examiner.

Mr. George Fulkerson and a large stack of hay was destroyed by fire last Thursday.
Central City (Ky.) Times-Argus.

The bride was very attractive in a bridal bouquet of white roses, sweet peas and lilies of the valley.
Littlefork (Minn.) Times.

Dr. Pammell said persons and animals eating cobane frequently have conclusions.
Des Moines (Iowa) Evening Tribune.

Gaudissart the Great

By HONORÉ DE BALZAC

de Balzac

IS NOT the commercial traveler—a being unknown in earlier times—one of the most curious types produced by the manners and customs of this age? And is it not his peculiar function to carry out in a certain class of things the immense transition which connects the age of material development with that of intellectual development? Our epoch will be the link between the age of isolated forces rich in original creativeness, and that of the uniform but leveling force which gives monotony to its products, casting them in masses, and following out a unifying idea—the ultimate expression of social communities. After the saturnalia of intellectual communism, after the last struggles of many civilizations concentrating all the treasures of the world on a single spot, must not the darkness of barbarism invariably supervene?

The commercial traveler is to ideas what coaches are to men and things. He carts them about, he sets them moving, brings them into impact. He loads himself at the center of enlightenment with a supply of beams which he scatters among torpid communities. This human *pyrophoros* is an ignorant instructor, mystified and mystifying, a disbelieving priest who talks all the more glibly of arcana and dogmas. A strange figure! The man has seen everything, he knows everything, he is acquainted with everybody. Saturated in Parisian vice, he can assume the rusticity of the countryman. Is he not the link that joins the village to the capital, though himself not essentially either Parisian or provincial?

For he is a wanderer. He never sees to the bottom of things; he learns only the names of men and places, only the surface of things; he has his own foot-rule, and measures everything by that standard; his glance glides over all he sees, and never penetrates the depths. He is inquisitive about everything, and really cares for nothing. A scoffer, always ready with a political song, and apparently equally attached to all parties, he is generally patriotic at heart. A good actor, he can assume by turns the smile of liking, satisfaction, and obligingness, or cast it off and appear in his true character, in the normal frame which is his state of rest.

He is bound to be an observer or to renounce his calling. Is he not constantly compelled to sound a man at a glance, and guess his mode of action, his character, and, above all, his solvency; and, in order to save time, to calculate swiftly the chances of profit? This habit of deciding promptly in matters of business makes him essentially dogmatic; he settles questions out of hand, and talks as a master, of the Paris theaters and actors, and of those in the provinces. Besides, he knows all the good and all the bad places in the kingdom, *de actu et visu.* He would steer you with equal confidence to the abode of virtue or of vice. Gifted as he is with the eloquence of a hot-water tap turned on at will, he can with equal readiness stop short or begin again, without a mistake, his stream of ready-made phrases, flowing without pause, and producing on the victim the effect of a moral douche. He is full of pertinent anecdotes, he smokes, he drinks. He wears a chain with seals and trinkets, he impresses the "small fry," is looked at as a *milord* in the villages, never allows himself to be "got over"—a word of his slang—and knows exactly when to slap his pocket and make the money jingle so as not to be taken for a "sneak" by the woman-servants—a suspicious race—of the houses he calls at.

As to his energy, is it not the least of the characteristics of this human machine? Not the kite pouncing on its prey, not the stag inventing fresh doublings to escape the hounds and put the hunter off the trail, not the dogs coursing the game, can compare with the swiftness of his rush when he scents a commission, the neatness with which he trips up a rival to gain upon him, the keenness with which he feels, sniffs, and spies out an opportunity for "doing business." How many special talents must such a man possess! And how many will you find in any country of these diplomats of the lower class, profound negotiators, representatives of the calico, jewelry, cloth, or wine trades, and often with more acumen than ambassadors, who are indeed for the most part but superficial?

Nobody in France suspects the immense power constantly wielded by the commercial traveler, the bold pioneer of the transactions which embody to the humblest hamlet the genius of civilization and Parisian inventiveness in its struggle against the common-sense, the ignorance, or the habits of rustic life. We must not overlook these ingenious labourers, by whom the intelligence of the masses is kneaded, moulding the most refractory material by sheer talk, and resembling in this the persevering polishers whose file licks the hardest porphyry smooth. Do you want to know the power of the tongue, and the coercive force of mere phrases on the most tenacious coin known—that of the country freeholder in his rustic lair?—Then listen to what some high dignitary of Paris industry can tell you, for whose benefit these clever pistons of the steam engine called Speculation work, and strike, and squeeze.

"Monsieur," said the director-cashier-manager-secretary-and-chairman of a famous Fire Insurance Company to an experienced economist, "in the country, out of five hundred thousand francs to be collected in renewing insurances, not more than fifty thousand are paid willingly. The other four hundred and fifty thousand are only extracted by the persistency of our agents who go to dun the customers who are in arrears till they have renewed their policies, and frighten and excite them by fearful tales of fires.—Eloquence, the gift of the gab, is, in fact, nine-tenths of the matter in the ways and means of working our business."

To talk—to make oneself heard—is not this seduction? A nation with two Chambers, a woman with two ears, alike are lost! Eve and the Serpent are the perennial myth of a daily recurring fact which began, and will probably only end, with the world.

"After two hours' talk you ought to have won a man over to your side," said an attorney who had retired from business.

Walk round the commercial traveler! Study the man. Note his olive-green overcoat, his cloak, his morocco stock, his pipe, his blue-striped cotton shirt. In that figure, so genuinely original that it can stand friction, how many different natures you may discover. See! What an athlete, what a circus, and what a weapon! He—the world—and his tongue.

A daring seaman, he embarks with a stock of mere words to go and fish for money, five or six hundred thousand francs, say, in the frozen ocean, the land of savages, of Iroquois—in France! The task before him is to extract by a purely mental process and painless operation the gold that lies buried in rural hiding-places. The provincial fish will not stand the harpoon or the torch; it is only to be caught in the seine or the landing-net—the gentlest snare.

Can you ever think again without a shudder of the deluge of phrases which begins anew every day at dawn in France?—You know the genus; now for the individual.

There dwells in Paris a matchless bagman, the paragon of his kind, a man possessing in the highest degree every condition indispensable to success in his profession. In his words vitriol mingles with bird-lime: bird-lime to catch the victim, besmear it and stick it to the trapper, vitriol to dissolve the hardest limestone.

His "lime" was hats—he *traveled in hats;* but his gifts, and the skill with which he ensnared folks, had earned him such commercial celebrity that dealers in *l'article de Paris*, the dainty novelties invented in Paris workshops, positively courted him to undertake their business. Thus, when he was in Paris on his return from some triumphant progress, he was perpetually being feasted; in the provinces the agents made much of him; in Paris the largest houses were respectful to him. Welcomed, entertained, and fed wherever he went, to him a breakfast or a dinner in solitude was a pleasure and a debauch. He led the life of a sovereign—nay, better, of a journalist. And was he not the living organ of Paris trade?

His name was Gaudissart; and his fame, his influence, and the praises poured on him had gained him the epithet of Gaudissart the Great. Wherever he made his appearance, whether in a counting-house or an inn, in a drawing-room or a diligence, in a garret or a bank, each one would exclaim on seeing him, "Ah, ha! here is Gaudissart the Great!"

Never was a nickname better suited to the appearance, the manners, the countenance, the voice, or the language of a man. Everything smiled on the Traveler, and he smiled on all. *Similia similibus,* he was for homeopathy: Puns, a horse-laugh, the complexion of a jolly friar, a Rabelaisian aspect; dress, mien, character, and face combined to give his whole person a stamp of jollification and ribaldry.

Blunt in business, good-natured and capital fun, you would have known him at once for a favourite of the grisette—a man who can climb with a grace to the top of a coach, offer a hand to a lady in difficulties over getting out, jest with the postilion about his bandanna, and sell him a hat; smile at the inn-maid, taking her by the waist—or by the fancy; who at table will imitate the gurgle of a bottle by tapping his cheek while putting his tongue in it, knows how to make beer go off by drawing the air between his lips, or can hit a champagne glass a sharp blow with a knife without breaking it, saying to the others, "Can you do that?"—who chaffs shy travelers, contradicts well-informed men, is supreme at table, and secures all the best bits.

A clever man, too, he could on occasion put aside all such pleasantries, and look very serious when, throwing away the end of his cigar, he would look out on a town and say, "I mean to see what the folks here are made of." Then Gaudissart was the most cunning and shrewd of ambassadors. He knew how to be the official with the préfet, the capitalist with the banker, orthodox and monarchical with the Royalist, the blunt citizen with the citizen—in short, all things to all men, just what he ought to be wherever he went, leaving Gaudissart outside the door, and finding him again as he went out.

Until 1830 Gaudissart the Great remained faithful to *l'article de Paris.* This line of business, in all its branches, appealing to the greater number of human fancies, had enabled him to study the secrets of the heart, had taught him the uses of his persuasive eloquence, the way to open the most closely tied money bags, to incite the fancy of wives and husbands, of children and servants, and to persuade them to gratify it. None so well as he knew how to lure a dealer by the temptations of a "job," and to turn away at the moment when his desire for the bait was at a climax. He acknowledged his indebtedness to the hatter's trade, saying that it was by studying the outside of the head that he had learned to understand its inside, that he was accustomed to find caps to fit folks, to throw himself at their head, and so forth. His jests on hats were inexhaustible.

Nevertheless, after the August and October of 1830, he gave up traveling in hats and *l'article de Paris,* and left off trading in all things mechanical and visible to soar in the loftier spheres of Parisian enterprise. He had given up matter for mind, as he himself said, and manufactured products for the infinitely more subtle outcome of the intellect.

This needs explanation.

The stir and upset of 1830 gave rise, as everybody knows, to the new birth of various antiquated ideas which skillful speculators strove to rejuvenate. After 1830, ideas were more than ever a marketable commodity; and, as was once said by a writer who is clever enough to publish nothing, more ideas than pocket-handkerchiefs are filched nowadays. Some day, perhaps, there may be an Exchange for ideas; but even now, good or bad, ideas have their price, are regarded as a crop imported, transferred, and sold, can be realized, and are viewed as an investment. When there are no ideas in the market, speculators try to bring words into fashion, to give them the consistency of an idea, and live on those words as birds live on millet.

Nay, do not laugh! A word is as good as an idea in a country where the ticket on the bale is thought more of than the contents. Have we not seen the book trade thriving on the word *picturesque* when literature had sealed the doom of the word *fantastic?*

Consequently, the excise has levied a tax on the intellect; it has exactly measured the acreage of advertisements, has assessed the prospectus, and weighed thought—Rue de la Paix *Hôtel du Timbre* (the Stamp Office). On being constituted taxable goods, the intellect and its products were bound to obey the method used in manufacturing undertakings. Thus the ideas conceived after drinking, in the brain of some of those apparently idle Parisians who do battle on intellectual ground while emptying a bottle or carving a pheasant's thigh, were handed over the day after their mental birth to commercial travelers, whose business it was to set forth, with due skill, *urbi et orbi,* the fried bacon of advertisement and prospectus by which the departmental mouse is tempted into the editor's trap, and becomes known in the vulgar tongue as a subscriber, or a shareholder, a corresponding member, or, perhaps, a backer or a part owner—and being always a flat.

"What a flat I am!" has more than one poor investor exclaimed after being tempted by the prospects of *founding* something, which has finally proved to be the founding that melts down some thousand or twelve hundred francs.

"Subscribers are the fools who cannot understand that it costs more to forge ahead in the realm of intellect than to travel all over Europe," is the speculator's view.

So there is a constant struggle going on between the dilatory public which declines to pay the Paris taxes and the collectors who, living on their percentages, baste that public with new ideas, lard it with undertakings, roast it with prospectuses, spit it on flattery, and at last eat it up with some new sauce in which it gets caught and intoxicated like a fly in treacle. What has not been done in France since 1830 to stimulate the zeal, the conceit of the *intelligent* and *progressive* masses? Titles, medals, diplomas, a sort of Legion of Honour invented for the vulgar martyrs, have crowded on each other's heels. And then every manufacturer of intellectual commodities has discovered a spice, a special condiment, his particular makeweight. Hence the promises of premiums and of anticipated dividends; hence the advertisements of celebrated names without the knowledge of the hapless artists who own them, and thus find themselves implicated unawares in more undertakings than there are days in the year; for the Law could not foresee this theft of names. Hence, too, this rape of ideas which the contractors for public intelligence—like the slave merchants of the East—snatch from the paternal brain at a tender age, and strip and parade before the Greenhorn, their bewildered Sultan, the terrible public, who, if not amused, beheads them by stopping their rations of gold.

This mania of the day reacted on Gaudissart the Great, and this was how. A company got up to effect insurances on life and property heard of his irresistible eloquence, and offered him extraordinarily handsome terms, which he accepted. The bargain concluded, the compact signed, the bagman was weaned of the past under the eye of the Secretary to the Society, who freed Gaudissart's mind of its swaddling-clothes, explained the dark corners of the business, taught him its lingo, showed him all the mechanism bit by bit, anatomized the particular class of the public on whom he was to work, stuffed him with cant phrases, crammed him with repartees, stocked him with peremptory arguments, and, so to speak, put an edge on the tongue that was to operate on life in France. The puppet responded admirably to the care lavished on him by Monsieur the Secretary.

The directors of the Insurance Company were so loud in their praises of Gaudissart the Great, showed him so much attention, put the talents of this living prospectus in so favourable a light in the higher circles of banking and of intellectual diplomacy, that the financial managers of two newspapers, then living but since dead, thought of employing him to tout for subscriptions. The *Globe*, the organ of the doctrines of Saint-Simon, and the *Mouvement*, a Republican paper, invited Gaudissart the Great to their private offices and promised him, each, ten francs a head on every subscriber if he secured a thousand, but only five francs a head if he could catch no more than five hundred. As the *line* of the political paper did not interfere with that of the Insurance Company, the bargain was concluded. At the same time, Gaudissart demanded an indemnity of five hundred francs for the week he must spend in "getting up" the doctrine of Saint-Simon, pointing out what efforts of memory and brain would be necessary to enable him to become thoroughly conversant with the *article*, and to talk of it so coherently as to avoid, said he, "putting his foot in it."

He made no claim on the Republicans. In the first place, he himself had a leaning to Republican notions—the only views according to the Gaudissart philosophy that could bring rational equality; and then Gaudissart had ere now dabbled in the plots of the French *carbonari*. He had even been arrested, but released for lack of evidence; and finally, he pointed out to the bankers of the paper that since July he had allowed his mustache to grow, and that he now only needed a particular shape of cap and long spurs to be representative of the Republic.

So for a week he went every morning to be Saint-Simonized at the *Globe* office, and every evening he haunted the bureau of the Insurance Company to learn the elegancies of financial slang. His aptitude and memory were so good that he was ready to start by the 15th of April, the date at which he usually set out on his first annual circuit.

Two large commercial houses, alarmed at the downward tendency of trade, tempted the ambitious Gaudissart still to undertake their agency, and the King of Commercial Travelers showed his clemency in consideration of old friendship and of the enormous percentage he was to take.

"Listen to me, my little Jenny," said he, riding in a hackney cab with a pretty little flower-maker.

Every truly great man loves to be tyrannized over by some feeble creature, and Jenny was Gaudissart's tyrant; he was seeing her home at eleven o'clock from the Gymnase theater, where he had taken her in full dress to a private box on the first tier.

"When I come back, Jenny, I will furnish your room quite elegantly. That gawky Mathilde, who makes you sick with her innuendoes, her real Indian shawls brought by the Russian Ambassador's messengers, her silver-gilt, and her Russian Prince—who is, it strikes me, a rank humbug—even she shall not find a fault in it. I will devote all the 'Children' I can get in the provinces to the decoration of your room."

"Well, that is a nice story, I must say," cried the flower-maker. "What, you monster of a man, you talk to me so coolly of your children! Do you suppose I will put up with anything of that kind?"

"Pshaw! Jenny, are you out of your wits? It is a way of talking in my line of business."

"A pretty line of business indeed!"

"Well, but listen; if you go on talking so much, you will find yourself in the right."

"I choose always to be in the right! I may say you are a cool hand to-night."

"You will not let me say what I have to say? I have to push a most capital idea, a magazine that is to be brought out for children. In our walk of life a traveler, when he has worked up a town and got, let us say, ten subscriptions to the *Children's Magazine*, says I have got ten *Children*, just as, if I had ten subscriptions to the *Mouvement*, I should simply say I have got ten *Mouvements*. Now do you understand?"

"A pretty thing too!—So you are meddling in politics? I can see you already in Sainte-Pélagie, and shall have to trot there to see you every day. Oh, when we love a man, my word! If we knew what we are in for, we should leave you to manage for yourselves, you men!—Well, well, you are going to-morrow, don't let us get the black dog on our shoulders; it is too silly."

The cab drew up before a pretty house, newly built in the Rue d'Artois, where Gaudissart and Jenny went up to the fourth floor. Here resided Mlle. Jenny Courand, who was commonly supposed to have been privately married to Gaudissart, a report which the traveler did not deny. To maintain her power over him, Jenny Courand compelled him to pay her a thousand little attentions, always threatening to abandon him to his fate if he failed in the least of them. Gaudissart was to write to her from each town he stopped at and give an account of every action.

"And how many *Children* will you want to furnish my room?" said she, throwing off her shawl and sitting down by a good fire.

"I get five sous on each subscription."

"A pretty joke! Do you expect to make me a rich woman—five sous at a time? Unless you are a wandering Jew, and have your pocket sewn up tight."

"But, Jenny, I shall get thousands of *Children*. Just think, the little ones have never had a paper of their own. However, I am a great simpleton to try to explain the economy of business to you—you understand nothing about such matters."

"And pray, then, Gaudissart, if I am such a gaby, why do you love me?"

"Because you are such a sublime gaby! Listen, Jenny. You see, if I can get people to take the *Globe* and the *Mouvement*, and to pay their insurances, instead of earning a miserable eight or ten thousand francs a year by trundling around like a man in a show, I may make twenty to thirty thousand francs out of one round."

"Unlace my stays, Gaudissart, and pull straight—don't drag me askew."

"And then," said the commercial traveler, as he admired the girl's satin shoulders, "I shall be a shareholder in the papers, like Finot, a friend of mine, the son of a hatter, who has thirty thousand francs a year, and will get himself made a peer! And when you think of little Popinot!—By the way, I forgot to tell you that M. Popinot was yesterday made Minister of Commerce. Why should not I too be ambitious? Ah, ha! I could easily catch the cant of the Tribune, and I might be made a Minister—something like a Minister too! Just listen—

"'Gentlemen,' and he took his stand behind an armchair, 'the Press is not a mere tool, not a mere trade. From the point of view of the politician, the Press is an Institution. Now we are absolutely required here to take the political view of things, hence'—he paused for breath—'hence we are bound to inquire whether it is useful or mischievous, whether it should be encouraged or repressed, whether it should be taxed or free—serious questions all. I believe I shall not be wasting the precious moments of this Chamber by investigating this article and showing you the conditions of the case. We are walking on to a precipice. The Laws indeed are not so guarded as they should be——'

"How is that?" said he, looking at Jenny. "Every orator says that France is marching towards a precipice; they either say that or they talk of the Chariot of the State and political tempests and clouds on the horizon. Don't I know every shade of colour! I know the dodges of every trade.—And do you know why? I was born with a caul on. My grandmother kept the caul, and I will give it to you. So, you see, I shall soon be in power!"

"You!"

"Why shouldn't I be Baron Gaudissart and Peer of France? Has not M. Popinot been twice returned deputy for the fourth arrondissement?—And he dines with Louis-Philippe. Finot is to be a Councilor of State, they say. Oh! if only they would send me to London as Ambassador, I am the man to nonplus the English, I can tell you. Nobody has ever caught Gaudissart napping—Gaudissart the Great. No, no one has ever got the better of me, and no one ever shall in any line, politics or impolitics, here or anywhere. But for the present I must give my mind to insuring property, to the *Globe*, to the *Mouvement*, to the *Children's* paper, and to *l'article de Paris*."

"You will be caught over your newspapers. I will lay a wager that you will not get as far as Poitiers without being done."

"I am ready to bet, my jewel."

"A shawl!"

"Done. If I lose the shawl, I will go back to trade and hats. But, get the better of Gaudissart? Never! never!"

And the illustrious commercial traveler struck an attitude in front of Jenny, looking at her haughtily, one hand in his waistcoat, and his head half-turned in a Napoleonic pose.

"How absurd you are! What have you been eating this evening?"

Gaudissart was a man of eight-and-thirty, of middle height, burly and fat, as a man is who is accustomed to go about in mail-coaches; his face was as round as a pumpkin, florid, and with regular features resembling the traditional type adopted by sculptors in every country for their statues of Abundance, of Law, Force, Commerce, and the like. His prominent stomach was pear-shaped, and his legs were thin, but he was wiry and active. He picked up Jenny, who was half-undressed, and carried her to her bed.

"Hold your tongue, *free woman*," said he. "Ah, you don't know anything about the free woman and Saint-Simonism, and antagonism, and Fourierism, and criticism, and determined push—well, it is—in short, it is ten francs on every subscription, Mme. Gaudissart."

"On my honor, you are going crazy, Gaudissart."

"Always more and more crazy about you," said he, tossing his hat on to the sofa.

Next day, after breakfasting in style with Jenny Courand, Gaudissart set out on horseback to call in all the market towns which he had been particularly instructed to work up by the various companies to whose success he was devoting his genius. After spending forty-five days in beating the country lying between Paris and Blois, he stayed for a fortnight in this little city, devoting the time to writing letters and visiting the neighbouring towns. The day before leaving for Tours he wrote to Mlle. Jenny Courand the following letter, of which the fullness and charm cannot be matched by any narrative, and which also serves to prove the peculiar legitimacy of the ties that bound these two persons together.

Letter from Gaudissart to Jenny Courand

"My dear Jenny,—I am afraid you will lose your bet. Like Napoleon, Gaudissart has his star, and will know no Waterloo. I have triumphed everywhere under the conditions set forth. The Insurance business is doing very well. Between Paris and Blois I secured nearly two millions; but toward the middle of France heads are remarkably hard, and millions infinitely scarcer. *L'article de Paris* toddles on nicely, as usual; it is a ring on your finger. With my usual rattle, I can always come round the shopkeepers. I got rid of sixty-two Ternaux shawls at Orleans; but, on my honour, I don't know what they will do with them unless they put them back on the sheep.

"As to the newspaper line, the deuce is in it! that is quite another pair of shoes. God above us! what a deal of piping those good people take before they have learned a new tune. I have got no more than sixty-two *Mouvements* so far; and that in my whole journey is less than the Ternaux shawls in one town. These rascally Republicans won't subscribe at all; you talk to them, and they talk; they are quite of your way of thinking, and you soon are all agreed to upset everything that exists. Do you think the man will fork out? Not a bit of it. And if he has three square inches of ground, enough to grow a dozen cabbages, or wood enough to cut a toothpick, your man will talk of the settlement of landed estate, of taxation, and crops, and compensation—a pack of nonsense, while I waste my time and spittle in patriotism. Business is bad, and the *Mouvement* generally is dull. I am writing to the owners to say so. And I am very sorry, as a matter of opinion.

"As to the *Globe*, that is another story. If I talk of the new doctrines to men who seem likely to have a leaning to such quirks, you might think it was a proposal to burn their house down. I tell them it is the coming thing, the most advantageous to their interests, the principle of work by which nothing is lost;—that men have oppressed men long enough, that woman is a slave, that we must strive to secure the triumph of the great Idea of thrift, and achieve a more rational coördination of Society—in short, all the rhodomontade at my command. All in vain! As soon as I start on this subject, these country louts shut up their cupboards as if I had come to steal something, and beg me to be off.

"What fools these owls are! The *Globe* is nowhere.—I told them so. I said, 'You are too advanced. You are getting forward, and that is all very well; but you must have something to show. In the provinces they want to see results.' However, I have got a hundred *Globes;* and, seeing the density of these country noodles, it is really a miracle. But I promise them such a heap of fine things that be hanged if I know how the Globules, or Globists, or Globites, or Globians are ever going to give them. However, as they assured me that they would arrange the world far better than it is arranged at present, I lead the way and prophesy good things at ten francs per head.

"There is a farmer who thought it must have to do with soils, by reason of the name, and I rammed the *Globe* down his throat; he will take to it, I feel sure; he has a prominent forehead, and men with prominent foreheads are always dieologists.

"But as to the *Children! give me the* *Children*. I got two thousand *Children* between Paris and Blois—a nice little turn! And there is less waste of words. You show the picture to the mother on the sly, so that the child wants to see; then, of course, the child sees; and he tugs at mamma's skirts till he gets his paper, because 'Daddy has his paper.' Mamma's gown cost twenty francs, and she does not want it torn by the brat; the paper costs but six francs, that is cheaper; so the subscription is dragged out. It is a capital, and meets a real want—something between the sugar-plum and the picture-book, the two eternal cravings of childhood. And they can read, too, these frenzied brats.

"Here, at the table-d'hôte, I had a dispute about newspapers and my opinions. I was sitting, peacefully eating, by the side of a man in a white hat who was reading the *Débats*. Said I to myself, 'I must give him a taste of my eloquence. Here is a man who is all for the dynasty; I must try to catch him. Such a triumph would be a splendid forecast of success as a Minister.' So I set to work, beginning by praising his paper. It was a precious long job, I can tell you. From one thing to another I began to overrule my man, giving him four-horse speeches, arguments in F sharp, and all the precious rhodomontade. Everybody was listening, and I saw a man with *July* in his mustaches, ready to bite for the *Mouvement*. But, by ill-luck, I don't know how I let slip the word *ganache* (old woman). Away went my dynastic white hat—and a bad hat, too, a Lyons hat, half-silk and half-cotton—with the bit between his teeth in a fury. So I put on my grand air—you know it—and I say to him, 'Heyday, monsieur, you are a hot pot! If you are vexed, I am ready to answer for my words. I fought in July——'—'Though I am the father of a family,' says he, 'I am ready——'—'You are the father of a family, my dear sir,' say I. 'You have children?'—'Yes, monsieur.'—'Of eleven?'—'Thereabouts.'—'Then, monsieur, the *Children's Magazine* is just about to be published—six francs per annum, one number a month, two columns, contributors of the highest literary rank, got up in the best style, good paper, illustrations from drawings by our first artists, genuine India paper proofs, and colours that will not fade.' And then I give him a broadside. The father is overpowered! The squabble ends in a subscription.

"'No one but Gaudissart can play that game,' cried little tomtit Lamard to that long noodle Bulôt when he told him the story at the café.

"To-morrow I am off to Amboise. I shall do Amboise in two days, and write next from Tours, where I am going to try my hand on the deadliest country from the point of view of intelligence and speculation. But, on the honour of Gaudissart, they will be done, they *shall* be done! Done brown! By-by, little one; love me long, and be true to me. Fidelity through thick and thin is one of the characteristics of the free woman. Who kisses your eyes?

"Yours, FELIX forever."

Five days later Gaudissart set out one morning from the Faisan hotel, where he put up at Tours, and went to Vouvray, a rich and populous district where the public mind seemed to him to be open to conviction. He was trotting along the river quay on his nag, thinking no more of the speeches he was about to make than an actor thinks of the part he has played a hundred times. Gaudissart the Great cantered on, admiring the landscape, and thinking of nothing, never dreaming that the happy valleys of Vouvray were to witness the overthrow of his commercial infallibility.

It will here be necessary to give the reader some insight into the public spirit of Touraine. The peculiar wit of a sly romancer, full of banter and epigram, which stamps every page of Rabelais's work, is the faithful expression of the Tourangeau nature, of an intellect as keen and polished as it must inevitably be in a province where the Kings of France long held their Court; an ardent, artistic, poetical, and luxurious nature, but prompt to forget its first impulse. The softness of the atmosphere, the beauty of the climate, a certain ease of living and simplicity of manners, soon stifle the feeling for art, narrow the most expansive heart, and corrode the most tenacious will.

Transplant the native of Touraine, and his qualities develop and lead to great things, as has been proved in the most dissimilar ways, by Rabelais and by Semblançay; by Plantin the printer and by Descartes; by Boucicault, the Napoleon of his day; by Pinaigrier, who painted the greater part of our cathedral glass; by Verville and Courier. But, left at home, the countryman of Touraine, so remarkable elsewhere, remains like the Indian on his rug, like the Turk on his divan. He uses his wit to make fun of his neighbour, to amuse himself, and to live happy to the end of his days. Touraine is the true Abbey of Thelema, so much praised in Gargantua's book. Consenting nuns may be found there, as in the poet's dream, and the good cheer sung so loudly by Rabelais is supreme.

As to his indolence, it is sublime, and well characterized in the popular witticism: "Tourangeau, will you have some broth?" —"Yes."—"Then bring your bowl."— "I am no longer hungry."

Is it to the glee of the vinedresser, to the harmonious beauty of the loveliest scenery in France, or to the perennial peace of a province which has always escaped the invading armies of the foreigner, that the soft indifference of those mild and easy habits is due? To this question there is no answer. Go yourself to that Turkey in France, and there you will stay, indolent, idle, and happy. Though you were as ambitious as Napoleon, or a poet like Byron, an irresistible, indescribable influence would compel you to keep your poetry to yourself, and reduce your most ambitious schemes to day-dreams.

Gaudissart the Great was fated to meet in Vouvray one of those indigenous wags whose mockery is offensive only by its absolute perfection of fun, and with whom he had a deadly battle. Rightly or wrongly, your Tourangeau likes to come into his father's property. Hence the doctrines of Saint-Simon were held particularly odious, and heartily abused in those parts; still, only as things are hated and abused in Touraine, with the disdain and lofty pleasantry worthy of the land of good stories and jokes played between neighbours—a spirit which is vanishing day by day before what Lord Byron called English Cant.

After putting up his horse at the Soleil d'Or, kept by one Mitouflet, a discharged grenadier of the Imperial Guard, who had married a wealthy mistress of vinelands, and to whose care he solemnly confided his steed, Gaudissart, for his sins, went first to the prime wit of Vouvray, the life and soul of the district, the jester whose reputation and nature alike made it incumbent on him to keep his neighbours' spirits up. This rustic Figaro, a retired dyer, was the happy possessor of seven or eight thousand francs a year, of a pretty house on the slope of a hill, of a plump little wife, and of robust health. For ten years past he had had nothing to do but to take care of his garden and his wife, to get his daughter married, to play his game of an evening, to keep himself informed of all the scandal that came within his jurisdiction, to give trouble at elections, to squabble with the great landowners, and arrange big dinners; to air himself on the quay, inquire what was going on in the town, and bother the priest; and, for dramatic interest, to look out for the sale of a plot of ground that cut into the ring fence of his vineyard. In short, he lived the life of Touraine, the life of a small country town.

At the same time, he was the most important of the minor notabilities of the place, and the leader of the small proprietors—a jealous and envious class, chewing the cud of slander and calumny against the aristocracy, and repeating them with relish, grinding everything down to one level, hostile to every form of superiority, scorning it, indeed, with the admirable coolness of ignorance.

M. Vernier—so this little great man of the place was named—was finishing his breakfast, between his wife and his daughter, when Gaudissart made his appearance in the dining-room—one of the most cheerful dining-rooms for miles round, with a view from the windows over the Loire and the Cher.

"Is it to M. Vernier himself that I have the honour—?" said the traveler, bending his vertebral column with so much grace that it seemed to be elastic.

"Yes, monsieur," said the wily dyer, interrupting him with a scrutinizing glance, by which he at once took the measure of the man he had to do with.

"I have come, monsieur," Gaudissart went on, "to request the assistance of your enlightenment to direct me in this district where, as I learn from Mitouflet, you exert the greatest influence. I am an emissary, monsieur, to this department in behalf of an undertaking of the highest importance, backed by bankers who are anxious——"

"Anxious to swindle us!" said Vernier, laughing, long since used to deal with the commercial traveler and to follow his game.

"Just so," replied Gaudissart the Great with perfect impudence. "But, as you very well know, sir, since you are so clear-sighted, people are not to be swindled unless they think it to their interest to allow themselves to be swindled. I beg you will not take me for one of the common ruck of commercial gentlemen who trust to cunning or importunity to win success. I am no longer a *traveler;* I was one, monsieur, and I glory in it. But I have now a mission of supreme importance, which ought to make every man of superior mind regard me as devoted to the enlightenment of his fellow countrymen. Be kind enough to hear me, monsieur, and you will find that you will have profited greatly by the half-hour's conversation I beg you to grant me. The great Paris bankers have not merely lent their names to this concern, as to certain discreditable speculations such as I call mere rat-traps. No, no, nothing of the kind. I can assure you, I would never allow myself to engage in promoting such boobytraps. No, monsieur, the soundest and most respectable houses in Paris are concerned in the undertaking, both as shareholders and as guarantors——"

And Gaudissart unrolled the frippery of his phrases, while M. Vernier listened with an affectation of interest that quite deceived the orator. But at the word guarantor, Vernier had, in fact, ceased to heed this bagman's rhetoric; he was bent on playing him some sly trick, so as to clear off this kind of Parisian caterpillar, once for all, from a district justly regarded as barbarian by speculators, who can get no footing there.

At the head of a delightful valley, known as the Vallée Coquette, from its curves and bends, new at every step, and each more charming than the last, whether you go up or down the winding slope, there dwelt, in a little house surrounded by a vineyard, a more than half-crazy creature named Margaritis. This man, an Italian by birth, was married, but had no children, and his wife took care of him with a degree of courage that was universally admired; for Mme. Margaritis certainly ran some risk in living with a man who, among other manias, insisted on always having two long knives about him, not unfrequently threatening her with them. But who does not know the admirable devotion with which country people care for afflicted creatures, perhaps in consequence of the discredit that attaches to a middle-class wife if she abandons her child or her husband to the tender mercies of a public asylum? Again, the aversion is well known which country folks feel for paying a hundred louis, or perhaps a thousand crowns, the price charged at Charenton or in a private asylum. If anyone spoke to Mme. Margaritis of Dubuisson, Esquirol, Blanche, or other alienists, she preferred, with lofty indignation, to keep her three thousand francs and her goodman.

The inexplicable caprices of this worthy's insanity being closely connected with the course of my story, it is needful to mention some of his more conspicuous vagaries. Margaritis would always go out as soon as it began to rain, to walk bareheaded among his vines. Indoors he was perpetually asking for the newspaper; just to satisfy him, his wife or the maid-servant would give him an old *Journal d'Indreet-Loire,* and for seven years he had never discovered that it was always the same copy. A doctor might perhaps have found it interesting to note the connection between his attacks of asking for the paper and the variations in the weather. The poor madman's constant occupation was to study the state of the sky and its effect on the vines.

When his wife had company, which was almost every evening—for the neighbours, in pity for her position, came in to play boston with her—Margaritis sat in silence in a corner, never moving; but when ten o'clock struck by a clock in a tall wooden case, he rose at the last stroke with the mechanical precision of the figures moved by a spring in a German toy, went slowly up to the card-players, looked at them with eyes strangely like the automatic gaze of the Greeks and Turks to be seen in the Boulevard du Temple in Paris, and said, "Go away!"

At times, however, this man recovered his natural wits, and could then advise his wife very shrewdly as to the sale of her wine; but at those times he was exceedingly troublesome, stealing dainties out of the cupboards and eating them in secret.

Occasionally, when the customary visitors came in, he answered their inquiries civilly, but he more often replied quite at random. To a lady who asked him, "How are you to-day, M. Margaritis?"—"I have shaved," he would reply, "and you?"

"Are you better, monsieur?" another would say. "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" was the answer. But he usually looked at them with a blank face, not speaking a word, and then his wife would say, "The goodman cannot hear anything to-day." Twice or thrice in the course of five years, always about the time of the equinox, he had flown into a rage at this remark, had drawn a knife, and shrieked, "That hussy disgraces me!"

Still, he drank, ate, and walked out like any man in perfect health; and by degrees everyone was accustomed to pay him no more respect or attention than if he had been a clumsy piece of furniture.

Of all his eccentricities, there was one to which no one had ever been able to discover a clew; for the wise heads of the district had in the course of time accounted for, or explained, most of the poor lunatic's maddest acts. He insisted on always having a sack of flour in the house, and on keeping two casks of wine from the vintage, never allowing any one to touch either the flour or the wine. But when the month of June came round, he began to be anxious to sell the sack and the wine-barrels with all the fretfulness of a madman. Mme. Margaritis generally told him that she had sold the two puncheons at an exorbitant price, and gave him the money, which he then hid without his wife or his servant ever having succeeded, even by watching, in discovering the hiding-place.

The day before Gaudissart's visit to Vouvray, Mme. Margaritis had had more difficulty than ever in managing her husband, who had an attack of lucid reason.

"I declare I do not know how I shall get through to-morrow," said she to Mme. Vernier. "Only fancy, my old man insisted on seeing his two casks of wine. And he gave me no peace all day till I showed him two full puncheons. Our neighbour, Pierre Champlain, luckily had two casks he had not been able to sell, and at my request he rolled them into our cellar. And then what must he want, after seeing the casks, but nothing will content him but selling them himself."

Mme. Vernier had just been telling her husband of this difficult state of things when Gaudissart walked in. At the commercial traveler's very first words Vernier determined to let him loose on old Margaritis.

"Monsieur," replied the dyer, when Gaudissart the Great had exhausted his first broadside, "I will not conceal from you that your undertaking will meet with great obstacles in this district. In our part of the world the good folks go on, bodily, in a way of their own; it is a country where no new idea can ever take root. We live as our fathers did, amusing ourselves by eating four meals a day, occupying ourselves by looking after our vineyards, and selling our wine at a good price. Our notion of business is, very honestly, to sell things for more than they cost. We shall go on in that rut, and neither God nor the Devil can get us out of it. But I will give you some good advice, and good advice is worth an eye. We have in this neighbourhood a retired banker, in whose judgment I myself have the utmost confidence, and if you win his support you shall have mine. If your proposals offer any substantial prospects, and we are convinced of it, M. Margaritis's vote carries mine with it, and there are twenty well-to-do houses in Vouvray where purses will be opened and your panacea will be tried."

As she heard him mention the madman, Mme. Vernier looked up at her husband.

"By the way, I believe my wife was just going to call on Mme. Margaritis with a neighbour of ours. Wait a minute, and the ladies will show you the way—. You can go round and pick up Mme. Fontanier," said the old dyer, with a wink at his wife.

This suggestion that she should take with her the merriest, the most voluble, the most facetious of all the merry wives of Vouvray, was as much as to tell Mme. Vernier to secure a witness to report the scene which would certainly take place between the bagman and the lunatic, so as to amuse the country with it for a month to come. M. and Mme. Vernier played their parts so well that Gaudissart had no suspicions, and rushed headlong into the snare. He politely offered his arm to Mme. Vernier, and fancied he had quite made a conquest of both ladies on the way, being dazzlingly witty, and pelting them with waggery and puns which they did not understand.

The so-called banker lived in the first house at the opening into the Vallée Coquette. It was called La Fuye, and was not particularly remarkable. On the ground floor was a large paneled sitting-room, with a bedroom on each side for the master and mistress. The entrance was through a hall, where they dined, opening into the kitchen. This ground floor, quite lacking the external elegance for which even the humblest dwellings in Touraine are noted, was crowned by attics, to which an outside stair led up, built against one of the gable ends, and covered in by a lean-to roof. A small garden, full of marigolds, syringa, and elder, divided the house from the vineyard. Round the courtyard were the buildings for the winepresses and storage.

Margaritis, seated in a yellow Utrecht velvet chair by the window in the drawing-room, did not rise as the ladies came in with Gaudissart; he was thinking of the sale of his butts of wine. He was a lean man, with a pear-shaped head, bald above the forehead, and furnished with a few hairs at the back. His deep-set eyes, shaded by thick black brows, and with dark rings round them, his nose as thin as the blade of a knife, his high cheekbones and hollow cheeks, his generally oblong outline—everything, down to his absurdly long flat chin, contributed to give a strange look to his countenance, suggesting that of a professor of rhetoric—or of a rag-picker.

"M. Margaritis," said Mme. Vernier, "come, wake up! Here is a gentleman sent to you by my husband, and you are to hear him with attention. Put aside your mathematical calculations and talk to him."

At this speech the madman rose, looked at Gaudissart, waved to him to be seated, and said—

"Let us talk, monsieur."

The three women went into Mme. Margaritis's room, leaving the door open so as to hear all that went on, and intervene in case of need. Hardly were they seated when M. Vernier came in quietly from the vineyard, and made them let him in through the window without a sound.

"You were in business, monsieur?" Gaudissart began.

"Public business," replied Margaritis, interrupting him. "I pacified Calabria when Murat was King."

"Heyday, he has been in Calabria now!" said Vernier in a whisper.

"Oh, indeed!" said Gaudissart. "Then, monsieur, we cannot fail to come to an understanding."

"I am listening," replied Margaritis, settling himself in the attitude of a man sitting for his portrait.

"Monsieur," said Gaudissart, fidgeting with his watch-key, which he twisted round and round without thinking of what he was doing, with a regular rotatory twirl which engaged the madman's attention, and perhaps helped to keep him quiet; "monsieur, if you were not a man of superior intelligence"—Margaritis bowed—"I should restrict myself to setting forth the material advantages of this concern; but its psychological value is worthy of your attention. Mark me! Of all forms of social wealth, time is the most precious; to save time is to grow rich, is it not? Now is there anything which takes up more time in our lives than anxiety as to what I may call boiling the pot?—a homely metaphor, but clearly stating the question. Or is there anything which consumes more time than the lack of a guarantee to offer as security to those of whom you ask money when, though impecunious for a time, you yet are rich in prospects?"

"Money—you have come to the point."

"Well, then, monsieur, I am the emissary to the Departments of a company of bankers and capitalists, who have perceived what enormous loss of time, and consequently of productive intelligence and activity, is thus entailed on men with the future before them. Now, the idea has occurred to us that, to such men, we may capitalize the future, we may discount their talents, by discounting what?—why, their time, and securing its value to their heirs. This is not merely to economize time; it is to price it, to value it, to represent in a pecuniary form the products you may expect to obtain in a certain unknown time by representing the moral qualities with which you are gifted, and which are, monsieur, a living force, like a waterfall, or a steam engine of three, ten, twenty, fifty horse-power. This is progress, a great movement toward a better order of things, a movement due to the energy of our age—an essentially progressive age, as I can prove to you when we come to the conception of a more logical co-ordination of social interests.

"I will explain myself by tangible instances. I quit the purely abstract argument which we, in our line, call the mathematics of ideas. Supposing that instead of being a man of property, living on your dividends, you are a painter, a musician, a poet——"

"I am a painter," the other put in by way of parenthesis.

"Very good, so be it, since you take my metaphor; you are a painter, you have a great future before you. But I am going further——"

At those words the lunatic studied Gaudissart uneasily to see if he meant to go away, but was reassured on seeing him remain seated.

"You are nothing at all," Gaudissart went on, "but you feel yourself?"

"I feel myself," said Margaritis.

"You say to yourself, 'I shall be a Minister'; very good. You, the painter, you, the artist, the man of letters, the future Minister; you calculate your prospects, you value them at so much—you estimate them, let us say—at a hundred thousand crowns——"

"And you have brought me a hundred thousand crowns?" said the lunatic.

"Yes, monsieur, you will see. Either your heirs will get them without fail, in the event of your death, since the company pledges itself to pay, or, if you live, you get them by your works of art or your fortunate speculations. Nay, if you have made a mistake, you can begin all over again. But, when once you have fixed the value, as I have had the honour of explaining to you, of your intellectual capital—for it is intellectual capital, bear that clearly in mind, monsieur——"

"I understand," said the madman.

"You sign a policy of insurance with this company, which credits you with the value of a hundred thousand francs—you, the painter——"

"I am a painter," said Margaritis.

"You the musician, the Minister—and promises to pay that sum to your family, your heirs, if, in consequence of your demise, the hopes of the income to be derived from your intellectual capital should be lost. The payment of the premium is thus all that is needed to consolidate your——"

"*Your* cash-box," said the madman, interrupting him.

"Well, of course, monsieur; I see that you understand business."

"Yes," said Margaritis, "I was the founder of the Banque Territoriale, Rue des Fossés-Montmartre in Paris, in 1798."

"For," Gaudissart went on, "in order to repay the intellectual capital with which each of us credits himself, must not all who insure pay a certain premium—3 per cent., annually 3 per cent.? And thus, by paying a very small sum, a mere nothing, you are protecting your family against the disastrous effects of your death."

"But I am alive," objected the lunatic.

"Ah, yes, and if you live to be old—that is the objection commonly raised, the objection of the vulgar, and you must see that if we had not anticipated and annihilated it, we should be unworthy to become—what? What are we, in fact?—The bookkeepers of the great Bank of Intellect.

"Monsieur, I do not say this to you; but wherever I go, I meet with men who pretend to teach something new, to bring forward some fresh argument against those who have grown pale with studying the business—on my word of honour, it is contemptible! However, the world is made so, and I have no hope of reforming it.—Your objection, monsieur, is absurd——"

"*Quèsaco?* (What!)" said Margaritis.

"For this reason. If you should live, and if you have the money credited to you in your policy of insurance against the chances of death—you follow me?——"

"I follow."

"Well, then, it is because you have succeeded in your undertakings! And you will have succeeded solely in consequence of that policy of insurance; for, by ridding yourself of all the anxieties which are involved in having a wife at your heels, and children whom your death may reduce to beggary, you simply double your chances of success. If you are at the top of the tree, you have grasped the intellectual capital compared with which the insurance money is a trifle, a mere trifle."

"An admirable idea!"

"Is it not, monsieur?—I call this beneficent institution the Mutual Insurance Against Beggary!—or, if you prefer it, the Office for Discounting Talent. For talent, sir, talent is a bill of exchange, bestowed by nature on a man of genius, and which is often at long date—ha, hah!"

"Very handsome usury," cried Margaritis.

"The deuce! He is sharp enough, this old boy! I have made a mistake; I must attack this man on higher ground with palaver A1," thought Gaudissart.—"Not at all, monsieur," said he aloud. "To you who——"

"Will you take a glass of wine?" asked Margaritis.

"With pleasure," said Gaudissart.

"Wife! give us a bottle of the wine of which two casks are left.—You are here in the headquarters of Vouvray," said the master, pointing to his vines. "The Clos Margaritis."

The maid brought in glasses and a bottle of the wine of 1819. The worthy lunatic filled a glass with scrupulous care, and solemnly presented it to Gaudissart, who drank it.

"But you are playing me some trick, monsieur," said the commercial traveler. "This is Madeira, genuine Madeira!"

"I should think it is!" replied the lunatic. "The only fault of the Vouvray wine, monsieur, is that it cannot be used as an *ordinaire*, as a table wine. It is too generous, too strong; and it is sold in Paris as Madeira after being doctored with brandy. Our wine is so rich that many of the Paris merchants, when the French crop is insufficient for Holland and Belgium, buy our wine to mix with the wine grown about Paris, and so manufacture a Bordeaux wine.—But what you are drinking at this moment, my dear and very amiable sir, is fit for a king; it is the head of Vouvray. I have two casks, only two casks of it. Persons who appreciate the finest wines, high-class wines, and like to put a wine on their table which has a character not to be met with in the regular trade, apply direct to us. Now, do you happen to know anyone——"

"Let us get back to our business," said Gaudissart.

"We are there, monsieur," replied the madman. "My wine is heady, and you are talking of capital; the etymology of capital is *caput*—head.—Heh?—The Head of Vouvray—the connection is obvious."

"As I was saying," persisted Gaudissart, "either you have realized your intellectual capital——"

"I have realized, monsieur.—Will you take my two puncheons? I will give you favourable terms."

"No," said Gaudissart the Great, "I allude to the insurance of intellectual capital and policies on life. I will resume the thread of my argument."

The madman grew calmer, sat down, and looked at Gaudissart.

"I was saying, monsieur, that if you should die, the capital is paid over to your family without difficulty."

"Without difficulty."

"Yes, excepting in the case of suicide——"

"A question for the law."

"No, sir. As you know, suicide is an act that is always easily proved."

"In France," said Margaritis. "But——"

"But abroad," said Gaudissart. "Well, monsieur, to conclude that part of the question, I may say at once that death abroad, or on the field of battle, is not included——"

"What do you insure, then? Nothing whatever," cried the other. "Now, my bank was based on——"

"Nothing whatever, sir?" cried Gaudissart, interrupting him. "Nothing whatever? How about illness, grief, poverty, and the passions? But we need not discuss exceptional cases."

"No, we will not discuss them," said the madman.

"What, then, is the upshot of this transaction?" exclaimed Gaudissart. "To you, as a banker, I will simply state the figures.—You have a man, a man with a future, well dressed, living on his art—he wants money, he asks for it—a blank. Civilization at large will refuse to advance money to this man, who, in thought, dominates over civilization, who will some day dominate over it by his brush, his chisel, by words, or ideas, or a system. Civilization is merciless. She has no bread for the great men who provide her with luxuries; she feeds them on abuse and mockery, the gilded slut! The expression is a strong one, but I will not retract it.—Well, your misprized great man comes to us; we recognize his greatness, we bow to him respectfully, we listen to him, and he says to us—

"'Gentlemen of the Insurance Company, my life is worth so much; I will pay you so much per cent. on my works.'—Well, what do we do? At once, without grudging, we admit him to the splendid banquet of civilization as an important guest——"

"Then you must have wine," said the madman.

"As an important guest. He signs his policy, he takes our contemptible paper rags—mere miserable rags, which, rags as they are, have more power than his genius had. For, in fact, if he wants money, everybody on seeing that sheet of paper is ready to lend to him. On the Bourse, at the bankers', anywhere, even at the money-lenders', he can get money—because he can offer security.—Well, sir, was not this a gulf that needed filling in the social system?

"But, sir, this is but a part of the business undertaken by the Life Insurance Company. We also insure debtors on a different scale of premiums. We offer annuities on terms graduated by age, on an infinitely more favourable calculation than has as yet been allowed in tontines based on tables of mortality now known to be inaccurate. Our Society operating on the mass, our annuitants need have no fear of the reflections that sadden their latter years, in themselves sad enough; such thoughts as must necessarily invade them when their money is in private hands. So, you see, monsieur, we have taken the measure of life under every aspect——"

"Sucked it at every pore," said Margaritis—"But take a glass of wine; you have certainly earned it. You must lay some velvet on your stomach if you want to keep your jaw in working order. And the wine of Vouvray, monsieur, is, when old enough, pure velvet."

"And what do you think of it all?" said Gaudissart, emptying his glass.

"It is all very fine, very new, very advantageous; but I think better of the system of loans on land that was in use in my bank in the Rue des Fossés-Montmartre."

"There you are right, monsieur," said Gaudissart, "that has been worked and worked out, done and done again. We now have the Mortgage Society which lends on real estate, and works that system on a large scale. But is not that a mere trifle in comparison with our idea of consolidating possibilities? Consolidating hopes, coagulating—financially—each man's desires for wealth, and securing their realization. It remained for our age, sir, an age of transition—of transition and progress combined!"

"Aye, of progress," said the lunatic. "I like progress, especially such as brings good times for the wine-trade——"

"The *Times*—*le Temps*—!" exclaimed Gaudissart, not heeding the madman's meaning. "A poor paper, sir; if you take it in, I pity you."

"The newspaper?" cried Margaritis. "To be sure, I am devoted to the newspaper—Wife, wife! where is the newspaper?" he went on, turning toward the door.

"Very good, monsieur; if you take an interest in the papers, we shall certainly agree."

"Yes, sir; but before you hear the paper, confess that this wine is——"

"Delicious," said Gaudissart.

"Come on, then, we will finish the bottle between us." The madman a quarter filled his own glass, and poured out a bumper for Gaudissart.

"As I say, sir, I have two casks of that very wine. If you think it good, and are disposed to deal——"

"The fathers of the Saint-Simonian doctrine have, in fact, commissioned me to forward them such products as— But let me tell you of their splendid newspaper. You, who understand the insurance business, and are ready to help me to extend it in this district——"

"Certainly," said Margaritis, "if——"

"Of course, if I take your wine. And your wine is very good, monsieur; it goes to the spot."

"Champagne is made of it. There is a gentleman here, from Paris, who has come to make champagne at Tours."

"I quite believe it.—The *Globe*, which you must have heard mentioned——"

"I know it well," said Margaritis.

"I was sure of it," said Gaudissart. "Monsieur, you have a powerful head—a bump which is known as the equine head. There is something of the horse in the head of every great man. Now, a man can be a genius and live unknown. It is a trick that has happened often enough to men who, in spite of their talents, live in obscurity, and which nearly befell the great Saint-Simon and M. Vico, a man of mark who is making his way. He is coming on well, is Vico, and I am glad. Here we enter on the new theory and formula of the human race. Attention, monsieur——"

"Attention!" echoed Margaritis.

"The oppression of man by man ought to have ended, monsieur, on the day when Christ—I do not say Jesus Christ, I say Christ—came to proclaim the equality of men before God. But has not this equality been hitherto the most illusory chimera?—Now, Saint-Simon supplements Christ. Christ has served His time——"

"Then, is He released?" asked Margaritis.

"He has served His time from the point of view of Liberalism. There is something stronger to guide us now—the new creed, free and individual creativeness, social co-ordination by which each one shall receive his social reward equitably, in accordance with his work, and no longer be the hireling of individuals who, incapable themselves, make *all* labour for the benefit of one alone. Hence the doctrine——"

"And what becomes of the servants?" asked Margaritis.

"They remain servants, monsieur, if they are only capable of being servants."

"Then of what use is the doctrine?"

"Oh, to judge of that, monsieur, you must take your stand on the highest point of view whence you can clearly command a general prospect of humanity. This brings us to Ballanche? Do you know M. Ballanche?"

"It is my principal business," said the madman, who misunderstood the name for *la planche* (boards or staves).

"Very good," said Gaudissart. "Then, sir, if the palingenesis and successive developments of the spiritualized *Globe* touch you, delight you, appeal to you—then, my dear sir, the newspaper called the *Globe*, a fine name, accurately expressing its mission—the *Globe* is the cicerone who will explain to you every morning the fresh conditions under which, in quite a short time, the world will undergo a political and moral change."

"*Quêsaco?*" said Margaritis.

"I will explain the argument by a simile," said Gaudissart. "If, as children, our nurses took us to Séraphin, do not we older men need a presentment of the future?—These gentlemen——"

"Do they drink wine?"

"Yes, monsieur. Their house is established, I may say, on an admirable footing—a prophetic footing; handsome receptions, all the big-wigs, splendid parties."

"To be sure," said the madman, "the labourers who pull down must be fed as well as those who build."

"All the more so, monsieur, when they pull down with one hand and build up with the other, as the apostles of the *Globe* do."

"Then they must have wine, the wine of Vouvray; the two casks I have left—three hundred bottles for a hundred francs—a mere song!"

"How much a bottle does that come to?" said Gaudissart. "Let me see; there is the carriage, and the town dues—not seven sous—a very good bargain." ("I have caught my man," thought Gaudissart. "You want to sell me the wine which I want, and I can get the whip-hand of you.") "They pay more for other wine," he went on. "Well, monsieur, men who haggle are sure to agree.—Speak honestly; you have considerable influence in the district?"

"I believe so," said the madman. "The head of Vouvray, you see."

"Well, and you perfectly understand the working of the Intellectual Capital Insurance?"

"Perfectly."

"You have realized the vast proportions of the *Globe?*"

"Twice—on foot."

Gaudissart did not heed him; he was entangled in the maze of his own thoughts, and listening to his own words, assured of success.

"Well, seeing the position you hold, I can understand that at your age you have nothing to insure. But, monsieur, you can persuade those persons in this district to insure who, either by their personal merits or by the precarious position of their families, may be anxious to provide for the future. And so, if you will subscribe to the *Globe*, and if you will give me the support of your authority in this district to invite the investment of capital in annuities—for annuities are popular in the provinces—well, we may come to an agreement as to the purchase of the two casks of wine.—Will you take in the *Globe?*"

"I live on the globe."

"Will you support me with the influential residents in the district?"

"I support——"

"And——"

"And?——"

"And I—— But you will pay your subscription to the *Globe?*"

"The *Globe*—a good paper—an annuity?"

"An annuity, monsieur?—Well, yes, you are right; for it is full of life, of vitality, and learning; choke-full of learning; a handsome paper, well printed, a good colour, thick paper. Oh, it is none of your flimsy, shoddy, mere wastepaper that tears if you look at it. And it goes deep, gives you reasoning that you may think over at leisure, and pleasant occupation here in the depths of the country."

"That is the thing for me," said the madman.

"It costs a mere trifle—eighty francs a year."

"That is not the thing for me," said Margaritis.

"Monsieur," said Gaudissart, "of course you have little children?"

"Some," said Margaritis, who misunderstood *have* for *love*.

"Well, then the *Journal des Enfants*, seven francs a year——"

"Buy my two casks of wine," said Margaritis, "and I will subscribe to your children's paper; that is the thing for me; a fine idea. Intellectual tyranny—a child—heh? Does not man tyrannize over man?"

"Right you are," said Gaudissart.

"Right I am."

"And you consent to steer me round the district?"

"Round the district."

"I have your approbation?"

"You have."

"Well, then, sir, I will take your two casks of wine at a hundred francs——"

"No, no, a hundred and ten."

"Monsieur, a hundred and ten, I will say a hundred and ten, but it is a hundred and ten to the gentlemen of the paper and one hundred to me. If I find you a buyer, you owe me a commission."

"A hundred and twenty to them. No commission to the commissioners."

"Very neat. And not only witty, but spirited."

"No, spirituous."

"Better and better—like Nicolet."

"That is my way," said the lunatic. "Come and look at my vineyards?"

"With pleasure," said Gaudissart. "That wine goes strangely to the head."

And Gaudissart the Great went out with M. Margaritis, who led him from terrace to terrace, from vine to vine.

The three ladies and M. Vernier could laugh now at their ease, as they saw the two men from the window gesticulating, haranguing, standing still, and going on again, talking vehemently.

"Why did your good man take him out of hearing?" said Vernier. At last Margaritis came in again with the commercial traveler; they were both walking at a great pace as if in a hurry to conclude the business.

"And the countryman, I bet, has been too many for the Parisian," said Vernier.

In point of fact, Gaudissart the Great, sitting at one end of the card-table, to the great delight of Margaritis, wrote an order for the delivery of two casks of wine. Then, after reading through the contract, Margaritis paid him down seven francs as a subscription to the children's paper.

"Till to-morrow, then, monsieur," said Gaudissart the Great, twisting his watch-key; "I shall have the honour of calling for you to-morrow. You can send the wine to Paris direct to the address I have given you, and forward it as soon as you receive the money."

Gaudissart was from Normandy; there were two sides to every bargain he made, and he required an agreement from M. Margaritis, who with a madman's glee in gratifying his favourite whim, signed, after reading, a contract to deliver two casks of wine of Clos Margaritis.

So Gaudissart went off in high spirits, humming *Le roi des mers, prends plus bas*, to the Golden Sun Inn, where he naturally had a chat with the host while waiting for dinner. Mitouflet was an old soldier, simple but cunning, as peasants are, but never laughing at a joke, as being a man who is accustomed to the roar of cannon, and to passing a jest in the ranks.

"You have some very tough customers hereabouts," said Gaudissart, leaning against the door-post and lighting his cigar at Mitouflet's pipe.

"How is that?" asked Mitouflet.

"Well, men who ride roughshod over political and financial theories."

"Whom have you been talking to, if I may make so bold?" asked the innkeeper guilelessly, while he skillfully expectorated after the manner of smokers.

"To a wideawake chap named Margaritis."

Mitouflet glanced at his customer, twice, with calm irony.

"Oh yes, he is wideawake, no doubt! He knows too much for most people; they don't follow him——"

"I can quite believe it. He has a thorough knowledge of the higher branches of finance."

"Yes, indeed," said Mitouflet; "and for my part, I have always thought it a pity that he should be mad."

"Mad? How?"

"How? Why, mad, as a madman is mad," repeated the innkeeper. "But he is not dangerous, and his wife looks after him.—So you understood each other? That's funny," said the relentless Mitouflet, with the utmost calm.

"Funny?" cried Gaudissart. "Funny? But your precious M. Vernier was making a fool of me!"

"Did he send you there?" said Mitouflet.

"Yes."

"I say, wife," cried the innkeeper, "listen to that! M. Vernier actually sent monsieur to talk to old Margaritis——"

"And what did you find to say to each other, my good gentleman," said the woman, "since he is quite mad?"

"He sold me two casks of wine."

"And you bought them?"

"Yes."

"But it is his mania to want to sell wine; he has none."

"Very good!" cried the bagman. "In the first place, I will go and thank M. Vernier."

Gaudissart, boiling with rage, went off to the house of the ex-dyer, whom he found in his parlour laughing with the neighbours, to whom he was already telling the story.

"Monsieur," said this Prince of Bagmen, his eyes glaring with wrath, "you are a sneak and a blackguard; and if you are not the lowest of turnkeys—a class I rank below the convicts—you will give me satisfaction for the insult you have done me by placing me in the power of a man whom you knew to be mad. Do you hear me, M. Vernier, the dyer?"

This was the speech Gaudissart had prepared, as a tragedian prepares his entrance on the stage.

"What next?" retorted Vernier, encouraged by the presence of his neighbours. "Do you think we have not good right to make game of a gentleman who arrives at Vouvray with an air and a flourish, to get our money out of us under pretense of being great men—painters, or verse-mongers—and who thus gratuitously places us on a level with a penniless horde, out at elbows, homeless and roofless? What have we done to deserve it, we who are fathers of families? A rogue, who asks us to subscribe to the *Globe*, a paper which preaches as the first law of God, if you please, that a man shall not inherit what his father and mother can leave him? On my sacred word of honour, old Margaritis can talk more sense than that.

"And, after all, what have you to complain of? You were quite of a mind, you and he. These gentlemen can bear witness that if you had speechified to all the people in the country-side you would not have been so well understood."

"That is all very well to say, but I consider myself insulted, monsieur, and I expect satisfaction."

"Very good, sir; I consider you insulted if that will be any comfort to you, and I will not give you satisfaction, for there is not satisfaction enough in the whole silly business for me to give you any. Is he absurd, I ask you?"

At these words Gaudissart rushed on the dyer to give him a blow; but the Vouvrillons were on the alert, and threw themselves between them, so that Gaudissart the Great only hit the dyer's wig, which flew off and alighted on the head of Mlle. Claire Vernier.

"If you are not satisfied now, monsieur, I shall be at the inn till to-morrow morning; you will find me there, and ready to show you what is meant by satisfaction for an insult. I fought in July, monsieur!"

"Very well," said the dyer, "you shall fight at Vouvray; and you will stay here rather longer than you bargained for."

Gaudissart departed, pondering on this reply, which seemed to him ominous of mischief. For the first time in his life he dined cheerlessly.

The whole borough of Vouvray was in a stir over the meeting between Gaudissart and M. Vernier. A duel was a thing unheard of in this benign region.

"M. Mitouflet, I am going to fight M. Vernier to-morrow morning," said Gaudissart to his host. "I know nobody here; will you be my second?"

"With pleasure," said Mitouflet.

Gaudissart had hardly finished his dinner when Mme. Fontanier and the Mayor's deputy came to the Golden Sun, took Mitouflet aside, and represented to him what a sad thing it would be for the whole district if a violent death should occur; they described the frightful state of affairs for good Mme. Vernier, and implored him to patch the matter up so as to save the honour of the community.

"I will see to it," said the innkeeper with a wink.

In the evening Mitouflet went up to Gaudissart's room carrying pens, ink, and paper.

"What is all that?" asked Gaudissart.

"Well, as you are to fight to-morrow, I thought you might be glad to leave some little instructions, and that you might wish to write some letters, for we all have someone who is dear to us. Oh! that will not kill you. Are you a good fencer? Would you like to practice a little? I have some foils."

"I should be glad to do so."

Mitouflet fetched the foils and two masks.

"Now, let us see."

The innkeeper and the bagman stood on guard. Mitouflet, who had been an instructor of grenadiers, hit Gaudissart sixty-eight times, driving him back to the wall.

"The devil! you are good at the game!" said Gaudissart, out of breath.

"I am no match for M. Vernier."

"The deuce! Then I will fight with pistols."

"I advise you to.—You see, if you use large horse-pistols and load them to the muzzle, they are sure to kick and miss, and each man withdraws with unblemished honour. Leave me to arrange it. By the Mass, two good men would be great fools to kill each other for a jest."

"Are you sure the pistols will fire wide enough? I should be sorry to kill the man," said Gaudissart.

"Sleep easy."

Next morning the adversaries, both rather pale, met at the foot of the Pont de la Cise.

The worthy Vernier narrowly missed killing a cow that was grazing by the roadside ten yards off.

"Ah! you fired in the air!" exclaimed Gaudissart, and with these words the enemies fell into each other's arms.

"Monsieur," said the traveler, "your joke was a little rough, but it was funny. I am sorry I spoke so strongly, but I was beside myself.—I hold you a man of honour."

"Monsieur, we will get you twenty subscribers to the children's paper," replied the dyer, still rather pale.

"That being the case," said Gaudissart, "why should we not breakfast together? Men who have fought are always ready to understand each other."

"M. Mitouflet," said Gaudissart, as they went in, "there is a bailiff here, I suppose?"

"What for?"

"I mean to serve a notice on my dear little M. Margaritis, requiring him to supply me with two casks of his wine."

"But he has none," said Vernier.

"Well, monsieur, I will say no more about it for an indemnity of twenty francs. But I will not have it said in your town that you stole a march on Gaudissart the Great."

Mme. Margaritis, afraid of an action, which the plaintiff would certainly gain, brought the twenty francs to the clement bagman, who was also spared the pains of any further propaganda in one of the most jovial districts of France, and at the same time the least open to new ideas.

On his return from his tour in the southern provinces, Gaudissart the Great was traveling in the coupé of the Laffite-Caillard diligence, and had for a fellow-passenger a young man to whom, having passed Angoulême, he condescended to expatiate on the mysteries of life, fancying him, no doubt, but a baby.

On reaching Vouvray, the youth exclaimed——

"What a lovely situation!"

"Yes, monsieur," said Gaudissart, "but the land is uninhabitable by reason of the inhabitants. You would have a duel on your hands every day. Why, only three months ago I fought on that very spot"—and he pointed to the bridge—"with a confounded dyer—pistols; but—I fleeced him!"

The Cry of the Dreamer

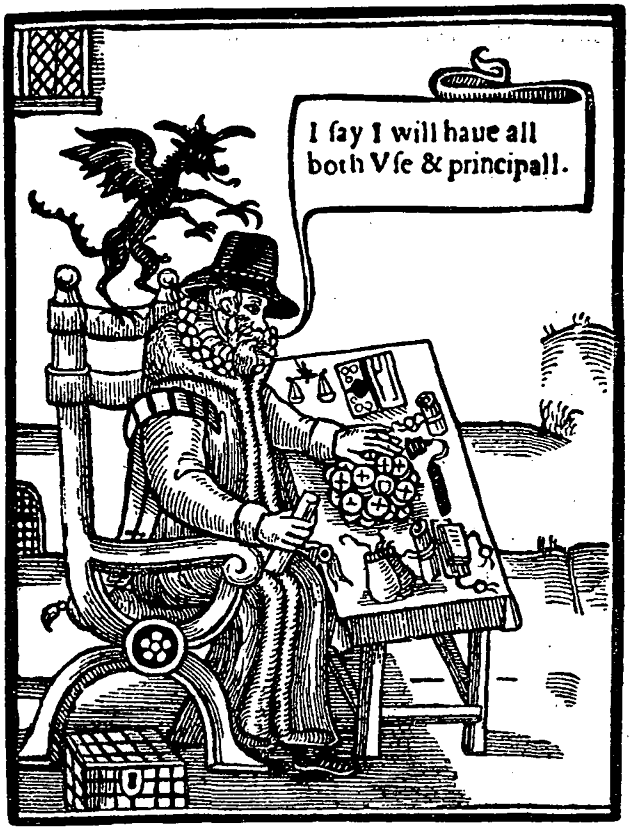
By JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

I AM tired of planning and toiling
  In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
  And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
  Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
  And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
  Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
  In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavour,
  I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
  And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
  For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
  But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skillful
  And the child-mind choked with weeds!
The daughter's heart grown willful,
  And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! from the street's rude bustle,
  From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustle
  And the meadows' kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
  And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
  And a toiler dies in a day.


I ſay I will haue all both Vſe & principall.

A 17TH CENTURY MONEY LENDER
("*The Grasshopper in Lombard Street*")

The Beginnings of Banking

II.

THE CHAMBER OF LOANS WHICH GREW INTO THE BANK OF VENICE

The new doge (in 1171) was Sebastian Ziani. A simultaneous war with Frederick Barbarossa still further oppressed and disordered the republican finances, and the Great Council decided upon raising a forced loan. Every citizen was obliged to contribute the one-hundredth part of his possessions to the exigencies of the State, upon payment of interest at the rate of 5 per cent. The public revenues were mortgaged for the payment of the interest, and a public body of commissioners were instituted, called the Chamber of Loans, for managing the payment of the interest to the fundholders, and transferring the stock. . . .

This Chamber of Loans was originally instituted for the purpose of managing the public debt, and could scarcely have been called a bank. It was not the creditors who were incorporated, because every citizen in the State was a creditor, or contributor to the loan. Hence, it did not resemble the Bank of St. George, at Genoa, or the Bank of England, which were formed entirely of voluntary contributions to the public loan.

This Chamber of Loans became afterwards the famous Bank of Venice, or, to speak more correctly, it afterwards added banking business to its original duties. Its constitution does not seem to have varied for some centuries . . . though many writers, not paying sufficient attention to this change in its constitution, date the foundation of the Bank of Venice in 1171, or even earlier, which is certainly not a correct mode of expression.

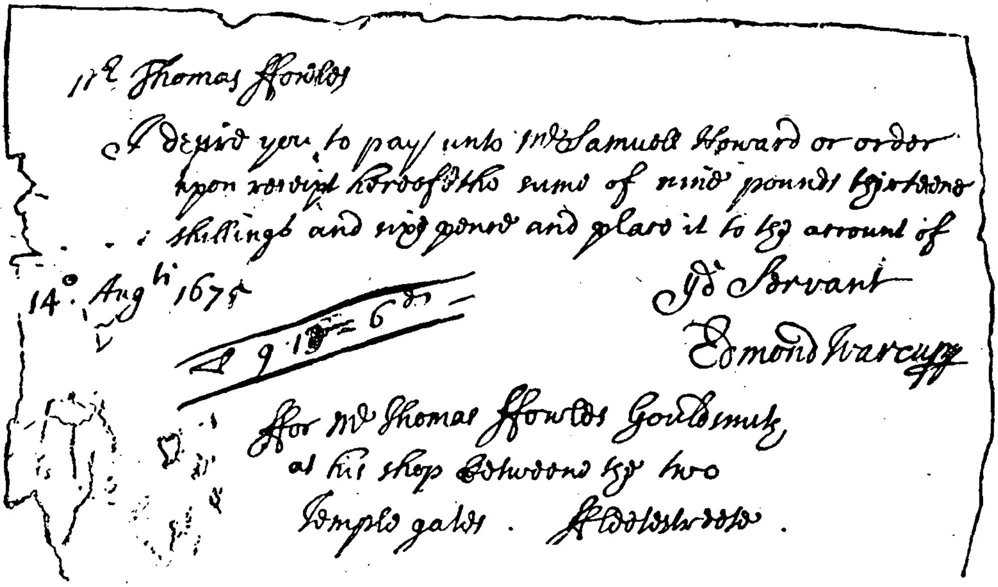
HENRY DUNNING MCLEOD.

Gold that's put to use more gold begets. SHAKESPEARE.

DEBASED MONEY CAUSED THE DEMAND FOR BANKS

The oldest bank now in Europe, I think, is that of Venice; and the chief, if not all, of the rest, were instituted in the last century, and much upon the same model. The bank of Amsterdam was established in 1607; that of Hamburgh in 1619, and that of Nuremburgh in 1621.

It appears, that the main if not the sole design of erecting these banks, was for the fixing a kind of an indelible standard of money; and thereby, to secure merchants and others from losses by bad coins, whether base or light; and from the dire effects of adulterating the standards of monies, either at home, or by the neighbouring States. These banks have answered admirably well the ends of their institution; and it were to be wished, that those ends had been more regarded in the establishment of our own. At the times of establishing the above banks, certain known coins of given weights and fineness, then current at certain rates in the respective places, were fixed upon as a perpetual standard, which from thenceforward were called Bank Money. As the current coins became afterwards diminished, either by legal adulterations at the mints, or by wear, or otherwise, a distinction was made between current and bank money, called Aggio; and according to the real difference between these two sorts of money, the *aggio* amounted to more or less *per cent.* These wise establishments contributed greatly, towards stopping those baneful measures of adulterating the standards of money, that had been so frequently and so generally practised, in the dark preceding ages. The genius of trade breathes and requires a certain degree of security and freedom; and banks, such as we have been speaking of, can hardly ever take place under arbitrary governments. JOSEPH HARRIS.



Mr Thomas ffowlds

I desire you to pay unto Mr Samuell Howard or order upon receipt hereof the sume of nine pounds thirteene shillings and six pence and place it to ye account of

14° Augti 1675 Yr Servant

£ 9 . 13 . 6

Edmond Warcupp

ffor Mr Thomas ffowlds Gouldsmith at his shop betweene ye two Temple gates . ffleetestreete .

Mr. Thomas ffowlds

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14th August, 1675. *Yr. Servant*
Edmond Warcupp

ffor Mr. Thomas ffowlds Gouldsmith
at his shop betweene ye two Temple gates. ffleete streete

A CHEQUE DRAWN ON A GOLDSMITH, 1675

THE BANK OF BARCELONA

The Spanish writers claim the Bank of Barcelona as the first real Bank in the modern sense of the word. It was founded in 1401 by the magistrates of the town. The origin of the important invention of bills of exchange is involved in considerable obscurity, but it certainly was extensively established in the fourteenth century. Barcelona seems to have been one of the places where their use and customs were brought to the greatest perfection. In 1394 an ordinance was issued by the city that bills of exchange should be accepted within twenty-four hours after presentation, and that the acceptance should be written on the back of the bill, and in the year 1404, the magistrates of Bruges applied to those of Barcelona for information as to a doubtful point in the practice of bills. In the year 1401 the magistrates erected a public bank for receiving the deposits of customers, and discounting the bills of merchants, and the public property of the city was pledged for the security of the deposits. . . . This bank, then, is justly entitled to be considered as the most ancient public bank in Europe; it does not appear however that it issued notes, or that its customers paid by means of cheques. As it used the deposits of its customers in discounting bills, it was of far greater use to commerce than the Bank of Venice, which kept its specie idle in its vaults. McLEOD.

THE GLORIOUS DAYS OF THE BANK OF ST. GEORGE

The next great bank which was almost contemporaneous with that of Barcelona, was the Bank of St. George, instituted at Genoa. Like the Bank of Venice it originated from the necessities of the state. It had been usual for the republic to borrow large sums from the citizens, and assign certain branches of the public revenue as funds for the payment of the interest, which were put under the charge of some of the most eminent citizens. As these loans became more numerous, their multitude bred confusion, and the whole were consolidated into one capital stock to be managed as a bank, which was called the Chamber of St. George, which was governed by eight protectors annually chosen by the stockholders. Several branches of the public revenue were assigned over to them to collect on behalf of the corporation, which eventually became one of the leading powers of the state; like the Bank of Venice it was one of deposit and issue, and all bills of exchange drawn upon Genoa were made payable in bank money. It was pillaged by the Austrians in 1746, and never recovered its former prosperity. McLEOD.

THE BANKS SPRANG FROM TRADE NEEDS

During the sixteenth century the commercial enterprise of the Dutch raised Amsterdam to be one of the principal mercantile centers of Europe, and being a small state, the same inconvenience was felt there as at Venice. The great quantity of clipped and foreign coin, brought from all parts of Europe, had reduced the value of the currency about 9 per cent. below the standard. The inevitable consequence followed; as soon as new money was issued from the Mint it immediately disappeared, either by being melted down, or exported, and this of course caused the greatest inconvenience in the payment of bills, and the City followed the example of Venice and established a public bank in 1609. It received coins of all sorts at their weight in bullion, and after deducting as much as was necessary for the expense of coinage and management, it gave credit for the remainder, to the merchant. . . .

The Bank of Amsterdam not only took coin of all sorts from all nations, but in order to encourage and facilitate the trade in bullion, it gave credit in its books for deposits of gold and silver bullion, to the amount of 5 per cent. less than the mint price of such bullion. It at the same time gave a receipt, allowing the depositor of the bullion, or the bearer, to demand the bullion at any time within six months, upon repaying the sum in bank money originally allowed for the bullion, and a small percentage for warehouse rent. In case these deposit receipts were not renewed, the bullion became the property of the bank. These deposit receipts were transferable by delivery, and hence answered the purpose of banknotes; but as the bank never discounted bills with the coin and bullion in its vaults, they did not add to the quantity of currency in circulation, and their advantage, like the bank money of Venice, simply consisted in the saving of the wear and tear of the coin and the greater convenience of their portability, as well as insuring a standard for mercantile contracts. McLEOD.

THE PAWNBROKER AND THE BANK

In the piazza (*of Padua*) is the Podesta and Capitano Grande's palace, well built; but above all the Monte Pieta, the front whereof is of most excellent architecture; this is a foundation of which there is one in most of the cities in Italy, where there is a continual banq of mony to assist ye poorer sort, on any pawn, and at reasonable interest, together with magazines for deposit of goods till redeemed. JOHN EVELYN (1645).

HOW THE ENGLISH GOLDSMITHS WAXED GREAT

The Merchants of London have transported all the Gold and most of the Silver out of England, principally by the confederation and assistance of the Goldsmiths in Lombard Street, who are just the nature of the Bankers at Amsterdam . . . some Goldsmiths in Lombard Street keeping at this day many great Merchants' of London cashes and some noblemen's cash: by this credit of other men's monies, the Goldsmiths of Lombard Street are in the nature of Bankers, and have a great stock of Treasure by them always of gold, forraigne coines, and silver. *An Appeal to Cæsar* (1660).

THE AUTHOR OF "HUDIBRAS" ON FINANCIERS

A banker is both usurer, broker, and borrower, a triple cord that is easily broken. He borrows with one hand and lends with the other; and having as much to do as he can turn both to has never a third to pay. He lives by use upon use, or taking up usury upon interest; for he borrows of Peter to pay Paul five in the hundred, and lends it to John for fifteen. He undertakes to pay extempore, but as all things of that kind commonly prove slight, and, if they hit once by chance, yet fail for the most part, so do his performances. . . . The whole mystery of his iniquity is only this, to raise the value of money (quite contrary to the custom of France), when the king is to receive his, and bring it down again when he is to pay it out. His trade is but a kind of mart; for he takes all men's money (but the king's) that is brought him, to be paid back again at his return from some other world (for that will be the case in the end), and by that time it will be come 1,000 for one; and in the mean while stills them, as thieves do mastives, with small pittances for present occasions, untill he has pack'd up all, and then he breaks his own bank, like a burglarer, and steals away himself. SAMUEL BUTLER.

USURY IN PEPYS' DAY

I singled out Mr. Coventry into the Matted Gallery, and there I told him the complaints I meet every day about our Treasurer's or his people's paying no money, but at the goldsmiths' shops, where they are forced to pay fifteen or twenty sometimes per cent. for their money, which is a most horrid shame, and that which must not be suffered. Nor is it likely that the Treasurer (at least his people) will suffer Maynell the Goldsmith to go away with £10,000 per annum, as he do now get, by making people pay after this manner for their money. SAMUEL PEPYS.

WHEN THE DUTCH SAILED UP THE THAMES

I presently resolved of my father's and wife's going into the country; and, at two hours' warning, they did go by the coach this day, with about £1,300 in gold in their night-bag. Pray God give them good passage, and good care to hide it when they come home! but my heart is full of fear. They gone, I continued in fright and fear what to do with the rest. W. Hewer hath been at the banker's, and hath got £500 out of Backewell's hands of his own money; but they are so called upon that they will be all broke, hundreds coming to them for money: and their answer is, "It is payable at twenty days—when the days are out, we will pay you"; and those that are not so, they make tell over their money, and make their bags false, on purpose to give cause to retell it, and so spend time. I cannot have my 200 pieces of gold again for silver, all being bought up last night that were to be had, and sold for 24 and 25s a-piece. So I must keep the silver by me, which sometimes I think to fling into the house of office, and then again know not how I shall come by it, if we be made to leave the office. (June 14th) . . . So to the office after dinner; and thither comes Mr. Pierce, who tells me his condition, how he cannot get his money, about £500, which, he says, is a very great part of what he hath for his family and children, out of Viner's hand: and indeed it is to be feared that this will wholly undo the bankers.

(*To be concluded*) SAMUEL PEPYS.

Judgment Reversed

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

Henry Wallace Phillips

MR. EZEKIEL GEORGE WASHINGTON SCRAGGS sat outside his cabin. Mr. Scraggs smoked a corncob pipe. Nature had provided an opening for the pipe stem, by removing a tooth. She had also provided for some unknown contingency by removing all of Mr. Scraggs's hair, with the exception of his mustache. This rode on his upper lip like a breaker on a South Sea atoll beach, for a space, only to droop sadly at the ends, like the weeping willow in the water-colour sketch on Grandma's mantel. Mr. Scraggs was not annoyed by the loss of his capillary attraction. He had been a Mormon once—and nothing less could now annoy Mr. Scraggs.

Melancholy was Mr. Scraggs's specialty. Sorrow pervaded him; sadness hung from his figure like a wet sheet from a pump. Mr. Scraggs made you think of a wooden Indian who has lost his cigar store, and refuses to be comforted.

Upon this figure I came of a pleasant June evening. One of Dakota's finest effects in sunsets was draped across the western sky, as usual. Overhead, in a vaulted vastness that only desert and prairie can give, hung an eagle. The cheerful prairie-dog scuttled about his business, the coyote flitted from one place to another with his sneak-thief alertness; even the rattlesnake squirmed around as blithely as possible—all served but for a foil for Mr. Scraggs.

"Evenin', Scraggsey," says I.

"Evenin'," says he. Before I had a chance to follow my opening he cut across with:

"Now this feller I am goin' to tell you about was known as Runtley Junius Browne."

I hadn't come to hear about R. J. Browne; I had come to collect the latest news of the misunderstanding between the Black-eyed Kid and the school-teacher.

I didn't give a single, solitary whoop about Mr. Browne. Ah! But here was Mr. Scraggs! Some people you can side-track when they state they'll tell you about Mr. Browne; you can disengage, thrust in tierce, recover, send in a left to the slats, smack him on the bean with a lead pipe, and escape in the ensuing confusion.

But you couldn't do that to Mr. E. G. W. Scraggs. No, no! If you said promptly, "Oh, yes! Browne—that's the old geezer that run the faro joint in Deadwood. Speaking of Browne, the school-teacher's eyes are blue, ain't they? and the Kid's are black—black and blue. Mm—what's the latest about the row?" Scraggs would simply ignore you, and go on. He told a story as a steam-roller smashes a June bug, *sans peur et sans reproche.*

So I had to listen to that darn story about Mr. Browne.

"Where he came from," said Mr. Scraggs, "Mr. R. Junius Browne was some punkins. That much, a kinder yaller glow pervaded the atmosphere around where he lived and had his bein'.

"He owned so much railroad stock he rumbled when he walked, so much bank stock he clicked his teeth like a cash register, and so much real estate his feet seemed to take right holt of the ground.

"Otherwise, he was a pussy little man, with a poutin' under lip, and a pair of eyebrows like a sickly Norwegian's mustaches. He was much fatter than he was tall, but his stummick had cost him that much he was proud of it, and stuck it right out. He looked at you over the top of his specs,—which was gold, of course, and remark'ble solerd,—and his general expression would give you the idea that he felt he didn't see much when he did look at you.

"He wasn't one of these here cheery, helpful persons, who comes up with a gladsome haw-haw, and smacks you on the back. He was totally unlike that. He was more unlike that than the gladsome person turned inside outside would be. Much more. He was the kind that coughs deep in his throat, and says, 'Young man!' to the railroad conductor. He is positively the only human exhibit that ever called a railroad conductor, 'Young man,' and survived.

"But yet! Harken to the voice of Fate! I don't care how much you weigh, how much you wear, nor how much you were, you're bound to run agin' sumpin' fixed firmer than you be, some day.

"Mr. Browne was on the train of cars going to Montana, where he had a lot of important things to import. He was in a hurry, and he said so, right frank. He told the conductor what he thought about the railroad, although the conductor hadn't asked him. He explained, thorough, why the railroad was no good; how bad the eatings in the dining-car were, how uneasy the cars rode, and what a poor landscape was provided for the passengers. The conductor, he said, 'Yassir,' and went along about his business. But he didn't love Mr. Browne none.

"Nor did the passengers. When they was in the smoking-stall, Mr. Browne told one of the other men his cigar was no good; he explained all about how fine a Republican is to Jeff Murfree of South Carolina, who hadn't never taken the oath of allegiance. Jeff was one of them kind of fellers that didn't know any course betwixt being polite and shooting holes in you, and, as Mr. Browne was old and fat, Jeff had to sit there and take it. But I ain't stretching the truth a particle when I say that Jeff didn't develop one of these suddent, overwhelming passions for Mr. Browne.

"By the time they reached our little town, the general feeling was that if anything should happen to Mr. Browne the total passenger and working list on that train wanted to be there to see it.

"You know how it usually is with people that things orter happen to—they don't, they skip merrily along, and Fate just dodges out of the way; they seem to have the old lady clean, plumb buffaloed.

"But this time— Well, when the train was pulling in, Mr. Browne says to the conductor:

"'Is there any place in this measly collection of old boards where a man can get a decent shave?'

"That was the fatal question. Later on you'll learn why. No man can tell when he's drifting too far to lew-ward. There was a lion tamer oncet that should have quit work, because he had a cold. . . . What's that got to do with anything? This: One of his tricks was to put his head in the lion's mouth. This day, when he had his head half way down the lion's throat, he sneezed. . . .

"So Mr. Browne would have done well to go unshaved that morning; but his fate was on him for sure.

"He asked the conductor if there was a decent place to get shaved, and the conductor, in all truth and honesty, told him, yes, there was, right across the park, three blocks up Main Street, next the drug store—Mike's place. 'Ain't a better barber on the face of the earth,' says the conductor. 'He can flip a razor over your face so smooth,' says he, 'that it's like the tender glance of an innercent young maiden restin' on a plate of ice-cream—cool, soothin' and refreshin'.'

"So Mr. Browne starts out, planting one of them earth-clinging feet of his after the other in a style to show that he appreciated our town and its population at its true worth—not over three cents on the dollar.

"There was a cow-puncher riding slowly along, and he sees Mr. Browne, and, instantly, he don't like him. So, because of that, he swings around on his horse and watches where Mr. Browne goes to.

"When he sees him turn into Mike's, the cow-punch smiles a large smile.

"'It ain't the way you go in,' says he, 'it's the way you come out that counts.'

"This here Mike, the barber, was a respectable coloured gent most of the year. Two times per twelve months, however, he felt entitled to a jubilee, and being of a thoroughgoing nature, he jubiliated until pretty pink elephants with long tail feathers come out and perched on the telegraft wires and played tunes on the cornet and banjo. At these times he was peevish and quar'lsome. It was the custom in the town to shoot him in the legs and cart him off to the calaboose until his vision cleared. While the shooting was going on, Mike often participated, and some of our leading citizens landed in the hospital. Always there was a happy reunion afterward, with no hard feelings whatsoever. Outsiders have been known to criticize, but we felt it was *our* town, and we'd do pretty near what we pleased until we were made to stop.

"Everybody liked Mike. He was the best barber and had the cleanest shop between the two oceans.

"He wasn't built like Mr. Browne. He stood six foot two, and had bones, and muscles on them bones. He was so goldarn black, he looked like a hole in the universe. Also, he was one of these solemn, steady darkies, except for his two little frolics.

"So Mr. Browne, he felt tickled to death to think he'd struck such a nice place to get shaved in. The copper pot was shining on the stove. The cups and glassware was shining on the shelves, the floor shone, and everything shone, including the whites of Bro' Mike's eyes, but Mr. Browne, he didn't notice that, being the kind of gent that didn't pay no particular attention to trifles about unimportant people.

"'Shave, sah?' says Mike. He was spick-and-spandy—he never let himself look drunk—and, say, I've seen saloons in small towns that held less liquor than Mike could trot around with.

"Mr. Browne coughed his best real-estate cough.

"'Yes,' says he, waving his hand, 'and be quick about it.'

"Slowly and softly old Mike tucks Mr. Browne into the apron and gets the lather cup. Gentle as a mother with her first baby, he lathers the great Mr. Browne; quiet as a cat he takes out the razor and slips over to the stove-pipe.

"'Hrrrasssh! Hrrrasssh!' goes the razor up and down the pipe.

"'Hi! Whatcher doing there?' yells Mr. Browne.

"'Jus' stroppin' her up, boss!' says Mike, and starts for him.

"Mr. Browne was a great person for etiket. He believed in doing things just this way and just that way; he'd ruther perish miserably than eat his ice-cream with his knife; but when he sees that life-size statoo of a big nigger, with eyes shining like headlights and a sharp razor waved aloft, bearing down on him, he first off hid under the shelf, and when Mike made a dive for him, away and away goes all the bay rum, the hair tonic, the brilliantine, the face powder, and them other soapy, sticky, smelly things that a barber has his being amongst, and a great deal of these things goes on Runtley Junius, so he smelled like a riot in a near-ladies' political meeting. But he didn't care so much for smells; all he could think of was that face with its white eyes shining out of the darkness:

> Nigger-nigger, never die
> Black face and shiny-eye!

says Runtley Junius to himself—mebbe—and plays puss-in-the-corner around the stove with Mike. I wisht I could have seen it! Runtley was such a stout person to be playing childish games with a big darky-man.

"Mike made a grab for him—down comes the stove pipe; lots of soot floats out, and mingles lovingly with the hair tonic and so forth that brother Junius had provided himself with. But, as I remarked before, he didn't care so much a much; give brother Runtley a piece of fresh air one yard square, and he could look like anything it pleased the Almighty to have him look like, from a R. R. time-table on the Punkin Pie Division to a dish of underdone tripe, and Runtley would not care any one of many continental gosh darns.

"What's looks, anyhow? It's nothing but appearances, and appearances are deceiving. *Disappearances* was what interested our dear brother Runtley—the only thing that *did* interest him. He'd got so he disliked this coloured excerpt from the census, who kept a-poking at him with that razor.

"Fortune favoured him, for Mike, doing a solo quick-step in Runtley's direction, tripped on the fur rug, grabbed the curtain to save himself, and practically made an end of that barber shop in one fall. While Mike was kicking and lashing to get himself free, Runtley didn't stand on no order of his going, as our old friend Shakespeare wisely remarks, but he left.

"Gobs of lather, soot, soot and hair oil, hair oil and face powder, and other things flew off his face and floated in the breeze—believe me, he pasted it high, wide and fervent. He thought Mike was right behind him, but the nigger had forgot him by this time,—didn't follow him outside the door. What Mr. Browne thought, however, was the main thing to Mr. Browne, so away he went.

"'There he comes!' says the cow-punch. 'I thought so!'

"Just here Mr. Browne stepped on the apron and did a complercated, involved and curious somersault that would have made his reputation in a circus. He landed on top of his cocoa, in six inches of dust and tangled in the apron beyond human belief.

"As he tried to get up, his back was toward the cow-punch, and the position of him brought a wicked temptation to that cow-punch mind. Up went the drover whip, and down she came, right there on the spot where Father used to make corrections.

"It was a long time since Mr. Browne had really yelled. Considering the lack of practice, the effort did him credit.

"'Help, help! I'm stabbed! I'm stabbed!' says he.

"I suppose it felt like it. Wild and brisk he cavorted around the landscape, strongly resembling somebody's wash caught in a small cyclone. What with the apron, the lather, the soot, the oils and the mud from where the dust, soot, oil, and lather all mixed together, Mr. Browne didn't really look like a close relation to the human fambly.

"The cow-punch let him have it again. At this, Mr. Browne tore loose and humped it for the station. Gone was that lordly step, gone was that displeased and pouting expression; there weren't no earth-shaking Julius Cæsar around them parts just then, there was only a poor soul, wishing he weighed a hundred pounds less, jumping as far and fast as he could, and yelling bloody murder at every jump.

"On the station platform they watched him come.

"'Well! Well!' says the conductor. 'I wonder what's the matter with the Emperor of Noo York? He seems troubled.'

"'Save me!' yells Mr. Browne.

"'The wicked flee when no man pursueth,' says the conductor. 'Come on; we'll save you.'

"So they hauled him up on the platform, gasping for breath; they fed him a drink of whisky and set him on a trunk. In trembling accents he told 'em the story of massacry and murder. He looked right odd. Cakes of conglomminated truck was all over his face and his specs. The apron was still around his manly figger in places, but split and tore considerable. But they didn't laugh at him. They told him it was too bad.

"Then he wanted to know when was the first train East, and, being reduced to just a plain human animal, he told 'em all about why he wanted to know; how he came to be there; how much money he was worth; what his wife thought about it, and all the information we give to total strangers when we get worked up in our minds.

"Seems he had a daughter went on a vacation in the Yallerstone; there she met a poor but healthy young feller that fell in love with her and demanded her hand in the fell bonds of matrimony. She says, 'Yes,' and telegraphs Pa. Pa at once threw a purple fit, kicked the office boy, discharged six clerks and three typewriters, raised hell with his wife, and took the first train for Montana to put his judgment into effect.

"Pa told 'em all that; then he wiped some of the mud and lather from his face and asked the conductor for a telegraft blank. And this is what he wrote:

> Miss Julietta Browne,
> Yellowstone Park Hotel, Montana.
> Marry all the people you want. Congratulations. I am going home. RUNTLEY JUNIUS BROWNE.

"'I'm through,' says he. 'I don't feel the same as I did about it.' He stopped for a minute. 'Broadway is good enough for me,' says he.

"When the train pulled out, they left him on the platform with all his truck around him, waiting for the eastbound express.

"'By-by!' they says, 'be good, and stay home!'

"'Betcher life!' he sings out. 'By-by, fellers!'

"Think of that, from Mr. Browne! But I tell you two things: a little hardship and a few drinks of whisky kin totally change a man's character; and, secondly, when you're in the lion-taming business, don't stick your head down the lion's neck and then sneeze—it irritates him.

"As for Michaels and Julietta Browne, old Mike never knew he was the little cupid that pulled that match, and Julietta wouldn't suspicion in twenty million years that a six-foot-two black nigger with delirious tremors was the actual person who gave her her young man.

"That's what makes this world so funny and entertaining. Folks don't do what the books tell, at all."

Hokku—By T. K. HEDRICK

From the Japanese of Skwash Pi

"THE fatal defect of a democracy,"
said the erudite Ho-hen,
"is that the people who break the laws
are of the people who make the laws,
and administer the laws."

Remembered from the Play

"ESCAPE"

DENANT—Wonder what Christ would have done!

PARSON—That, Captain Denant, is the hardest question in the world. Nobody ever knows. You may answer this or that, but nobody ever knows. The more you read those writings, the more you realize that He was incalculable. You see—He was a genius! This makes it hard for us who try to follow Him.

DENANT—It's one's decent *self* one can't escape.

OLD GENTLEMAN—Yes, we English are a law-abiding people. I remember being very much struck with the difference in America—vital race, that—sublime disregard of the law in themselves, and a strong sense of moral turpitude in others.

By John Galsworthy, London, 1926; New York, 1927.

"THE GOOD HOPE"

JO—Every one is afraid of death, Uncle Cobus.

COBUS—Every one? That's all in the way you look at it. God has given, God has taken away. God takes us and we take the fish. On the fifth day He created the Sea, great whales and the moving creatures that abound therein, and said: "Be blessed," and He blessed them. And on the sixth day He created man and said also: "Be fruitful," and He blessed him. Now, you must think! When I was on the herring catch, there were times when I didn't dare use my cleaning knife. Because when you shove a herring's head to the left with your thumb, and you lift out the gullet with the blade, the creature looks at you with such knowing eyes—and you clean two hundred in an hour. . . . How afraid they all were! Afraid! They looked up at the clouds as if they were saying: "How about this, now? He blessed us the same as He blessed you." That's why I say: we take the fish, He takes us. We must all go, the beasts must, and the men must, and because we all must, none of us should be afraid. . . . Only— But that's just as if you'd pour a full barrel into an empty one. I'd be afraid to be left alone in the empty barrel, with every one else in the other barrel. But when I am not alone. . . . We take the fish and God takes us! *By Herman Heijermans, The Hague, 1900; New York, 1927.*

"IF"

DAOUD—Great Master!

JOHN BEAL—You are in no wise to call me "great master." Have not I said so? I am not your master. I am helping you people. I know better than you what you ought to do, because I am English. But that's all. I'm not your master.

By Lord Dunsany, New York, 1927.

"THE BELOVED MAN"

MME. CORBIN—When they are twenty they think the tears are inexhaustible, and they shed them and shed them and shed them. . . . And one nice morning you awake and see that there are no more tears left. This is why only the old people can permanently suffer. *By Jacques Deval, Paris, 1927.*

"AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE"

BURGOMASTER—As an official, you have no right to hold any individual conviction.

MRS. STOCKMANN—After all, your brother has the power—
DR. STOCKMANN—Yes, but I have the right.
MRS. STOCKMANN—Ah, yes, right, right! What good does it do to have the right is you haven't any might?

DR. STOCKMANN—A party is like a sausage machine: it mashes up all sorts of heads together into the same mincemeat fatheads and blockheads, all in one mash!
By Henrik Ibsen, Oslo, 1882; revived, New York, 1927.

"AND SO TO BED"

SAMUEL PEPYS—Come, wife, don't be vexed . . . let's be friends and give up fighting.
MRS. PEPYS—Well, but who began it?
PEPYS—No, no, let's not talk of who began it, or we'll begin again. I began it, but you provoked me to it.
MRS. PEPYS—Oh, but it was you who——
PEPYS—Yes, yes, it was I who angered you to provoke me to begin it, and so on back to the first beginning, which was when we fell from grace and got married.
By James B. Fagan, London and New York, 1927.

"THE SPRINGBOARD"

GEORGE BAYARD—I've never yet met a mother who admitted that her son was in love with his wife. *By Alice Duer Miller, New York, 1927.*

"INTERFERENCE"

FAITH MARLAY—Do you think you can buy happiness?
DEBORAH KANE—No, but you can pay to keep it.
By Roland Pertwee and Harold Dearden, London, 1926; New York, 1927.

"PORGY"

BESS—Hush, little baby, don' yo' cry,
Hush, little baby, don' yo' cry,
Hush, little baby, don' yo' cry,
Mudder an' fadder born to die!

Heard a t'under in de sky,
Heard a t'under in de sky,
Heard a t'under in de sky,
Mus' be Jesus passin' by.

Hush, little baby, don' yo' cry,
Mudder an' fadder born to die!

Heard a rumblin' in de groun'
Heard a rumblin' in de groun'
Heard a rumblin' in de groun'
Mus' be Satan turnin' roun'!

Hush, little baby, don' yo' cry,
Mudder an' fadder born to die!
By Dorothy and Du Bose Heyward, New York, 1927.

"THE MULBERRY BUSH"

SYLVIA—It is always the woman who pays.
HARRY—The modern woman never pays—she charges.
By Edward Knoblock, New York, 1927.

The Virginian

By OWEN WISTER

Owen Wister

XXXV

WITH MALICE AFORETHOUGHT

TOWN lay twelve straight miles before the lover and his sweetheart, when they came to the brow of the last long hill. All beneath them was like a map: neither man nor beast distinguishable, but the veined and tinted image of a country, knobs and flats set out in order clearly, shining extensive and motionless in the sun. It opened on the sight of the lovers as they reached the sudden edge of the tableland, where since morning they had ridden with the head of neither horse ever in advance of the other.

At the view of their journey's end, the Virginian looked down at his girl beside him, his eyes filled with a bridegroom's light, and, hanging safe upon his breast, he could feel the gold ring that he would slowly press upon her finger to-morrow. He drew off the glove from her left hand, and stooping, kissed the jewel in that other ring which he had given her. The crimson fire in the opal seemed to mingle with that in his heart, and his arm lifted her during a moment from the saddle as he held her to him. But in her heart the love of him was troubled by that cold pang of loneliness which had crept upon her like a tide as the day drew near. None of her own people were waiting in that distant town to see her become his bride. Friendly faces she might pass on the way; but all of them new friends, made in this wild country: not a face of her childhood would smile upon her; and deep within her, a voice cried for the mother who was far away in Vermont. That she would see Mrs. Taylor's kind face at her wedding was no comfort now.

There lay the town in the splendour of Wyoming space. Around it spread the watered fields, westward for a little way, eastward to a great distance, making squares of green and yellow crops; and the town was but a poor rag in the midst of this quilted harvest. After the fields to the east, the tawny plain began; and with one faint furrow of river lining its undulations, it stretched beyond sight. But west of the town rose the Bow Leg Mountains, cool with their still unmelted snows and their dull blue gulfs of pine. From three cañons flowed three clear forks which began the river. Their confluence was above the town a good two miles; it looked but a few paces from up here, while each side the river straggled the margin cottonwoods, like thin borders along a garden walk. Over all this map hung silence like a harmony, tremendous yet serene.

"How beautiful! how I love it!" whispered the girl. "But, oh, how big it is!" And she leaned against her lover for an instant. It was her spirit seeking shelter. To-day, this vast beauty, this primal calm, had in it for her something almost of dread. The small, comfortable, green hills of home rose before her. She closed her eyes and saw Vermont: a village street, and the post-office, and ivy covering an old front door, and her mother picking some yellow roses from a bush.

At a sound, her eyes quickly opened; and here was her lover turned in his saddle, watching another horseman approach. She saw the Virginian's hand in a certain position, and knew that his pistol was ready. But the other merely overtook and passed them, as they stood at the brow of the hill.

The man had given one nod to the Virginian, and the Virginian one to him; and now he was already below them on the descending road. To Molly Wood he was a stranger; but she had seen his eyes when he nodded to her lover, and she knew, even without the pistol, that this was not enmity at first sight.

It was not indeed. Five years of gathered hate had looked out of the man's eyes. And she asked her lover who this was.

"Oh," said he, easily, "just a man I see now and then."

"Is his name Trampas?" said Molly Wood.

The Virginian looked at her in surprise. "Why, where have you seen him?" he asked.

"Never till now. But I knew."

"My gracious! Yu' never told me yu' had mind-reading powers." And he smiled serenely at her.

"I knew it was Trampas as soon as I saw his eyes."

"My gracious!" her lover repeated with indulgent irony. "I must be mighty careful of my eyes when you're lookin' at em."

"I believe he did that murder," said the girl.

"Whose mind are yu' readin' now?" he drawled affectionately.

But he could not joke her off the subject. She took his strong hand in hers, tremulously, so much of it as her little hand could hold. "I know something about that—that—last autumn," she said, shrinking from words more definite. "And I know that you only did——"

"What I had to," he finished, very sadly, but sternly, too.

"Yes," she asserted, keeping hold of his hand. "I suppose that—lynching—" (she almost whispered the word) "is the only way. But when they had to die just for stealing horses, it seems so wicked that this murderer——"

"Who can prove it?" asked the Virginian.

"But don't you know it?"

"I know a heap o' things inside my heart. But that's not proving. There was only the body, and the hoofprints—and what folks guessed."

"He was never even arrested!" the girl said.

"No. He helped elect the sheriff in that county."

Then Molly ventured a step inside the border of her lover's reticence. "I saw—" she hesitated, "just now, I saw what you did."

He returned to his caressing irony. "You'll have me plumb scared if you keep on seein' things."

"You had your pistol ready for him."

"Why, I believe I did. It was mighty unnecessary." And the Virginian took out the pistol again, and shook his head over it, like one who has been caught in a blunder.

She looked at him, and knew that she must step outside his reticence again. By love and her surrender to him their positions had been exchanged. He was not now, as through his long courting he had been, her half-obeying, half-refractory worshipper. She was no longer his half-indulgent, half-scornful superior. Her better birth and schooling that had once been weapons to keep him at his distance, or bring her off victorious in their encounters, had given way before the onset of the natural man himself. She knew her cow-boy lover, with all that he lacked, to be more than ever she could be, with all that she had. He was her worshipper still, but her master, too. Therefore now, against the baffling smile he gave her, she felt powerless. And once again a pang of yearning for her mother to be near her to-day shot through the girl. She looked from her untamed man to the untamed desert of Wyoming, and the town where she was to take him as her wedded husband. But for his sake she would not let him guess her loneliness.

He sat on his horse Monte, considering the pistol. Then he showed her a rattlesnake coiled by the roots of some sage-brush. "Can I hit it?" he inquired.

"You don't often miss them," said she, striving to be cheerful.

"Well, I'm told getting married unstrings some men." He aimed, and the snake was shattered. "Maybe it's too early yet for the unstringing to begin!" And with some deliberation he sent three more bullets into the snake. "I reckon that's enough," said he.

"Was not the first one?"

"Oh, yes, for the snake." And then, with one leg crooked cow-boy fashion across in front of his saddle-horn, he cleaned his pistol, and replaced the empty cartridges.

Once more she ventured near the line of his reticence. "Has—has Trampas seen you much lately?"

"Why, no; not for a right smart while. But I reckon he has not missed me."

The Virginian spoke this in his gentlest voice. But his rebuffed sweetheart turned her face away, and from her eyes she brushed a tear.

He reined his horse Monte beside her, and upon her cheek she felt his kiss. "You are not the only mind-reader," said he, very tenderly. And at this she clung to him, and laid her head upon his breast. "I had been thinking," he went on, "that the way our marriage is to be was the most beautiful way."

"It is the most beautiful," she murmured.

He slowly spoke out his thought, as if she had not said this. "No folks to stare, no fuss, no jokes and ribbons and best bonnets, no public eye nor talkin' of tongues when most yu' want to hear nothing and say nothing."

She answered by holding him closer.

"Just the bishop of Wyoming to join us, and not even him after we're once joined. I did think that would be ahead of all ways to get married I have seen."

He paused again, and she made no rejoinder.

"But we have left out your mother."

She looked in his face with quick astonishment. It was as if his spirit had heard the cry of her spirit.

"That is nowhere near right," he said. "That is wrong."

"She could never have come here," said the girl.

"We should have gone there. I don't know how I can ask her to forgive me."

"But it was not you!" cried Molly.

"Yes. Because I did not object. I did not tell you we must go to her. I missed the point, thinking so much about my own feelings. For you see—and I've never said this to you until now—your mother did hurt me. When you said you would have me after my years of waiting, and I wrote her that letter telling her all about myself, and how my family was not like yours, and —and—all the rest I told her, why, you see it hurt me never to get a word back from her except just messages through you. For I had talked to her about my hopes and my failings. I had said more than ever I've said to you, because she was your mother. I wanted her to forgive me, if she could, and feel that maybe I could take good care of you after all. For it was bad enough to have her daughter quit her home to teach school out hyeh on Bear Creek. Bad enough without havin' me to come along and make it worse. I have missed the point in thinking of my own feelings."

"But it's not your doing!" repeated Molly.

With his deep delicacy he had put the whole matter as a hardship to her mother alone. He had saved her any pain of confession or denial. "Yes, it is my doing," he now said. "Shall we give it up?"

"Give what—?" She did not understand.

"Why, the order we've got it fixed in. Plans are—well, they're no more than plans. I hate the notion of changing, but I hate hurting your mother more. Or, anyway, I *ought* to hate it more. So we can shift, if yu' say so. It's not too late."

"Shift?" she faltered.

"I mean, we can go to your home now. We can start by the stage to-night. Your mother can see us married. We can come back and finish in the mountains instead of beginning in them. It'll be just merely shifting, yu' see."

He could scarcely bring himself to say this at all; yet he said it almost as if he were urging it. It implied a renunciation that he could hardly bear to think of. To put off his wedding day, the bliss upon whose threshold he stood after his three years of faithful battle for it, and that wedding journey he had arranged: for there were the mountains in sight, the woods and cañons where he had planned to go with her after the bishop had joined them; the solitudes where only the wild animals would be, besides themselves. His horses, his tent, his rifle, his rod, all were waiting ready in the town for their start to-morrow. He had provided many dainty things to make her comfortable. Well, he could wait a little more, having waited three years. It would not be what his heart most desired; there would be the "public eye and the talking of tongues"—but he could wait. The hour would come when he could be alone with his bride at last. And so he spoke as if he urged it.

"Never!" she cried. "Never, never!"

She pushed it from her. She would not brook such sacrifice on his part. Were they not going to her mother in four weeks? If her family had warmly accepted him—but they had not; and in any case, it had gone too far, it was too late. She told her lover that she would not hear him, that if he said any more she would gallop into town separately from him. And for his sake she would hide deep from him this loneliness of hers, and the hurt that he had given her in refusing to share with her his trouble with Trampas, when others must know of it.

Accordingly, they descended the hill slowly together, lingering to spin out these last miles long. Many rides had taught their horses to go side by side, and so they went now: the girl sweet and thoughtful in her sedate gray habit; and the man in his leather chaps and cartridge belt and flannel shirt, looking gravely into the distance with the level gaze of the frontier.

Having read his sweetheart's mind very plainly, the lover now broke his dearest custom. It was his code never to speak ill of any man to any woman. Men's quarrels were not for women's ears. In his scheme, good women were to know only a fragment of men's lives. He had lived many outlaw years, and his wide knowledge of evil made innocence doubly precious to him. But to-day he must depart from his code, having read her mind well. He would speak evil of one man to one woman, because his reticence had hurt her—and was she not far from her mother, and very lonely, do what he could? She should know the story of his quarrel in language as light and casual as he could veil it with.

He made an oblique start. He did not say to her: "I'll tell you about this. You saw me get ready for Trampas because I have been ready for him any time these five years." He began far off from the point with that rooted caution of his—that caution which is shared by the primal savage and the perfected diplomat.

"There's cert'nly a right smart o' difference between men and women," he observed.

"You're quite sure?" she retorted.

"Ain't it fortunate?—that there's both, I mean."

"I don't know about fortunate. Machinery could probably do all the heavy work for us without your help."

"And who'd invent the machinery?"

She laughed. "We shouldn't need the huge, noisy things you do. Our world would be a gentle one."

"Oh, my gracious!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, my gracious! Get along, Monte! A gentle world all full of ladies!"

"Do you call men gentle?" inquired Molly.

"Now it's a funny thing about that. Have yu' ever noticed a joke about fathers-in-law? There's just as many fathers- as mothers-in-law; but which side are your jokes?"

Molly was not vanquished. "That's because the men write the comic papers," said she.

"Hear that, Monte? The men write 'em. Well, if the ladies wrote a comic paper, I expect that might be gentle."

She gave up this battle in mirth; and he resumed:—

"But don't you really reckon it's uncommon to meet a father-in-law flouncin' around the house? As for gentle— Once I had to sleep in a room next a ladies' temperance meetin'. Oh, heavens! Well, I couldn't change my room, and the hotel man, he apologized to me next mawnin'. Said it didn't surprise him the husbands drank some."

Here the Virginian broke down over his own fantastic inventions, and gave a joyous chuckle in company with his sweetheart.

"Yes, there's a big heap o' difference between men and women," he said. "Take that fello' and myself, now."

"Trampas?" said Molly, quickly serious. She looked along the road ahead, and discerned the figure of Trampas still visible on its way to town.

The Virginian did not wish her to be serious—more than could be helped. "Why yes," he replied, with a waving gesture at Trampas. "Take him and me. He don't think much o' me. How could he? And I expect he'll never. But yu' saw just now how it was between us. We were not a bit like a temperance meetin'."

She could not help laughing at the twist he gave to his voice. And she felt happiness warming her; for in the Virginian's tone about Trampas was something now that no longer excluded her. Thus he began his gradual recital, in a cadence always easy, and more and more musical with the native accent of the South. With the light turn he gave it, its pure ugliness melted into charm.

"No, he don't think anything of me. Once a man in the John Day Valley didn't think much, and by Cañada de Oro I met another. It will always be so here and there, but Trampas beats 'em all. For the others have always expressed themselves—got shut of their poor opinion in the open air.

"Yu' see, I had to explain myself to Trampas a right smart while ago, long before ever I laid my eyes on yu'. It was just nothing at all. A little matter of cyards in the days when I was apt to spend my money and my holidays pretty headlong. My gracious, what nonsensical times I have had! But I was apt to win at cyards, 'specially poker. And Trampas, he met me one night, and I expect he must have thought I looked kind o' young. So he hated losin' his money to such a young-lookin' man, and he took his way of sayin' as much. I had to explain myself to him plainly, so that he learned right away my age had got its growth.

"Well, I expect he hated that worse, having to receive my explanation with folks lookin' on at us publicly that-a-way, and him without further ideas occurrin' to him at the moment. That's what started his poor opinion of me, not havin' ideas at the moment. And so the boys resumed their cyards.

"I'd most forgot about it. But Trampas's mem'ry is one of his strong points. Next thing—oh, it's a good while later—he gets to losin' flesh because Judge Henry gave me charge of him and some other punchers taking cattle——"

"That's not next," interrupted the girl.

"Not? Why——"

"Don't you remember?" she said, timid, yet eager. "Don't you?"

"Blamed if I do!"

"The first time we met?"

"Yes; my mem'ry keeps that—like I keep this." And he brought from his pocket her own handkerchief, the token he had picked up at a river's brink when he had carried her from an overturned stage.

"We did not exactly meet, then," she said. "It was at that dance. I hadn't seen you yet; but Trampas was saying something horrid about me, and you said—you said, 'Rise on your legs, you polecat, and tell them you're a liar.' When I heard that, I think—I think it finished me." And crimson suffused Molly's countenance.

"I'd forgot," the Virginian murmured. Then sharply, "How did you hear it?"

"Mrs. Taylor——"

"Oh! Well, a man would never have told a woman that."

Molly laughed triumphantly. "Then who told Mrs. Taylor?"

Being caught, he grinned at her. "I reckon husbands are a special kind of man," was all that he found to say. "Well, since you do know about that, it was the next move in the game. Trampas thought I had no call to stop him sayin' what he pleased about a woman who was nothin' to me—then. But all women ought to be somethin' to a man. So I had to give Trampas another explanation in the presence of folks lookin' on, and it was just like the cyards. No ideas occurred to him again. And down goes his opinion of me some more!

"Well, I have not been able to raise it. There has been this and that and the other,—yu' know most of the later doings yourself,—and to-day is the first time I've happened to see the man since the doings last autumn. Yu' seem to know about them, too. He knows I can't prove he was with that gang of horse thieves. And I can't prove he killed poor Shorty. But he knows I missed him awful close, and spoiled his thieving for a while. So d' yu' wonder he don't think much of me? But if I had lived to be twenty-nine years old like I am, and with all my chances made no enemy, I'd feel myself a failure."

His story was finished. He had made her his confidant in matters he had never spoken of before, and she was happy to be thus much nearer to him. It diminished a certain fear that was mingled with her love of him.

During the next several miles he was silent, and his silence was enough for her. Vermont sank away from her thoughts, and Wyoming held less of loneliness. They descended altogether into the map which had stretched below them, so that it was a map no longer, but earth with growing things, and prairie-dogs sitting upon it, and now and then a bird flying over it. And after a while she said to him, "What are you thinking about?"

"I have been doing sums. Figured in hours it sounds right short. Figured in minutes it boils up into quite a mess. Twenty by sixty is twelve hundred. Put that into seconds, and yu' get seventy-two thousand seconds. Seventy-two thousand. Seventy-two thousand seconds yet before we get married."

"Seconds! To think of its having come to seconds!"

"I am thinkin' about it. I'm choppin' sixty of 'em off every minute."

With such chopping time wears away. More miles of the road lay behind them, and in the virgin wilderness the scars of new-scraped water ditches began to appear, and the first wire fences. Next, they were passing cabins and occasional fields, the outposts of habitation. The free road became wholly imprisoned, running between unbroken stretches of barbed wire. Far off to the eastward a flowing column of dust marked the approaching stage, bringing the bishop, probably, for whose visit here they had timed their wedding. The day still brimmed with heat and sunshine; but the great daily shadow was beginning to move from the feet of the Bow Leg Mountains outward toward the town. Presently they began to meet citizens. Some of these knew them and nodded, while some did not, and stared. Turning a corner into the town's chief street, where stood the hotel, the bank, the drug-store, the general store, and the seven saloons, they were hailed heartily. Here were three friends,—Honey Wiggin, Scipio Le Moyne, and Lin McLean,—all desirous of drinking the Virginian's health, if his lady—would she mind? The three stood grinning, with their hats off; but behind their gayety the Virginian read some other purpose.

"We'll all be very good," said Honey Wiggin.

"Pretty good," said Lin.

"Good," said Scipio.

"Which is the honest man?" inquired Molly, glad to see them.

"Not one!" said the Virginian. "My old friends scare me when I think of their ways."

"It's bein' engaged scares yu'," retorted Mr. McLean. "Marriage restores your courage, I find."

"Well, I'll trust all of you," said Molly. "He's going to take me to the hotel, and then you can drink his health as much as you please."

With a smile to them she turned to proceed, and he let his horse move with hers; but he looked at his friends. Then Scipio's bleached blue eyes narrowed to a slit, and he said what they had all come out on the street to say:—

"Don't change your clothes."

"Oh!" protested Molly, "isn't he rather dusty and countrified?"

But the Virginian had taken Scipio's meaning. "*Don't change your clothes.*" Innocent Molly appreciated these words no more than the average reader who reads a masterpiece, complacently unaware that its style differs from that of the morning paper. Such was Scipio's intention, wishing to spare her from alarm.

So at the hotel she let her lover go with a kiss, and without a thought of Trampas. She in her room unlocked the possessions which were there waiting for her, and changed her dress.

Wedding garments, and other civilized apparel proper for a genuine frontiersman when he comes to town, were also in the hotel, ready for the Virginian to wear. It is only the somewhat green and unseasoned cow-puncher who struts before the public in spurs and deadly weapons. For many a year the Virginian had put away these childish things. He made a sober toilet for the streets. Nothing but his face and bearing remained out of the common when he was in a town. But Scipio had told him not to change his clothes; therefore he went out with his pistol at his hip. Soon he had joined his three friends.

"I'm obliged to yu'," he said. "He passed me this mawnin'."

"We don't know his intentions," said Wiggin.

"Except that he's hangin' around," said McLean.

"And fillin' up," said Scipio, "which reminds me——"

They strolled into the saloon of a friend, where, unfortunately, sat some foolish people. But one cannot always tell how much of a fool a man is, at sight.

It was a temperate health-drinking that they made. "Here's how," they muttered softly to the Virginian; and "How," he returned softly, looking away from them. But they had a brief meeting of eyes, standing and lounging near each other, shyly; and Scipio shook hands with the bridegroom. "Some day," he stated, tapping himself; for in his vagrant heart he began to envy the man who could bring himself to marry. And he nodded again, repeating, "Here's how."

They stood at the bar, full of sentiment, empty of words, memory and affection busy in their hearts. All of them had seen rough days together, and they felt guilty with emotion.

"It's hot weather," said Wiggin.

"Hotter on Box Elder," said McLean. "My kid has started teething."

Words ran dry again. They shifted their positions, looked in their glasses, read the labels on the bottles. They dropped a word now and then to the proprietor about his trade, and his ornaments.

"Good head," commented McLean.

"Big old ram," assented the proprietor. "Shot him myself on Gray Bull last fall."

"Sheep was thick in the Tetons last fall," said the Virginian.

On the bar stood a machine into which the idle customer might drop his nickel. The coin then bounced among an arrangement of pegs, descending at length into one or another of various holes. You might win as much as ten times your stake, but this was not the most usual result; and with nickels the three friends and the bridegroom now mildly sported for a while, buying them with silver when their store ran out.

"Was it sheep you went after in the Tetons?" inquired the proprietor, knowing it was horse thieves.

"Yes," said the Virginian. "I'll have ten more nickels."

"Did you get all the sheep you wanted?" the proprietor continued.

"Poor luck," said the Virginian.

"Think there's a friend of yours in town this afternoon," said the proprietor.

"Did he mention he was my friend?"

The proprietor laughed. The Virginian watched another nickel click down among the pegs.

Honey Wiggin now made the bridegroom a straight offer. "We'll take this thing off your hands," said he.

"Any or all of us," said Lin.

But Scipio held his peace. His loyalty went every inch as far as theirs, but his understanding of his friend went deeper. "Don't change your clothes," was the first and the last help he would be likely to give in this matter. The rest must be as such matters must always be, between man and man. To the other two friends, however, this seemed a very special case, falling outside established precedent. Therefore they ventured offers of interference.

"A man don't get married every day," apologized McLean. "We'll just run him out of town for yu'."

"Save yu' the trouble," urged Wiggin. "Say the word."

The proprietor now added his voice. "It'll sober him up to spend his night out in the brush. He'll quit his talk then."

But the Virginian did not say the word, or any word. He stood playing with the nickels.

"Think of her," muttered McLean.

"Who else would I be thinking of?" returned the Southerner. His face had become very somber. "She has been raised so different!" he murmured. He pondered a little, while the others waited, solicitous.

A new idea came to the proprietor. "I am acting mayor of this town," said he. "I'll put him in the calaboose and keep him till you get married and away."

"Say the word," repeated Honey Wiggin.

Scipio's eye met the proprietor's, and he shook his head about a quarter of an inch. The proprietor shook his to the same amount. They understood each other. It had come to that point where there was no way out, save only the ancient, eternal way between man and man. It is only the great mediocrity that goes to law in these personal matters.

"So he has talked about me some?" said the Virginian.

"It's the whiskey," Scipio explained.

"I expect," said McLean, "he'd run a mile if he was in a state to appreciate his insinuations."

"Which we are careful not to mention to yu'," said Wiggin, "unless yu' inquire for 'em."

Some of the fools present had drawn closer to hear this interesting conversation. In gatherings of more than six there will generally be at least one fool; and this company must have numbered twenty men.

"This country knows well enough," said one fool, who hungered to be important, "that you don't brand no calves that ain't your own."

The saturnine Virginian looked at him. "Thank yu'," said he, gravely, "for your indorsement of my character." The fool felt flattered. The Virginian turned to his friends. His hand slowly pushed his hat back, and he rubbed his black head in thought.

"Glad to see yu've got your gun with you," continued the happy fool. "You know what Trampas claims about that affair of yours in the Tetons? He claims that if everything was known about the killing of Shorty——"

"Take one on the house," suggested the proprietor to him, amiably. "Your news will be fresher." And he pushed him the bottle. The fool felt less important.

"This talk had went the rounds before it got to us," said Scipio, "or we'd have headed it off. He has got friends in town."

Perplexity knotted the Virginian's brows. This community knew that a man had implied he was a thief and a murderer; it also knew that he knew it. But the case was one of peculiar circumstances, assuredly. Could he avoid meeting the man? Soon the stage would be starting south for the railroad. He had already to-day proposed to his sweetheart that they should take it. Could he for her sake leave unanswered a talking enemy upon the field? His own ears had not heard the enemy.

Into these reflections the fool stepped once more. "Of course this country don't believe Trampas," said he. "This country——"

But he contributed no further thoughts. From somewhere in the rear of the building, where it opened upon the tin cans and the hinder purlieus of the town, came a movement, and Trampas was among them, courageous with whiskey.

All the fools now made themselves conspicuous. One lay on the floor, knocked there by the Virginian, whose arm he had attempted to hold. Others struggled with Trampas, and his bullet smashed the ceiling before they could drag the pistol from him. "There now! there now!" they interposed; "you don't want to talk like that," for he was pouring out a tide of hate and vilification. Yet the Virginian stood quiet by the bar, and many an eye of astonishment was turned upon him. "I'd not stand half that language," some muttered to each other. Still the Virginian waited quietly, while the fools reasoned with Trampas. But no earthly foot can step between a man and his destiny. Trampas broke suddenly free.

"Your friends have saved your life," he rang out, with obscene epithets. "I'll give you till sundown to leave town."

There was total silence instantly.

"Trampas," spoke the Virginian, "I don't want trouble with you."

"He never has wanted it," Trampas sneered to the bystanders. "He has been dodging it five years. But I've got him corralled."

Some of the Trampas faction smiled.

"Trampas," said the Virginian again, "are yu' sure yu' really mean that?"

The whiskey bottle flew through the air, hurled by Trampas, and crashed through the saloon window behind the Virginian.

"That was surplusage, Trampas," said he, "if yu' mean the other."

"Get out by sundown, that's all," said Trampas. And wheeling, he went out of the saloon by the rear, as he had entered.

"Gentlemen," said the Virginian, "I know you will all oblige me."

"Sure!" exclaimed the proprietor, heartily. "We'll see that everybody lets this thing alone."

The Virginian gave a general nod to the company, and walked out into the street.

"It's a turruble shame," sighed Scipio, "that he couldn't have postponed it."

The Virginian walked in the open air with thoughts disturbed. "I am of two minds about one thing," he said to himself uneasily.

Gossip ran in advance of him; but as he came by, the talk fell away until he had passed. Then they looked after him, and their words again rose audibly. Thus everywhere a little eddy of silence accompanied his steps.

"It don't trouble him much," one said, having read nothing in the Virginian's face.

"It may trouble his girl some," said another.

"She'll not know," said a third, "until it's over."

"He'll not tell her?"

"I wouldn't. It's no woman's business."

"Maybe that's so. Well, it would have suited me to have Trampas die sooner."

"How would it suit you to have him live longer?" inquired a member of the opposite faction, suspected of being himself a cattle thief.

"I could answer your question, if I had other folks' calves I wanted to brand." This raised both a laugh and a silence.

Thus the town talked, filling in the time before sunset.

The Virginian, still walking aloof in the open air, paused at the edge of the town. "I'd sooner have a sickness than be undecided this way," he said, and he looked up and down. Then a grim smile came at his own expense. "I reckon it would make me sick—but there's not time."

Over there in the hotel sat his sweetheart, alone, away from her mother, her friends, her home, waiting his return, knowing nothing. He looked into the west. Between the sun and the bright ridges of the mountains was still a space of sky; but the shadow from the mountains' feet had drawn halfway toward the town. "About forty minutes more," he said aloud. "She has been raised so different." And he sighed as he turned back. As he went slowly, he did not know how great was his own unhappiness. "She has been raised so different," he said again.

Opposite the post-office the bishop of Wyoming met him and greeted him. His lonely heart throbbed at the warm, firm grasp of this friend's hand. The bishop saw his eyes glow suddenly, as if tears were close. But none came, and no word more open than, "I'm glad to see you."

But gossip had reached the bishop, and he was sorely troubled also. "What is all this?" said he, coming straight to it.

The Virginian looked at the clergyman frankly. "Yu' know just as much about it as I do," he said. "And I'll tell yu' anything yu' ask."

"Have you told Miss Wood?" inquired the bishop.

The eyes of the bridegroom fell, and the bishop's face grew at once more keen and more troubled. Then the bridegroom raised his eyes again, and the bishop almost loved him. He touched his arm, like a brother. "This is hard luck," he said.

The bridegroom could scarce keep his voice steady. "I want to do right to-day more than any day I have ever lived," said he.

"Then go and tell her at once."

"It will just do nothing but scare her."

"Go and tell her at once."

"I expected you was going to tell me to run away from Trampas. I can't do that, yu' know."

The bishop did know. Never before in all his wilderness work had he faced such a thing. He knew that Trampas was an evil in the country, and that the Virginian was a good. He knew that the cattle thieves—

the rustlers—were gaining in numbers and audacity; that they led many weak young fellows to ruin; that they elected their men to office, and controlled juries; that they were a staring menace to Wyoming. His heart was with the Virginian. But there was his Gospel, that he preached, and believed, and tried to live. He stood looking at the ground and drawing a finger along his eyebrow. He wished that he might have heard nothing about all this. But he was not one to blink his responsibility as a Christian server of the church militant.

"Am I right," he now slowly asked, "in believing that you think I am a sincere man?"

"I don't believe anything about it. I know it."

"I should run away from Trampas," said the bishop.

"That ain't quite fair, seh. We all understand you have got to do the things you tell other folks to do. And you do them, seh. You never talk like anything but a man, and you never set yourself above others. You can saddle your own horses. And I saw yu' walk unarmed into that White River excitement when those two other parsons was a-foggin' and a-fannin' for their own safety. Damn scoundrels!"

The bishop instantly rebuked such language about brothers of his cloth, even though he disapproved both of them and their doctrines. "Every one may be an instrument of Providence," he concluded.

"Well," said the Virginian, "if that is so, then Providence makes use of instruments I'd not touch with a ten-foot pole. Now, if you was me, seh, and not a bishop, would you run away from Trampas?"

"That's not quite fair, either!" exclaimed the bishop, with a smile. "Because you are asking me to take another man's convictions, and yet remain myself."

"Yes, seh. I am. That's so. That don't get at it. I reckon you and I can't get at it."

"If the Bible," said the bishop, "which I believe to be God's word, was anything to you——"

"It is something to me, seh. I have found fine truths in it."

"'Thou shalt not kill,'" quoted the bishop. "That is plain."

The Virginian took his turn at smiling. "Mighty plain to me, seh. Make it plain to Trampas, and there'll be no killin'. We can't get at it that way."

Once more the bishop quoted earnestly. "'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

"How about instruments of Providence, seh? Why, we can't get at it that way. If you start usin' the Bible that way, it will mix you up mighty quick, seh."

"My friend," the bishop urged, and all his good, warm heart was in it, "my dear fellow—go away for the one night. He'll change his mind."

The Virginian shook his head. "He cannot change his word, seh. Or at least I must stay around till he does. Why, I have given him the say-so. He's got the choice. Most men would not have took what I took from him in the saloon. Why don't you ask *him* to leave town?"

The good bishop was at a standstill. Of all kicking against the pricks none is so hard as this kick of a professing Christian against the whole instinct of human man.

"But you have helped me some," said the Virginian. "I will go and tell her. At least, if I think it will be good for her, I will tell her."

The bishop thought that he saw one last chance to move him.

"You're twenty-nine," he began.

"And a little over," said the Virginian.

"And you were fourteen when you ran away from your family."

"Well, I was weary, yu' know, of havin' elder brothers lay down my law night and mawnin'."

"Yes, I know. So that your life has been your own for fifteen years. But it is not your own now. You have given it to a woman."

"Yes; I have given it to her. But my life's not the whole of me. I'd give her twice my life—fifty—a thousand of 'em. But I can't give her—her nor anybody in heaven or earth—I can't give my—my—we'll never get at it, seh! There's no good in words. Good-by." The Virginian wrung the bishop's hand and left him.

"God bless him!" said the bishop. "God bless him!"

The Virginian unlocked the room in the hotel where he kept stored his tent, his blankets, his pack-saddles, and his many accoutrements for the bridal journey in the mountains. Out of the window he saw the mountains blue in shadow, but some cottonwoods distant in the flat between were still bright green in the sun. From among his possessions he took quickly a pistol, wiping and loading it. Then from its holster he removed the pistol which he had tried and made sure of in the morning. This, according to his wont when going into a risk, he shoved between his trousers and his shirt in front. The untried weapon he placed in the holster, letting it hang visibly at his hip. He glanced out of the window again, and saw the mountains of the same deep blue. But the cottonwoods were no longer in the sunlight. The shadow had come past them, nearer the town; for fifteen of the forty minutes were gone. "The bishop is wrong," he said. "There is no sense in telling her." And he turned to the door, just as she came to it herself.

"Oh!" she cried out at once, and rushed to him.

He swore as he held her close. "The fools!" he said. "The fools!"

"It has been so frightful waiting for you," said she, leaning her head against him.

"Who had to tell you this?" he demanded.

"I don't know. Somebody just came and said it."

"This is mean luck," he murmured, patting her. "This is mean luck."

She went on: "I wanted to run out and find you; but I didn't! I didn't! I stayed quiet in my room till they said you had come back."

"It is mean luck. Mighty mean," he repeated.

"How could you be so long?" she asked. "Never mind, I've got you now. It is over."

Anger and sorrow filled him. "I might have known some fool would tell you," he said.

"It's all over. Never mind." Her arms tightened their hold of him. Then she let him go. "What shall we do?" she said. "What now?"

"Now?" he answered. "Nothing now."

She looked at him without understanding.

"I know it is a heap worse for you," he pursued, speaking slowly. "I knew it would be."

"But it is over," she exclaimed again.

He did not understand her now. He kissed her. "Did you think it was over?" he said simply. "There is some waiting still before us. I wish you did not have to wait alone. But it will not be long." He was looking down, and did not see the happiness grow chilled upon her face, and then fade into bewildered fear. "I did my best," he went on. "I think I did. I know I tried. I let him say to me before them all what no man has ever said, or ever will again. I kept thinking hard of you—with all my might, or I reckon I'd have killed him right there. And I gave him a show to change his mind. I gave it to him twice. I spoke as quiet as I am speaking to you now. But he stood to it. And I expect he knows he went too far in the hearing of others to go back on his threat. He will have to go on to the finish now."

"The finish?" she echoed, almost voiceless.

"Yes," he answered very gently.

Her dilated eyes were fixed upon him. "But—" she could scarce form utterance, "but you?"

"I have got myself ready," he said. "Did you think—why, what did you think?"

She recoiled a step. "What are you going—" She put her two hands to her head. "Oh, God!" she almost shrieked, "you are going—" He made a step, and would have put his arm round her, but she backed against the wall, staring speechless at him.

"I am not going to let him shoot me," he said quietly.

"You mean—you mean—but you can come away!" she cried. "It's not too late yet. You can take yourself out of his reach. Everybody knows that you are brave. What is he to you? You can leave him in this place. I'll go with you anywhere. To any house, to the mountains, to anywhere away. We'll leave this horrible place together and—and—oh, won't you listen to me?" She stretched her hands to him. "Won't you listen?"

He took her hands. "I must stay here."

Her hands clung to his. "No, no, no. There's something else. There's something better than shedding blood in cold blood. Only think what it means! Only think of having to remember such a thing! Why, it's what they hang people for! It's murder!"

He dropped her hands. "Don't call it that name," he said sternly.

"When there was the choice!" she exclaimed, half to herself, like a person stunned and speaking to the air. "To get ready for it when you have the choice!"

"He did the choosing," answered the Virginian. "Listen to me. Are you listening?" he asked, for her gaze was dull.

She nodded.

"I work hyeh. I belong hyeh. It's my life. If folks came to think I was a coward——"

"Who would think you were a coward?"

"Everybody. My friends would be sorry and ashamed, and my enemies would walk around saying they had always said so. I could not hold up my head again among enemies or friends."

"When it was explained——"

"There'd be nothing to explain. There'd just be the fact." He was nearly angry.

"There is a higher courage than fear of outside opinion," said the New England girl.

Her Southern lover looked at her. "Cert'nly there is. That's what I'm showing in going against yours."

"But if you know that you are brave, and if I know that you are brave, oh, my dear, my dear! what difference does the world make? How much higher courage to go your own course——"

"I am goin' my own course," he broke in. "Can't yu' see how it must be about a man? It's not for their benefit, friends or enemies, that I have got this thing to do. If any man happened to say I was a thief and I heard about it, would I let him go on spreadin' such a thing of me? Don't I owe my own honesty something better than that? Would I sit down in a corner rubbin' my honesty and whisperin' to it, 'There! there! I know you ain't a thief?' No, seh; not a little bit! What men say about my nature is not just merely an outside thing. For the fact that I let 'em keep on sayin' it is a proof I don't value my nature enough to shield it from their slander and give them their punishment. And that's being a poor sort of a jay."

She had grown very white.

"Can't yu' see how it must be about a man?" he repeated.

"I cannot," she answered, in a voice that scarcely seemed her own. "If I ought to, I cannot. To shed blood in cold blood. When I heard about that last fall,—about the killing of those cattle thieves,—I kept saying to myself: 'He had to do it. It was a public duty.' And lying sleepless I got used to Wyoming being different from Vermont. But this—" she gave a shudder—"when I think of to-morrow, of you and me, and of— If you do this, there can be no to-morrow for you and me."

At these words he also turned white.

"Do you mean—" he asked, and could go no farther.

Nor could she answer him, but turned her head away.

"This would be the end?" he asked.

Her head faintly moved to signify yes.

He stood still, his hand shaking a little. "Will you look at me and say that?" he murmured at length. She did not move. "Can you do it?" he said.

His sweetness made her turn, but could not pierce her frozen resolve. She gazed at him across the great distance of her despair.

"Then it is really so?" he said.

Her lips tried to form words, but failed.

He looked out of the window, and saw nothing but shadow. The blue of the mountains was now become a deep purple. Suddenly his hand closed hard.

"Good-by, then," he said.

At that word she was at his feet, clutching him. "For my sake," she begged him. "For my sake."

A tremble passed through his frame. She felt his legs shake as she held them, and, looking up, she saw that his eyes were closed with misery. Then he opened them, and in their steady look she read her answer. He unclasped her hands from holding him, and raised her to her feet.

"I have no right to kiss you any more," he said. And then, before his desire could break him down from this, he was gone, and she was alone.

She did not fall, or totter, but stood motionless. And next—it seemed a moment and it seemed eternity—she heard in the distance a shot, and then two shots. Out of the window she saw people beginning to run. At that she turned and fled to her room, and flung herself face downward upon the floor.

Trampas had departed into solitude from the saloon, leaving behind him his ultimatum. His loud and public threat was town knowledge already, would very likely be county knowledge to-night. Riders would take it with them to entertain distant cabins up the river and down the river; and by dark the stage would go south with the news of it—and the news of its outcome. For everything would be over by dark. After five years, here was the end coming—coming before dark. Trampas had got up this morning with no such thought. It seemed very strange to look back upon the morning; it lay so distant, so irrevocable. And he thought of how he had eaten his breakfast. How would he eat his supper? For supper would come afterward. Some people were eating theirs now, with nothing like this before them. His heart ached and grew cold to think of them, easy and comfortable with plates and cups of coffee.

He looked at the mountains, and saw the sun above their ridges, and the shadow coming from their feet. And there close behind him was the morning he could never go back to. He could see it clearly; his thoughts reached out like arms to touch it once more, and be in it again. The night that was coming he could not see, and his eyes and his thoughts shrank from it. He had given his enemy until sundown. He could not trace the path which had led him to this. He remembered their first meeting —five years back, in Medicine Bow, and the words which at once began his hate. No, it was before any words; it was the encounter of their eyes. For out of the eyes of every stranger looks either a friend or an enemy, waiting to be known. But how had five years of hate come to play him such a trick, suddenly, to-day? Since last autumn he had meant some time to get even with this man who seemed to stand at every turn of his crookedness, and rob him of his spoils. But how had he come to choose such a way of getting even as this, face to face? He knew many better ways; and now his own rash proclamation had trapped him. His words were like doors shutting him in to perform his threat to the letter, with witnesses at hand to see that he did so.

Trampas looked at the sun and the shadow again. He had till sundown. The heart inside him was turning it round in this opposite way: it was to *himself* that in his rage he had given this lessening margin of grace. But he dared not leave town in all the world's sight after all the world had heard him. Even his friends would fall from him after such an act. Could he—the thought actually came to him—could he strike before the time set? But the thought was useless. Even if his friends could harbour him after such a deed, his enemies would find him, and his life would be forfeit to a certainty. His own trap was closing upon him.

He came upon the main street, and saw some distance off the Virginian standing in talk with the bishop. He slunk between two houses, and cursed both of them. The sight had been good for him, bringing some warmth of rage back to his desperate heart. And he went into a place and drank some whiskey.

"In your shoes," said the barkeeper, "I'd be afraid to take so much."

But the nerves of Trampas were almost beyond the reach of intoxication, and he swallowed some more, and went out again. Presently he fell in with some of his brothers in cattle-stealing, and walked along with them for a little.

"Well, it will not be long now," they said to him. And he had never heard words so desolate.

"No," he made out to say; "soon now." Their cheerfulness seemed unearthly to him, and his heart almost broke beneath it.

"We'll have one to your success," they suggested.

So with them he repaired to another place; and the sight of a man leaning against the bar made him start so that they noticed him. Then he saw that the man was a stranger whom he had never laid eyes on till now.

"It looked like Shorty," he said, and could have bitten his tongue off.

"Shorty is quiet up in the Tetons," said a friend. "You don't want to be thinking about him. Here's how!"

Then they clapped him on the back and he left them. He thought of his enemy and his hate, beating his rage like a failing horse, and treading the courage of his drink. Across a space he saw Wiggin, walking with McLean and Scipio. They were watching the town to see that his friends made no foul play.

"We're giving you a clear field," said Wiggin.

"This race will not be pulled," said McLean.

"Be with you at the finish," said Scipio.

And they passed on. They did not seem like real people to him.

Trampas looked at the walls and windows of the houses. Were they real? Was he here, walking in this street? Something had changed. He looked everywhere, and feeling it everywhere, wondered what this could be. Then he knew: it was the sun that had gone entirely behind the mountains, and he drew out his pistol.

The Virginian, for precaution, did not walk out of the front door of the hotel. He went through back ways, and paused once. Against his breast he felt the wedding ring where he had it suspended by a chain from his neck. His hand went up to it, and he drew it out and looked at it. He took it off the chain, and his arm went back to hurl it from him as far as he could. But he stopped and kissed it with one sob, and thrust it in his pocket. Then he walked out into the open, watching. He saw men here and there, and they let him pass as before, without speaking. He saw his three friends, and they said no word to him. But they turned and followed in his rear at a little distance, because it was known that Shorty had been found shot from behind. The Virginian gained a position soon where no one could come at him except from in front; and the sight of the mountains was almost more than he could endure, because it was there that he had been going to-morrow.

"It is quite a while after sunset," he heard himself say.

A wind seemed to blow his sleeve off his arm, and he replied to it, and saw Trampas pitch forward. He saw Trampas raise his arm from the ground and fall again, and lie there this time still. A little smoke was rising from the pistol on the ground, and he looked at his own, and saw the smoke flowing upward out of it.

"I expect that's all," he said aloud.

But as he came nearer Trampas, he covered him with his weapon. He stopped a moment, seeing the hand on the ground move. Two fingers twitched, and then ceased; for it was all. The Virginian stood looking down at Trampas.

"Both of mine hit," he said, once more aloud. "His must have gone mighty close to my arm. I told her it would not be me."

He had scarcely noticed that he was being surrounded and congratulated. His hand was being shaken, and he saw it was Scipio in tears. Scipio's joy made his heart like lead within him. He was near telling his friend everything, but he did not.

"If anybody wants me about this," he said, "I will be at the hotel."

"Who'll want you?" said Scipio. "Three of us saw his gun out." And he vented his admiration. "You were that cool! That quick!"

"I'll see you boys again," said the Virginian, heavily; and he walked away.

Scipio looked after him, astonished. "Yu' might suppose he was in poor luck," he said to McLean.

The Virginian walked to the hotel, and stood on the threshold of his sweetheart's room. She had heard his step, and was upon her feet. Her lips were parted, and her eyes fixed on him, nor did she move, or speak.

"Yu' have to know it," said he. "I have killed Trampas."

"Oh, thank God!" she said; and he found her in his arms. Long they embraced without speaking, and what they whispered then with their kisses, matters not.

Thus did her New England conscience battle to the end, and, in the end, capitulate to love. And the next day, with the bishop's blessing, and Mrs. Taylor's broadest smile, and the ring on her finger, the Virginian departed with his bride into the mountains.

XXXVI

AT DUNBARTON

For their first bridal camp he chose an island. Long weeks beforehand he had thought of this place, and set his heart upon it. Once established in his mind, the thought became a picture that he saw waking and sleeping. He had stopped at the island many times alone, and in all seasons; but at this special moment of the year he liked it best. Often he had added several needless miles to his journey that he might finish the day at this point, might catch the trout for his supper beside a certain rock upon its edge, and fall asleep hearing the stream on either side of him.

Always for him the first signs that he had gained the true world of the mountains began at the island. The first pine trees stood upon it; the first white columbine grew in their shade; and it seemed to him that he always met here the first of the true mountain air—the coolness and the new fragrance. Below, there were only the cottonwoods, and the knolls and steep foothills with their sage-brush, and the great warm air of the plains; here at this altitude came the definite change. Out of the lower country and its air he would urge his horse upward, talking to him aloud, and promising fine pasture in a little while. Then, when at length he had ridden abreast of the island pines, he would ford to the sheltered circle of his camp-ground, throw off the saddle and blanket from the horse's hot, wet back, throw his own clothes off, and, shouting, spring upon the horse bare, and with a rope for bridle, cross with him to the promised pasture. Here there was a pause in the mountain steepness, a level space of open, green with thick grass. Riding his horse to this, he would leap off him, and with the flat of his hand give him a blow that cracked sharp in the stillness and sent the horse galloping and gambolling to his night's freedom. And while the animal rolled in the grass, often his master would roll also, and stretch, and take the grass in his two hands, and so draw his body along, limbering his muscles after a long ride. Then he would slide into the stream below his fishing place, where it was deep enough for swimming, and cross back to his island, and dressing again, fit his rod together and begin his casting. After the darkness had set in, there would follow the lying drowsily with his head upon his saddle, the camp-fire sinking as he watched it, and sleep approaching to the murmur of the water on either side of him.

So many visits to this island had he made, and counted so many hours of revery spent in its haunting sweetness, that the spot had come to seem his own. It belonged to no man, for it was deep in the unsurveyed and virgin wilderness; neither had he ever made his camp here with any man, nor shared with any the intimate delight which the place gave him. Therefore for many weeks he had planned to bring her here after their wedding, upon the day itself, and show her and share with her his pines and his fishing rock. He would bid her smell the first true breath of the mountains, would watch with her the sinking camp-fire, and with her listen to the water as it flowed round the island.

Until this wedding plan, it had by no means come home to him how deep a hold upon him the island had taken. He knew that he liked to go there, and go alone; but so little was it his way to scan himself, his mind, or his feelings (unless some action called for it), that he first learned his love of the place through his love of her. But he told her nothing of it. After the thought of taking her there came to him, he kept his island as something to let break upon her own eyes, lest by looking forward she should look for more than the reality.

Hence, as they rode along, when the houses of the town were shrunk to dots behind them, and they were nearing the gates of the foot-hills, she asked him questions. She hoped they would find a camp a long way from the town. She could ride as many miles as necessary. She was not tired. Should they not go on until they found a good place far enough within the solitude? Had he fixed upon any? And at the nod and the silence that he gave her for reply, she knew that he had thoughts and intentions which she must wait to learn.

They passed through the gates of the foot-hills, following the stream up among them. The outstretching fences and the widely trodden dust were no more. Now and then they rose again into view of the fields and houses down in the plain below. But as the sum of the miles and hours grew, they were glad to see the road less worn with travel, and the traces of men passing from sight. The ploughed and planted country, that quilt of many-coloured harvests which they had watched yesterday, lay in another world from this where they rode now. No hand but nature's had sown these crops of yellow flowers, these willow thickets and tall cottonwoods. Somewhere in a passage of red rocks the last sign of wagon wheels was lost, and after this the trail became a wild mountain trail. But it was still the warm air of the plains, bearing the sage-brush odour and not the pine, that they breathed; nor did any forest yet cloak the shapes of the tawny hills among which they were ascending. Twice the steepness loosened the pack ropes, and he jumped down to tighten them, lest the horses should get sore backs. And twice the stream that they followed went into deep canyons, so that for a while they parted from it. When they came back to its margin for the second time, he bade her notice how its water had become at last wholly clear. To her it had seemed clear enough all along, even in the plain above the town. But now she saw that it flowed lustrously with flashes; and she knew the soil had changed to mountain soil. Lower down, the water had carried the slightest cloud of alkali, and this had dulled the keen edge of its transparence. Full solitude was around them now, so that their words grew scarce, and when they spoke it was with low voices. They began to pass nooks and points favourable for camping, with wood and water at hand, and pasture for the horses. More than once as they reached such places, she thought he must surely stop; but still he rode on in advance of her (for the trail was narrow) until, when she was not thinking of it, he drew rein and pointed.

"What?" she asked timidly.

"The pines," he answered.

She looked, and saw the island, and the water folding it with ripples and with smooth spaces. The sun was throwing upon the pine boughs a light of deepening red gold, and the shadow of the fishing rock lay over a little bay of quiet water and sandy shore. In this forerunning glow of the sunset, the pasture spread like emerald; for the dry touch of summer had not yet come near it. He pointed upward to the high mountains which they had approached, and showed her where the stream led into their first unfoldings.

"To-morrow we shall be among them," said he.

"Then," she murmured to him, "to-night is here?"

He nodded for answer, and she gazed at the island and understood why he had not stopped before; nothing they had passed had been so lovely as this place.

There was room in the trail for them to go side by side; and side by side they rode to the ford and crossed, driving the pack-horses in front of them, until they came to the sheltered circle, and he helped her down where the soft pine needles lay. They felt each other tremble, and for a moment she stood hiding her head upon his breast. Then she looked round at the trees, and the shores, and the flowing stream, and he heard her whispering how beautiful it was.

"I am glad," he said, still holding her. "This is how I have dreamed it would happen. Only it is better than my dreams." And when she pressed him in silence, he finished, "I have meant we should see our first sundown here, and our first sunrise."

She wished to help him take the packs from their horses, to make the camp together with him, to have for her share the building of the fire, and the cooking. She bade him remember his promise to her that he would teach her how to loop and draw the pack-ropes, and the swing-ropes on the pack-saddles, and how to pitch a tent. Why might not the first lesson be now? But he told her that this should be fulfilled later. This night he was to do all himself. And he sent her away until he should have camp ready for them. He bade her explore the island, or take her horse and ride over to the pasture, where she could see the surrounding hills and the circle of seclusion that they made.

"The whole world is far from here," he said. And so she obeyed him, and went away to wander about in their hiding-place; nor was she to return, he told her, until he called her.

Then at once, as soon as she was gone, he fell to. The packs and saddles came off the horses, which he turned loose upon the pasture on the main land. The tent was unfolded first. He had long seen in his mind where it should go, and how its white shape would look beneath the green of the encircling pines. The ground was level in the spot he had chosen, without stones or roots, and matted with the fallen needles of the pines. If there should come any wind or storm of rain, the branches were thick overhead, and around them on three sides tall rocks and undergrowth made a barrier. He cut the pegs for the tent, and the front pole, stretching and tightening the rope, one end of it pegged down and one round a pine tree. When the tightening rope had lifted the canvas to the proper height from the ground, he spread and pegged down the sides and back, leaving the opening so that they could look out upon the fire and a piece of the stream beyond. He cut tufts of young pine and strewed them thickly for a soft floor in the tent, and over them spread the buffalo hide and the blankets. At the head he placed the neat sack of her belongings. For his own he made a shelter with crossed poles and a sheet of canvas beyond the first pines. He built the fire where its smoke would float outward from the trees and the tent, and near it he stood the cooking things and his provisions, and made this first supper ready in the twilight. He had brought much with him; but for ten minutes fished, catching trout enough. When at length she came riding over the stream at his call, there was nothing for her to do but sit and eat at the table he had laid. They sat together, watching the last of the twilight and the gentle oncoming of the dusk. The final after-glow of day left the sky, and through the purple which followed it came slowly the first stars, bright and wide apart. They watched the spaces between them fill with more stars, while near them the flames and embers of their fire grew brighter. Then he sent her to the tent while he cleaned the dishes and visited the horses to see that they did not stray from the pasture. Some while after the darkness was fully come, he rejoined her. All had been as he had seen it in his thoughts beforehand: the pines with the setting sun upon them, the sinking camp-fire, and now the sound of the water as it flowed murmuring by the shores of the island.

The tent opened to the east, and from it they watched together their first sunrise. In his thoughts he had seen this morning beforehand also: the waking, the gentle sound of the water murmuring ceaselessly, the growing day, the vision of the stream, the sense that the world was shut away far from them. So did it all happen, except that he whispered to her again:—

"Better than my dreams."

They saw the sunlight begin upon a hill-top; and presently came the sun itself, and lakes of warmth flowed into the air, slowly filling the green solitude. Along the island shores the ripples caught flashes from the sun.

"I am going into the stream," he said to her; and rising, he left her in the tent. This was his side of the island, he had told her last night; the other was hers, where he had made a place for her to bathe. When he was gone, she found it, walking through the trees and rocks to the water's edge. And so, with the island between them, the two bathed in the cold stream. When he came back, he found her already busy at their camp. The blue smoke of the fire was floating out from the trees, loitering undispersed in the quiet air, and she was getting their breakfast. She had been able to forestall him because he had delayed long at his dressing, not willing to return to her unshaven. She looked at his eyes that were clear as the water he had leaped into, and at his soft silk neckerchief, knotted with care.

"Do not let us ever go away from here!" she cried, and ran to him as he came.

They sat long together at breakfast, breathing the morning breath of the earth that was fragrant with woodland moisture and with the pines. After the meal he could not prevent her helping him make everything clean. Then, by all customs of mountain journeys, it was time they should break camp and be moving before the heat of the day. But first, they delayed for no reason, save that in these hours they so loved to do nothing. And next, when with some energy he got upon his feet and declared he must go and drive the horses in, she asked, Why? Would it not be well for him to fish here, that they might be sure of trout at their nooning? And though he knew that where they should stop for noon, trout would be as sure as here, he took this chance for more delay.

She went with him to his fishing rock, and sat watching him. The rock was tall, higher than his head when he stood. It jutted out halfway across the stream, and the water flowed round it in quick foam, and fell into a pool. He caught several fish; but the sun was getting high, and after a time it was plain the fish had ceased to rise.

Yet still he stood casting in silence, while she sat by and watched him. Across the stream, the horses wandered or lay down in their pasture. At length he said with half a sigh that perhaps they ought to go.

"Ought?" she repeated softly.

"If we are to get anywhere to-day," he answered.

"Need we get anywhere?" she asked.

Her question sent delight through him like a flood. "Then you do not want to move camp to-day?" said he.

She shook her head.

At this he laid down his rod and came and sat by her. "I am very glad we shall not go till to-morrow," he murmured.

"Not to-morrow," she said. "Nor next day. Nor any day until we must." And she stretched her hands out to the island and the stream exclaiming, "Nothing can surpass this!"

He took her in his arms. "You feel about it the way I do," he almost whispered. "I could not have hoped there'd be two of us to care so much."

Presently, while they remained without speaking by the pool, came a little wild animal swimming round the rock from above. It had not seen them, nor suspected their presence. They held themselves still, watching its alert head cross through the waves quickly and come down through the pool, and so swim to the other side. There it came out on a small stretch of sand, turned its gray head and its pointed black nose this way and that, never seeing them, and then rolled upon its back in the warm dry sand. After a minute of rolling, it got on its feet again, shook its fur, and trotted away.

Then the bridegroom husband opened his shy heart deep down.

"I am like that fellow," he said dreamily. "I have often done the same." And stretching slowly his arms and legs, he lay full length upon his back, letting his head rest upon her. "If I could talk his animal language, I could talk to him," he pursued. "And he would say to me: 'Come and roll on the sands. Where's the use of fretting? What's the gain in being a man? Come roll on the sands with me.' That's what he would say." The Virginian paused. "But," he continued, "the trouble is, I am responsible. If that could only be forgot forever by you and me!" Again he paused and went on, always dreamily. "Often when I have camped here, it has made me want to become the ground, become the water, become the trees, mix with the whole thing. Not know myself from it. Never unmix again. Why is that?" he demanded, looking at her. "What is it? You don't know, nor I don't. I wonder would everybody feel that way here?"

"I think not everybody," she answered.

"No; none except the ones who understand things they can't put words to. But you did!" He put up a hand and touched her softly. "You understood about this place. And that's what makes it—makes you and me as we are now—better than my dreams. And my dreams were pretty good."

He sighed with supreme quiet and happiness, and seemed to stretch his length closer to the earth. And so he lay, and talked to her as he had never talked to any one, not even to himself. Thus she learned secrets of his heart new to her: his visits here, what they were to him, and why he had chosen it for their bridal camp. "What I did not know at all," he said, "was the way a man can be pining for—for this—and never guess what is the matter with him."

When he had finished talking, still he lay extended and serene; and she looked down at him and the wonderful change that had come over him, like a sunrise. Was this dreamy boy the man of two days ago? It seemed a distance immeasurable; yet it was two days only since that wedding eve when she had shrunk from him as he stood fierce and implacable. She could look back at that dark hour now, although she could not speak of it. She had seen destruction like sharp steel glittering in his eyes. Were these the same eyes? Was this youth with his black head of hair in her lap the creature with whom men did not trifle, whose hand knew how to deal death? Where had the man melted away to in this boy? For as she looked at him, he might have been no older than nineteen to-day. Not even at their first meeting—that night when his freakish spirit was uppermost—had he looked so young. This change their hours upon the island had wrought, filling his face with innocence.

By and by they made their nooning. In the afternoon she would have explored the nearer woods with him, or walked up the stream. But since this was to be their camp during several days, he made it more complete. He fashioned a rough bench and a table; around their tent he built a tall wind-break for better shelter in case of storm; and for the fire he gathered and cut much wood, and piled it up. So they were provided for, and so for six days and nights they stayed, finding no day or night long enough.

Once his hedge of boughs did them good service, for they had an afternoon of furious storm. The wind rocked the pines and ransacked the island, the sun went out, the black clouds rattled, and white bolts of lightning fell close by. The shower broke through the pine branches and poured upon the tent. But he had removed everything inside from where it could touch the canvas and so lead the water through, and the rain ran off into the ditch he had dug round the tent. While they sat within, looking out upon the bounding floods and the white lightning, she saw him glance at her apprehensively, and at once she answered his glance.

"I am not afraid," she said. "If a flame should consume us together now, what would it matter?"

And so they sat watching the storm till it was over, he with his face changed by her to a boy's, and she leavened with him.

When at last they were compelled to leave the island, or see no more of the mountains, it was not a final parting. They would come back for the last night before their journey ended. Furthermore, they promised each other like two children to come here every year upon their wedding day, and like two children they believed that this would be possible. But in after years they did come, more than once, to keep their wedding day upon the island, and upon each new visit were able to say to each other, "Better than our dreams."

For thirty days by the light of the sun and the camp-fire light they saw no faces except their own; and when they were silent it was all stillness, unless the wind passed among the pines, or some flowing water was near them. Sometimes at evening they came upon elk, or black-tailed deer, feeding out in the high parks of the mountains; and once from the edge of some concealing timber he showed her a bear, sitting with an old log lifted in its paws. She forbade him to kill the bear, or any creature that they did not require. He took her upward by trail and cañon, through the unfooted woods and along dwindling streams to their headwaters, lakes lying near the summit of the range, full of trout, with meadows of long grass and a thousand flowers, and above these the pinnacles of rock and snow.

They made their camps in many places, delaying several days here, and one night there, exploring the high solitudes together, and sinking deep in their romance. Sometimes when he was at work with their horses, or intent on casting his brown hackle for a fish, she would watch him with eyes that were fuller of love than of understanding. Perhaps she never came wholly to understand him; but in her complete love for him she found enough. He loved her with his whole man's power. She had listened to him tell her in words of transport, "I could enjoy dying"; yet she loved him more than that. He had come to her from a smoking pistol, able to bid her farewell—and she could not let him go. At the last white-hot edge of ordeal, it was she who renounced, and he who had his way. Nevertheless she found much more than enough, in spite of the sigh that now and again breathed through her happiness when she would watch him with eyes fuller of love than of understanding.

They could not speak of that grim wedding eve for a long while after; but the mountains brought them together upon all else in the world and their own lives. At the end they loved each other doubly more than at the beginning, because of these added confidences which they exchanged and shared. It was a new bliss to her to know a man's talk and thoughts, to be given so much of him; and to him it was a bliss still greater to melt from that reserve his lonely life had bred in him. He never would have guessed so much had been stored away in him, unexpressed till now. They did not want to go to Vermont and leave these mountains, but the day came when they had to turn their backs upon their dream. So they came out into the plains once more, well established in their familiarity, with only the journey still lying between themselves and Bennington.

"If you could," she said, laughing. "If only you could ride home like this."

"With Monte and my six-shooter?" he asked. "To your mother?"

"I don't think mother could resist the way you look on a horse."

But he said, "It is this way she's fearing I will come."

"I have made one discovery," she said. "You are fonder of good clothes than I am."

He grinned. "I cert'nly like 'em. But don't tell my friends. They would say it was marriage. When you see what I have got for Bennington's special benefit, you—why, you'll just trust your husband more than ever."

She undoubtedly did. After he had put on one particular suit, she arose and kissed him where he stood in it.

"Bennington will be sorrowful," he said. "No wild-west show, after all. And no ready-made guy, either." And he looked at himself in the glass with unhidden pleasure.

"How did you choose that?" she asked. "How did you know that homespun was exactly the thing for you?"

"Why, I have been noticing. I used to despise an Eastern man because his clothes were not Western. I was very young then, or maybe not so very young, as very—as what you saw I was when you first came to Bear Creek. A Western man is a good thing. And he generally knows that. But he has a heap to learn. And he generally don't know that. So I took to watching the Judge's Eastern visitors. There was that Mr. Ogden especially, from New Yawk—the gentleman that was there the time when I had to sit up all night with the missionary, yu' know. His clothes pleased me best of all. Fit him so well, and nothing flash. I got my ideas, and when I knew I was going to marry you, I sent my measure East—and I and the tailor are old enemies now."

Bennington probably was disappointed. To see get out of the train merely a tall man with a usual straw hat, and Scotch homespun suit of a rather better cut than most in Bennington—this was dull. And his conversation—when he indulged in any—seemed fit to come inside the house.

Mrs. Flynt took her revenge by sowing broadcast her thankfulness that poor Sam Bannett had been Molly's rejected suitor. He had done so much better for himself. Sam had married a rich Miss Van Scootzer, of the second families of Troy; and with their combined riches this happy couple still inhabit the most expensive residence in Hoosic Falls.

But most of Bennington soon began to say that Molly's cow-boy could be invited anywhere and hold his own. The time came when they ceased to speak of him as a cowboy, and declared that she had shown remarkable sense. But this was not quite yet.

Did this bride and groom enjoy their visit to her family? Well—well, they did their best. Everybody did their best, even Sarah Bell. She said that she found nothing to object to in the Virginian; she told Molly so. Her husband Sam did better than that. He told Molly he considered that she was in luck. And poor Mrs. Wood, sitting on the sofa, conversed scrupulously and timidly with her novel son-in-law, and said to Molly that she was astonished to find him so gentle. And he was undoubtedly fine-looking; yes, very handsome. She believed that she would grow to like the Southern accent. Oh, yes! Everybody did their best; and, dear reader, if ever it has been your earthly portion to live with a number of people who were all doing their best, you do not need me to tell you what a heavenly atmosphere this creates.

And then the bride and groom went to see the old great-aunt over at Dunbarton.

Their first arrival, the one at Bennington, had been thus: Sam Bell had met them at the train, and Mrs. Wood, waiting in her parlour, had embraced her daughter and received her son-in-law. Among them they had managed to make the occasion as completely mournful as any family party can be, with the window blinds up. "And with you present, my dear," said Sam Bell to Sarah, "the absence of a coffin was not felt."

But at Dunbarton the affair went off differently. The heart of the ancient lady had taught her better things. From Bennington to Dunbarton is the good part of a day's journey, and they drove up to the gate in the afternoon. The great-aunt was in her garden, picking some August flowers, and she called as the carriage stopped, "Bring my nephew here, my dear, before you go into the house."

At this, Molly, stepping out of the carriage, squeezed her husband's hand. "I knew that she would be lovely," she whispered to him. And then she ran to her aunt's arms, and let him follow. He came slowly, hat in hand.

The old lady advanced to meet him, trembling a little, and holding out her hand to him. "Welcome, nephew," she said. "What a tall fellow you are, to be sure. Stand off, sir, and let me look at you."

The Virginian obeyed, blushing from his black hair to his collar.

Then his new relative turned to her niece, and gave her a flower. "Put this in his coat, my dear," she said. "And I think I understand why you wanted to marry him."

After this the maid came and showed them to their rooms. Left alone in her garden, the great-aunt sank on a bench and sat there for some time; for emotion had made her very weak.

Upstairs, Molly, sitting on the Virginian's knee, put the flower in his coat, and then laid her head upon his shoulder.

"I didn't know old ladies could be that way," he said. "D' yu' reckon there are many?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the girl. "I'm so happy!"

Now at tea, and during the evening, the great-aunt carried out her plans still further. At first she did the chief part of the talking herself. Nor did she ask questions about Wyoming too soon. She reached that in her own way, and found out the one thing that she desired to know. It was through General Stark that she led up to it.

"There he is," she said, showing the family portrait. "And a rough time he must have had of it now and then. New Hampshire was full of fine young men in those days. But nowadays most of them have gone away to seek their fortunes in the West. Do they find them, I wonder?"

"Yes, ma'am. All the good ones do."

"But you cannot all be—what is the name?—Cattle Kings."

"That's having its day, ma'am, right now. And we are getting ready for the change—some of us are."

"And what may be the change, and when is it to come?"

"When the natural pasture is eaten off," he explained. "I have seen that coming a long while. And if the thieves are going to make us drive our stock away, we'll drive it. If they don't, we'll have big pastures fenced, and hay and shelter ready for winter. What we'll spend in improvements, we'll more than save in wages. I am well fixed for the next conditions. And then, when I took up my land, I chose a place where there is coal. It will not be long before the new railroad needs that."

Thus the old lady learned more of her niece's husband in one evening than the Bennington family had ascertained during his whole sojourn with them. For by touching upon Wyoming and its future, she roused him to talk. He found her mind alive to Western questions: irrigation, the Indians, the forests; and so he expanded, revealing to her his wide observation and his shrewd intelligence. He forgot entirely to be shy. She sent Molly to bed, and kept him talking for an hour. Then she showed him old things that she was proud of, "because," she said, "we, too, had something to do with making our country. And now go to Molly, or you'll both think me a tiresome old lady."

"I think—" he began, but was not quite equal to expressing what he thought, and suddenly his shyness flooded him again.

"In that case, nephew," said she, "I'm afraid you'll have to kiss me good-night."

And so she dismissed him to his wife, and to happiness greater than either of them had known since they had left the mountains and come to the East. "He'll do," she said to herself, nodding.

Their visit to Dunbarton was all happiness and reparation for the doleful days at Bennington. The old lady gave much comfort and advice to her niece in private, and when they came to leave, she stood at the front door holding both their hands a moment.

"God bless you, my dears," she told them. "And when you come next time, I'll have the nursery ready."

And so it happened that before she left this world, the great-aunt was able to hold in her arms the first of their many children.

Judge Henry at Sunk Creek had his wedding present ready. His growing affairs in Wyoming needed his presence in many places distant from his ranch, and he made the Virginian his partner. When the thieves prevailed at length, as they did, forcing cattle owners to leave the country or be ruined, the Virginian had forestalled this crash. The herds were driven away to Montana. Then, in 1892, came the cattle war, when, after putting their men in office, and coming to own some of the newspapers, the thieves brought ruin on themselves as well. For in a broken country there is nothing left to steal.

But the railroad came, and built a branch to that land of the Virginian's where the coal was. By that time he was an important man, with a strong grip on many various enterprises, and able to give his wife all and more than she asked or desired. Sometimes she missed the Bear Creek days, when she and he had ridden together, and sometimes she declared that his work would kill him. But it does not seem to have done so. Their eldest boy rides the horse Monte; and, strictly between ourselves, I think his father is going to live a long while.

Christmas Wolves

OLAUS MAGNUS, who was of preëminence, termed "the Goth," and was archbishop of Upsal, and metropolitan of Sweden, relates in his History, that, at the festival of Christmas, in the cold northern parts, there is a strange mutation of men into animals. He says that, at a certain place previously resolved upon amongst themselves, there is a gathering of a huge multitude of wolves that are changed from men, who, during that night, rage with such fierceness against mankind, and other creatures not fierce by nature, that the inhabitants of that country suffer more hurt from them than ever they do from true natural wolves, for these human wolves attack houses, labour to break down the doors that they may destroy the inmates, and descend into the cellars, where they drink out whole tuns of beer or mead, leaving the empty barrels heaped one upon another. And, if any man afterwards come to the place where they have met, and his cart overturn, or he fall down in the snow, it is believed he will die that year. And there is standing a wall of a certain castle that was destroyed, which, at a set time, these unnatural wolves come to, and exercise their agility in trying to leap over; and they that cannot leap over this wall, as commonly the fat ones cannot, are whipped by their captains; and, moreover, it is believed that among them are the great men and chief nobility of the land. And one skilled in the manner of this great change of a natural man into a brute, says, that it is effected by a man mumbling certain words, and drinking a cup of ale to a man-wolf, which, if he accept the same, the man natural is admitted as worthy of the society of these men wolves, and may change himself into the form of a wolf by going into a secret cellar or private wood; and also he may put off his wolf's form, and resume his own, at his pleasure.

And, for example, it is further related by the archbishop Olaus, that a certain nobleman, while on a journey through the woods, was benighted and hungry; and it so fell out that among his servants were some who had this faculty of becoming wolves; one of these proposed that the rest should be quiet, while he withdrew, and that they should not be surprised to tumult by any thing they saw in his absence; and, so saying, he went into a thick wood, and there privily he transformed himself, and came out as a wolf, and fell fiercely on a flock of sheep, and caught one of them, and brought it to his companions, who, knowing the bringer thereof for their comrade, received it gratefully; and he returned into the wood, as a wolf would, and came back again in his own shape as the nobleman's servant; and so, of his skill, this lord and the rest had a supper, for they roasted the sheep.

Also, saith the archbishop, not many years since, it fell out in Livonia that a nobleman's wife disputed with one of her servants, whether men could turn themselves into wolves, and the lady said they could not; but the servant said, with her permission, he would presently show her an example of that business: and forthwith he went alone into the cellar, and presently after came forth in the form of a wolf; and the dogs hunted him through the fields into a wood, where he defended himself stoutly, but they bit out one of his eyes, and the next day he came with only one eye to his lady.

Lastly, the archbishop saith, it is yet fresh in memory how the duke of Prussia, giving little heed to such stories, yet required one who was reputed cunning in this sorcery, to give proof of his art, and the man changed himself into a wolf accordingly; and the duke was then satisfied, and caused the man to be burnt for his idolatry.

The Year Book of Daily Recreation and Information. WILLIAM HONE (1832).

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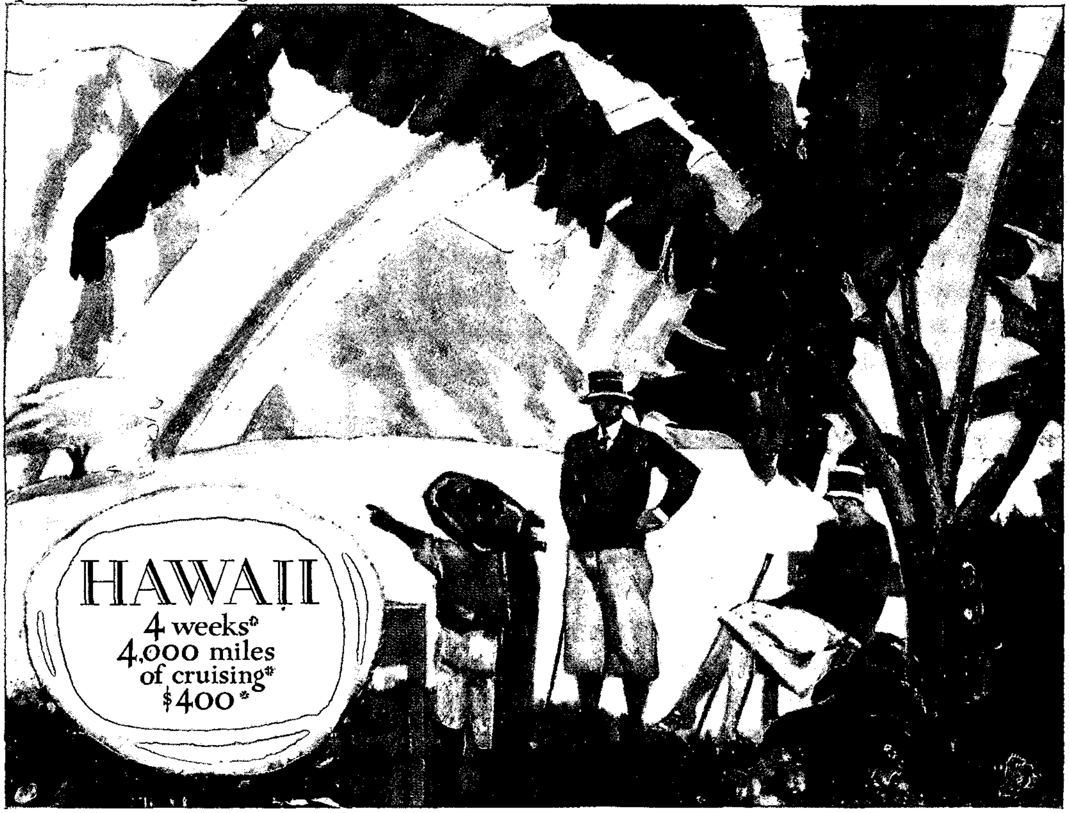

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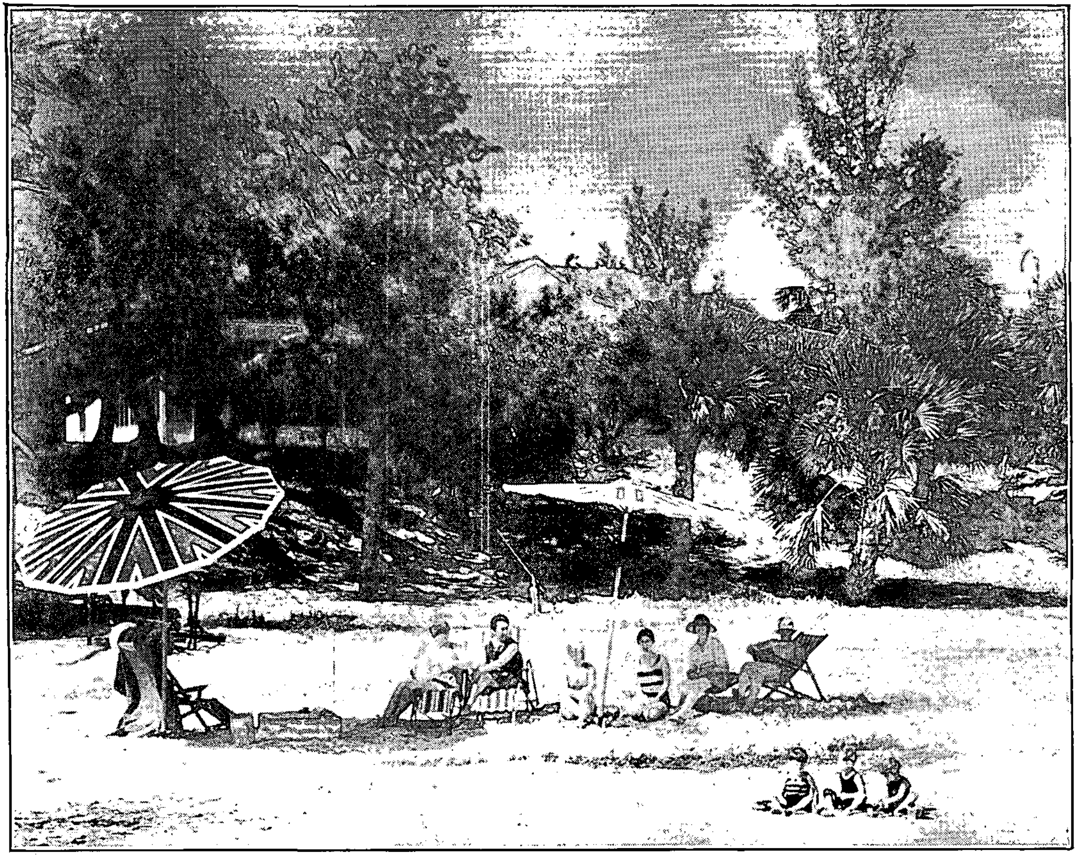

Photo by T. C. Wood, Jr.

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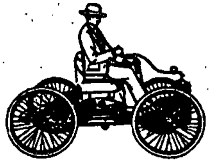

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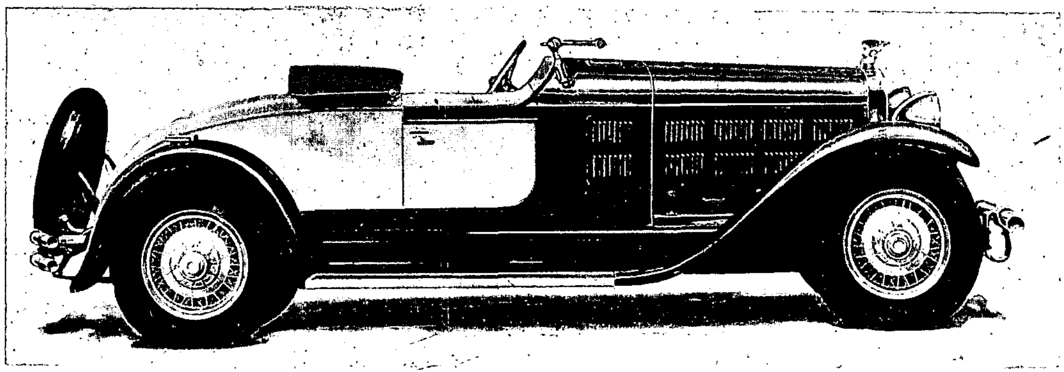


GARDNER

To Present 3 Eights-in-Line At New York Show

Exhibit will include the New Series 75, said to be World's Lowest-priced Eight-in-Line—prices range from $1195 to $2495

AT the New York Automobile Show in January, The Gardner Motor Co., Inc., will present the most complete line of Eights-in-line offered by any American motor car manufacturer. Three complete series of Gardner Eights-in-line will be exhibited—the 75, 85 and 95—and these will range in price from $1195 for the Series 75 Roadster to $2495 for the Series 95 Custom Coupe. In between these two prices will be thirteen other distinctive body styles at prices comparable to those usually asked for six-cylinder cars.

Seven body styles will be available on the New Gardner 75 chassis—a Roadster at $1195, Victoria at $1295, Sport Coupe at $1295, Club Sedan at $1390, Sedan at $1495, Club Sedan De Luxe at $1495 and Sedan De Luxe at $1595. There are four body styles on the Series 85 chassis—a Roadster at $1695, 4-door Brougham at $1875, Sedan at $1895 and Custom Coupe at $2095. On the Series 95 chassis are four body styles—a Roadster at $2095, 4-door Brougham at $2275, Sedan at $2295 and Custom Coupe at $2495.

A number of refinements and features developed by Gardner are worthy of attention. On both Series 85 and Series 95 models, for instance, the cowl bar has an entirely new inlaid panel consisting of bronze scroll work, and the instrument board is decorated in a somewhat similar manner. Headlamps are of a new design, and a double-deck cushion is standard. The front cushion can be raised or lowered without effort.

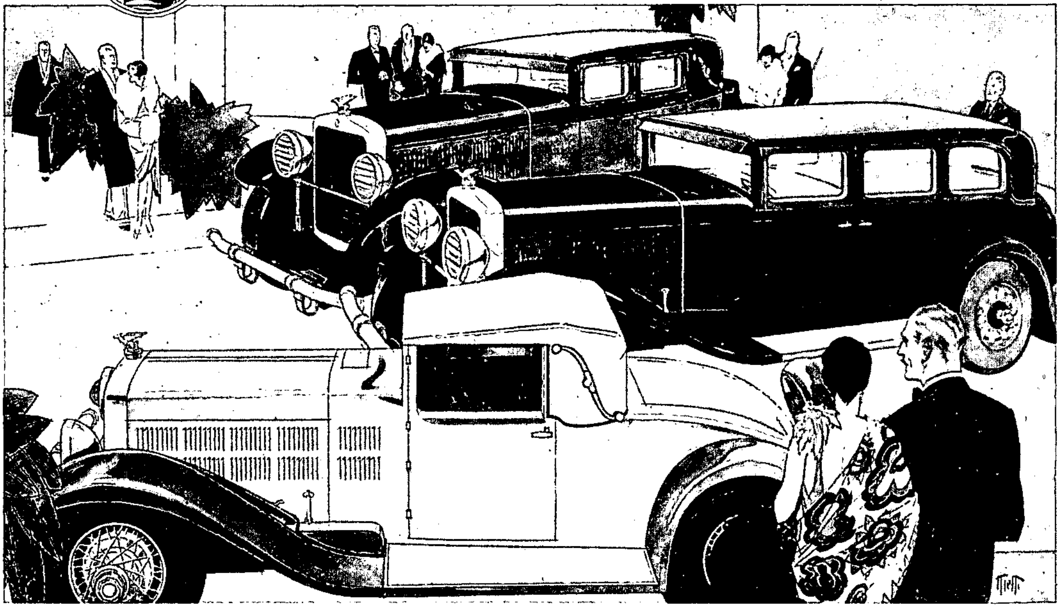
Vanity cases and a cigar lighter are installed on the rear of the front seat of Series 95 models, and cowl lights on this series are mounted on a nickel band which circles the cowl. Lovejoy Shock Absorbers are also standard on Series 95 models.

Both Series 85 and Series 95 Roadsters have a new folding-type windshield, and there is a slat iron roof on these roadsters which folds compactly. Louvres are in the cowl on Series 85 and 95 roadsters and custom coupes. Both Series 85 and Series 95 Roadsters have a distant control lock on the lid of the rear deck, and this operates from a centrally placed handle, similar to that used on door of Gardner Sedans.

While standard models have the spare tire mounted on the rear, optional equipment at slightly added cost provides for the spare tire on the side with the trunk in the rear. Wood wheels are furnished as standard equipment on all three series, but wire and disc wheels are optional on Series 85 and Series 95 models.

That distinctively different motor car

SPEED STAMINA



GARDNER now builds the Eight-in-line in 3 distinctive series—the 75, 85 and 95. Fifteen body styles are available—an endless array of interior and color combinations—at

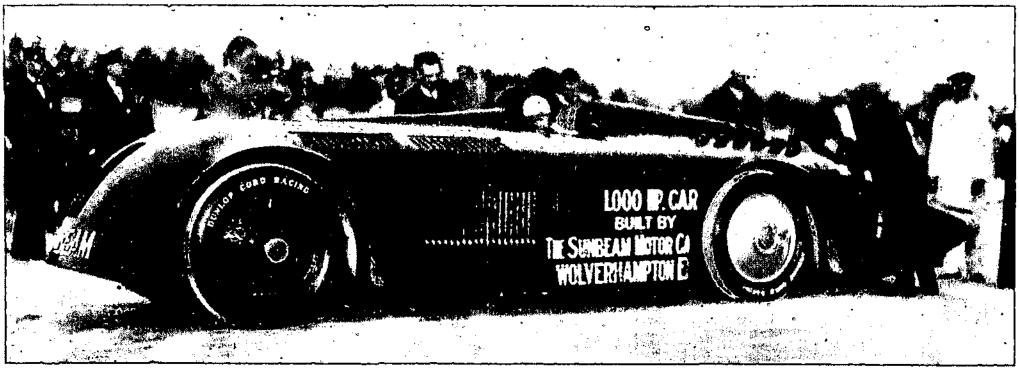
$1195 to $2495

THE Gardner Eight-in-line is a distinctively different motor car because the spirit of the men who build it is one of distinctive difference. With them, true artistry and splendid craftsmanship are more greatly prized than high production records—and each increase in charm and distinction is hailed as a notable achievement.

THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., INC., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

GARDNER

Eight-in-Line



Major Segrave's "Mystery S"

SPEED! by Donald Wilhelm

YOUR hand lies inert on your steering-wheel. As the green light flashes you close your hand, an act that takes approximately seven-tenths of a second. In his five-ton *Mystery S*, over the sands of Daytona Beach last Spring, H. O. D. Segrave, Marylander by birth and now the British speed king of the world, traveled more than 200 feet in seven-tenths of a second! Going the equivalent of about sixty city blocks a minute, he traveled faster by far than any man ever traveled over the ground. This winter, Malcom Campbell of England, Frank Lockhart and other Americans will undertake to go faster still!

Segrave traveled nearly five miles to get rolling over the mile stretch that he covered, as A. A. A. regulations require, both ways. He put that projectile of his into first gear at forty-five miles an hour, into second at ninety and shifted into high at 142! How would you like to shift gears with a 500 h. p. Sunbeam motor in front of you and another aft, at 142 miles an hour? He went one mile at the rate of more than 207 miles an hour, averaged, up and back, 203.8 miles an hour! It took half a turn of his big steering-wheel, and half a mile, to make any adjustment in direction. It took him nearly four miles to slow down. And when he released his gloved hand from the gear shift, it was blistered all over from heat that had worked up from gears that had endured the unendurable, while his wheels and tires turned faster by far than wheels and tires had ever turned before.

MAJOR SEGRAVE

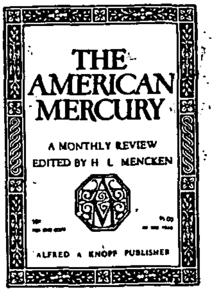
"He can't make better than about 170 miles an hour," predicted the chief automotive engineer of a great American manufacturer of cars, "because centrifugal action alone will tear the tires from his hubs or at least the tread from his tires."

But his tires withstood perfectly the terrific test. They were especially designed by Dunlop—founders of the Pneumatic Tire Industry. Practically every major record on the automobile racing books today was made on Dunlop Tires.

Tires, for such unbelievable speeds, can last but a short while—Segrave's tires were designed to have a life of three minutes at maximum speed of 200 miles an hour.

The racing tires to be used on cars attempting the world's record in February will be special problems, notably Lockhart's, because the writer is privileged to state that his car will weigh approximately 2800 pounds loaded—not five tons as Segrave's. Every part of a racing car calls for the greatest knowledge of engineering problems. What a battle it will be when the motors start roaring for 210 miles an hour—217 miles an hour—or even 225 miles an hour! That's speed, brethren, that's speed!

Three Christmas Gifts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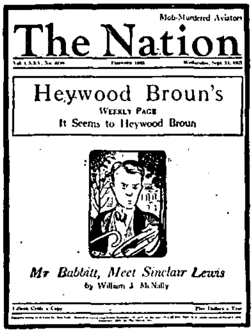
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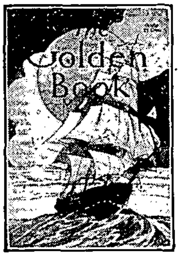
Heywood Broun's
Weekly Page
It Seems to Heywood Broun
Mr Babbitt, Meet Sinclair Lewis
by William J McNally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Adventures in Investing

[To Readers: *We shall be glad to publish (and pay for at regular rates) any interesting narratives of actual adventures in investing. Names of people may be fictitious, but the facts must be exact. Tell the precise securities bought; what was paid for them, the reasons which decided you to make the purchase,—and what happened. Mistakes are often as illuminating as successes. Address* Editor, "The Golden Book."]

Diversifying

As a result of one of those inexplicable twists of human psychology, I have had attached to me a very undeserved reputation as an expert in securities. No amount of protest on my part can persuade my friends and colleagues otherwise. It happens that I teach the courses in Money and Banking, Corporate Finance, etc., in a college department of Economics, and that, by inheritance of a block of stock, am a director of a small but prosperous corporation. My graduate research has made me expert in a very narrow field of Utility stocks, and because of this I am occasionally consulted by local business men. These men have been over-generous in their praise of my ability and over-silent about its decided limitations.

None of my colleagues are wealthy, but their modest remuneration from the University is supplemented by royalties from text-books, and by graduation addresses and the like. The more thrifty save at least a respectable competence for old age. Thus it is that I am called upon for advice in connection with the investment of quite considerable sums, in one case as much as $20,000. My plea of incompetence is waved aside as mere modesty. So far, I have not made any serious errors regarding particular securities, but I recently received some jolts that taught me to be careful *how* my advice was given. Let me cite an actual case.

In January, 1926, a young woman asked me what I thought of a local building and loan association. I stated that I considered it absolutely sound, but warned her briefly of the general disadvantages of this type of investment—restricted market, etc. However, I spoke favorably of this particular company, and admitted that I had some of my own funds in it. It was only by the merest chance that I learned, through a third party, that she had placed her entire savings in this one investment! I sought her and persuaded her to cash most of it out, and to diversify. It is fortunate that I did so: she wished to return to College for graduate work this fall, just at the time this same building and loan company was faced with a frozen asset problem, and ceased to support a market for its shares. The difficulty was only temporary; but had she not shifted her investment, she would have faced the alternative of a severe loss, or a postponement of her graduate study.

With this incident in mind, I made it a point to question several other friends who had asked me about some one security. This caused me some embarrassment; for a few obviously considered my questions an impertinence. However, two similar cases came to light. Two professors, having heard me speak favorably of Middle West Utilities, proceeded to invest their entire surplus in M. W. U. preferred. One had invested $5,000—everything he owned but his home; the other had purchased $3,000 worth of the stock, though the only other property he owned was a $500 Liberty bond. As they were rational gentlemen, I had but little difficulty in "selling" them on the value of diversity. They kept $500 apiece of the M. W. U. When they sold the rest, each bought a $500 real estate bond. For the balance I put them into "American Tel. & Tel.," Standard Oil of N. Y. common, and Public Service of Northern Illinois, pfd. I claim no merit for this list, but at least it is diversified.

I have made this resolution: I will never pass judgment as such on any single security. The recipient of my advice must take me into his confidence far enough to prevent any repetition of the above incidents. Perhaps a great deal of better counsel than mine goes wrong because it attaches the right security to the wrong man, or in the wrong amounts.

Be that as it may, I have an enviable reputation that some bond salesmen ought to have. Will trade for a good cigar or what have you? K. H. K.

It Pays to Know What You Own

Thirteen years ago in New York there was much talk of the "big Long Island real estate boom." The necessary overflow of the city's rapidly increasing population was foreseen.

Mr. L., a man of moderate wealth, bought two lots

(*Continued on page 40*)

"I shouldn't decide it alone"

A MAN with a few thousand dollars to invest has a perplexing range of possibilities before him. Values must be appraised, past records studied and future trends estimated. But the investor should not try to decide alone. He can get the considered opinion of a world-wide investment organization—it is his for the asking. National City judgment as to which bonds are best for you is based on both strict investigation of the security and analysis of your own requirements.

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(*Continued from page* 38)

in a small Long Island community about thirty minutes' ride from New York. He paid $2,300 for the two—one was a corner lot. Taxes and assessments eventually brought the sum invested to $4,300, and still the "big boom" did not materialize. L. died, leaving the lots to his widow.

Not long after, a man came to see her about the lots. "I am ashamed to tell you the small sum my company offers," he said. It was $4,000. Mrs. L. turned him away, and sought the advice of a real estate man familiar with the locality. "It is a good investment," he declared, "but it will be years before the 'boom' will reach that section."

The next time the prospective purchaser came he brought his little daughter. She was part of the setting for his talk. The lots meant so much to him and his family. Mrs. L. capitulated, selling the lots for $4,000—$200 down, balance in thirty days.

A few days later, dissatisfied with the sale, Mrs. L. decided to look at the property again. When she arrived, she found a steam shovel scooping out the foundation for a huge apartment house, and building material piled up on all sides. The "poor man" who had brought along his little girl was an officer of the apartment house company. Mrs. L. learned to her chagrin that she could have gotten $10,000, or a profit of $5,700, instead of taking a $300 loss, had she known that the "boom" had arrived, and that her corner lots were needed for the new apartment house.

BRADLEY KELLY.

A Small-Town Gambling Experience

It was a big night for the young corporation counsel of ———, a town of some 10,000 population in a mid-Western State. The next day he was to make his initial appearance before the highest court of the State.

That afternoon he had left his home-town determined "to bring back the bacon" from the legal battle he was primed for. Instead, he brought back what looked for a while like a financial bonanza, and which for two months caused the town's sporting set to lead an exciting existence.

MEETING THE TIPSTER

"Hold it," a voice announced over his shoulder as X. lighted his cigar in the brightly-lighted hotel lobby of the good-sized city that was the State capital. Complying with the command, X. found himself talking with a smooth-faced, well-dressed man, apparently a "city chap."

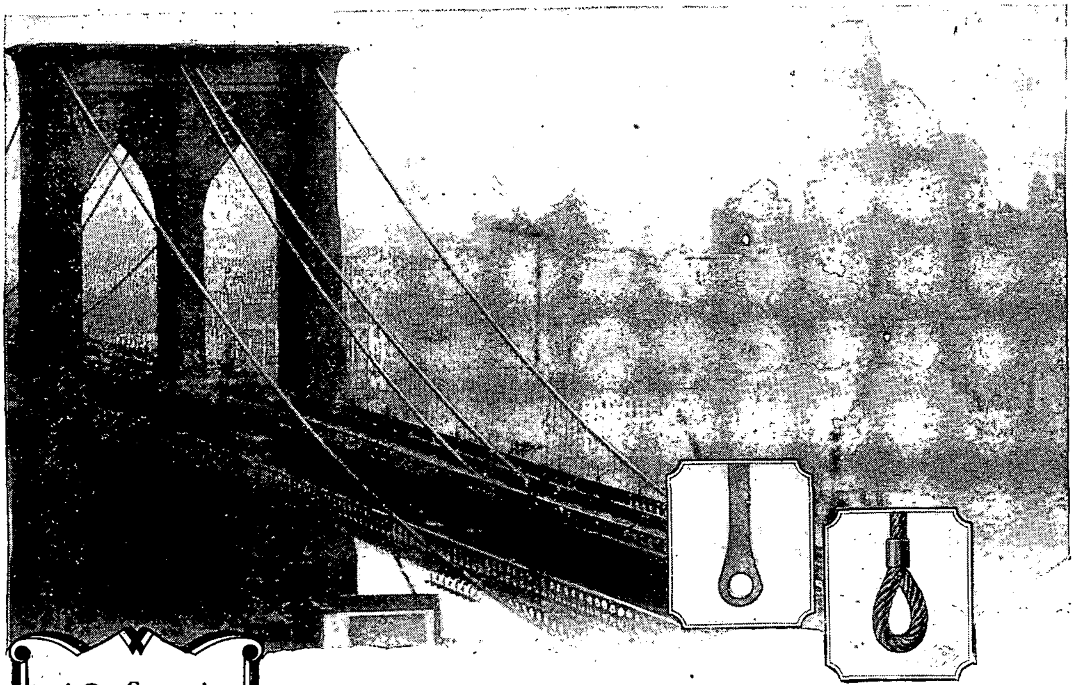
X. had a couple of hours to put in before retiring, which he planned to do early so as to be fully rested for his big legal battle the following day. He was glad, however, to have some one to talk to, and especially so that he might describe his big opportunity.

The stranger listened, congratulated X. on his good fortune, and then he talked of horse races. How they were operated, and how—if a man knew the game—he could make a fortune in a short time. The stranger represented himself as the agent of a big syndicate that "controlled" races.

At the end of the evening X. had agreed to gamble with one hundred dollars. It was quite a sum to him, but, in the assuring words of his tipster acquaintance—he "could not lose"—the races were "fixed." All he had to do was place the wager on the horse the stranger would name an hour before the race,—and divide his winnings with the tipster. X. thought it worth the trial.

The next night found X. richer by five hundred

(*Continued on page* 42)



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- Commonwealth Edison
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- Del., Lack. & Western
- Detroit Edison
- Du Pont
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- Liggett & Myers
- Louisville & Nashville
- National Biscuit
- National Lead
- New York Central
- North American
- Northern Pacific
- Otis Elevator
- Pacific Gas & El.
- Pennsylvania R.R.
- Reading
- Southern Cal. Ed.
- Southern Pacific
- Standard Gas & El.
- Standard Oil (Ind.)
- Standard Oil (N. J.)
- Standard Oil of Cal.
- Standard Oil of N. Y.
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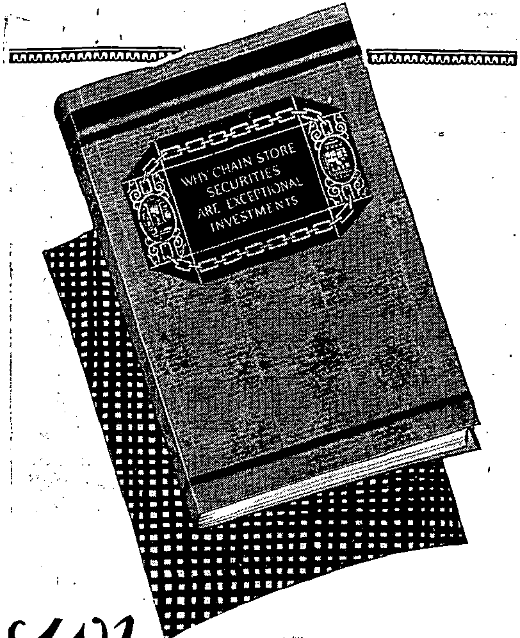
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CHICAGO BOSTON PHILADELPHIA ST. LOUIS

(*Continued from page 40*)

dollars. His horse had won. His appearance before the court had dwindled in importance in his mind as he rode back on the evening train, his fingers fondling five crisp $100 bills.

The following day his tipster friend called him on the telephone, an hour before racing time at a nearby track, and gave him a "tip." It proved to be the winner. X. could no longer hold such good fortune to himself.

He confided his experience to the town doctor and several horse-lovers who usually had entries in the county fair buggy races.

In two months X. and his sporting set colleagues had received twelve straight winning tips. They had put a local bookmaker out of business. Their wagers ran so high it was necessary to place them with New York bookmakers.

When the winnings of the group reached $30,000, there was little legal business transacted in X.'s office, and patients were neglected by the town's doctor. The meetings of the happy group in X.'s office became the town's most exciting gossip.

Regularly they received checks for their winnings, and forwarded 50 per cent. to their "angel." Fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty and finally ninety thousand dollars became the total sum of their winnings. They agreed to quit when the hundred thousand mark was reached. It couldn't continue forever, they thought.

But the hundred thousand mark was never reached. After ninety thousand, the tips began to fail. Five straight losers and their funds got low. Encouraged by the tipster friend, they remained in the game, putting up their own money when their winnings were gone. But only losers rewarded them. When "quits" were called, X. was "broke" and his name was at the bottom of several notes.

To-day he is a successful practitioner of law. He often watches horse races, but—that is all. His costly experience he calls a good lesson. It came to him when he was young. Now, when he appears before the highest court of the State, he departs on the early morning train, to avoid the friendly lobby of the capital's hotel.

BRADLEY KELLY.

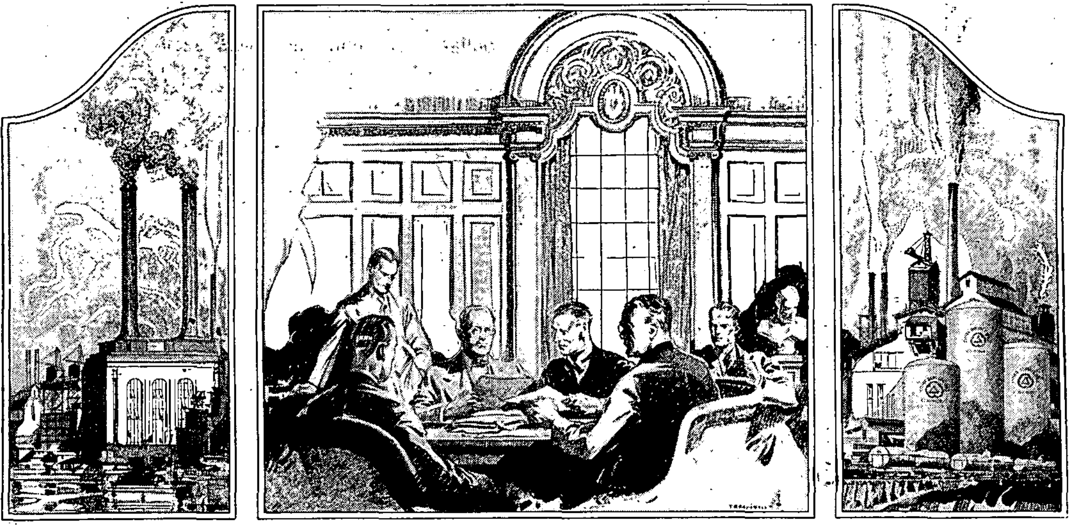
The universal testimony is that, difficult as it may be to make money, it's harder to invest it safely and profitably.

Nobody knows everything about any particular investment: there are always elusive factors which may work one way or another. But the chances are that there are people who do know more than you do; better consult them before deciding.

Your banker will always give you his professional judgment. Every high-grade investment house or trust company has experts in various lines, whose knowledge is at your disposal.

You'll find it worth while to learn by other people's mistakes instead of by your own.

On the other hand, as every one knows, the shrewd investor who has believed in America's material progress has eclipsed Aladdin and his lamp. It's stating it mildly to remark that there's been infinitely more treasure uncovered, at less risk, in the profits of American money-making activities than in all the buried and sunken treasure of all the legends. No hoard, even of fiction, can compare with the true tales of the Ford Motor Car, the U. S. Steel Corporation, the Eastman Kodak, New York, California or Florida real estate, the Standard Oil Company, the Motion-picture industry, or many another industry of our own time, wherein alert men have turned opportunity into gold.



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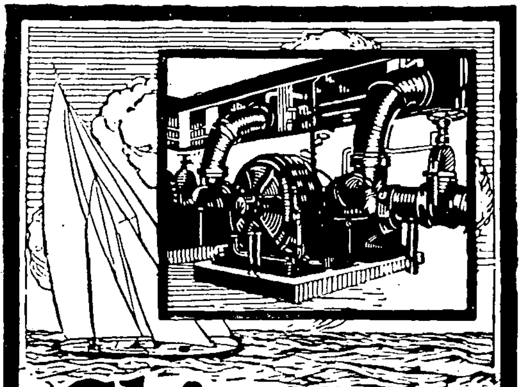

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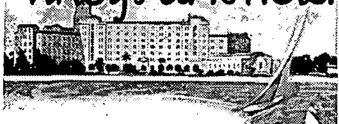

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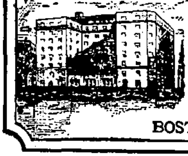

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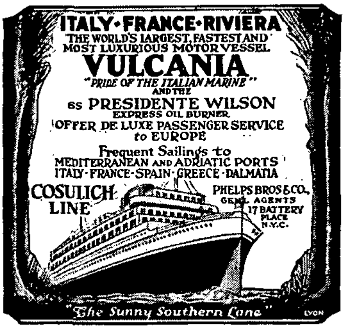

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MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

Did Columbus use this?

When you next study your travel hand-book, it will be interesting to remember that the first rudimentary guide-book was written by an Englishman, William Wey, of Exeter College, Oxford, in 1460. He designed it for the use of pilgrims bound for the Holy Land and other shrines; and gave many useful directions for the handling of luggage, the choosing of donkeys and the payment of fees. An amusing section of the book was the list of the traveler's requirements in foreign tongues: "Gyffe me that," "Have ye goyd wyne?" and those words ever popular with the wayfarer: "Howe moche?"

Famous travel slogans

How many of them can you recognize?

See America first.
Sunshine all the way.
The Voyage of your Dreams.
Light on Darkest Africa.
(To be continued.)

Across the warm Gulf Stream

Bermuda is really ABROAD—a pleasant two-days' sail away across the Mexican gulf stream. Altogether there are actually three hundred and sixty-four islands in the Bermuda group. Miles and miles of trees, flowers, gorgeous landscapes, rainbow colors. Every outdoor sport, sailing, bathing, fishing, golf, tennis, riding, driving, cycling, racing. Bermuda is always delightfully comfortable, warmed by a sub-tropical sun, cooled by a sapphire sea.

Whither goest thou?

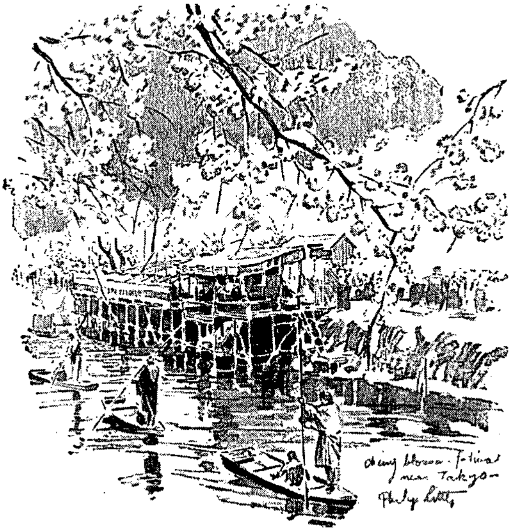
North, south, east, west? If it's to the west, it will undoubtedly be to the flower-scented breezes, languorous charm and seductive native music and song of Hawaii, spotlight of the Pacific Coast Empire. Have you read, perhaps in the advertising pages, about Kilauea, Hilo, the balmy sunlit days, Hawaiian nights and those surf-riders who coast shorewards at express speed on the crest of giant waves?

Driving to Italy

Early this spring and thereafter will see travelers bound for southern European ports actually "driving" down to their steamer in New York and "driving" aboard where they may park their cars for the duration of the voyage. Upon arrival at their port of destination, they go below, start up their autos and drive ashore without delay, for the new arrangement makes packing and crating unnecessary.

Cruising—on wheels

Cruising doesn't always mean ships. Current advertisements tell us about living on luxurious limiteds and traveling around the forty-eight states, seeing the wonders of the American world.


Cherry blossom festival near Tokyo — Philip Little

Round the World

to lands of rare charm beyond the sea

Go Now!

$1250 will carry you Round the World, transportation, berth and meals aboard ship included. All staterooms are *outside* rooms. First class only. Tasteful cuisine, airy social quarters, broad decks, comfort and luxury everywhere. Liberal stopovers, if you wish.

A Dollar Liner sails every week from Los Angeles and San Francisco for the Orient (via Honolulu) and Round the World.

An American Mail Liner sails every two weeks from Seattle for Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila.

Fortnightly sailings from Boston and New York for the Orient via Havana, Panama and California. Fortnightly sailings from Naples, Genoa and Marseilles for New York and Boston.

Information from any steamship or railroad ticket agent

Dollar Steamship Line
American Mail Line

25 AND 32 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
604 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
101 BOURSE BLDG., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
1018 BESSEMER BLDG., PITTSBURGH, PA.
177 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.
514 W. SIXTH ST., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
110 SOUTH DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
DIME BANK BUILDING, DETROIT
1519 RAILROAD AVENUE SOUTH, SEATTLE
ROBERT DOLLAR BLDG., SAN FRANCISCO

Trinidad

. . . On the Cunard West Indies Cruises

Swaying women carry their wares 'topside' . . . poinsettias grow next to hibiscus . . . Lunch on the hotel verandah and watch the shifting native scene . . . vendors of silver jewelry . . . Hindus from Bombay . . .

14 other ports studding the Caribbean Sea . . . Cristobal . . . San Juan . . . watch the flamingoes while you dance at Marianao Playa in Havana . . . St. Pierre . . . Kingston . . . the diving boys at Barbados . .

31 days on a superb Cunarder . . . imagine an English manor house pushing out to a tropical sea . . . large rooms designed for aristocratic comfort . . . staterooms which have a fascinating, livable quality . . . And the perfection of service which is pride of class,—because it's CUNARD. Apply to local agents or 25 Broadway, New York.

S.S. CALIFORNIA—31 days—
From N.Y. Jan. 21 and Feb. 25 . . . $300 up

CUNARD-ANCHOR West Indies Cruises

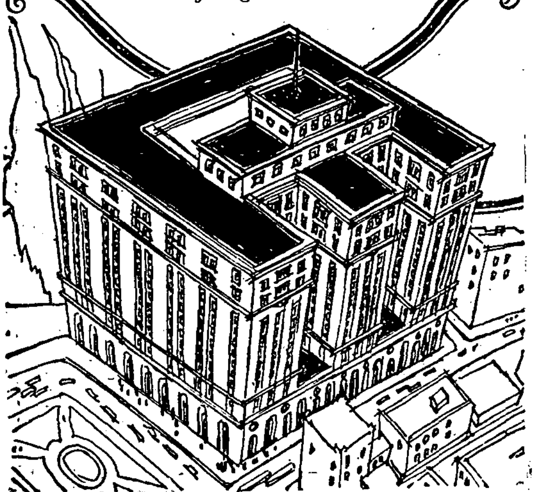
HOTEL
CLEVELAND
Public Square, Cleveland

HOTEL Cleveland offers a happy—and seldom-met—combination. In location and cost it is like a commercial hotel, for it is on the Public Square, convenient to all parts of the city, and many of its choice rooms rent at $3.

But there the commercial aspect ends. Luxurious furnishings, quiet and friendly service, exceptional food, an atmosphere of refinement all combine to make Hotel Cleveland seem more like a private club or splendid residence. And that is why "Clevelanders prefer the Cleveland"—and why travellers agree with them.

HOTEL
CLEVELAND

Every room with bath. Servidor service, floor clerks. Three dining rooms and Lunch Room. Garage service.



Are You Keeping Your Back Numbers of the GOLDEN BOOK?

More than any other magazine, a complete file o the Golden Book is worthy of a permanent place o the library shelves, because only the enduring writings of the world's Greatest Masters are selecte for preservation in this convenient form. Eve since the publication of the first number, letters hav been received by the editor suggesting the importance of providing a way to build up a real librar of classics out of the current issues. Little could b done with the first volume because the publisher' supplies were soon exhausted. But we have tw plans for the succeeding volumes.

Plan I $2.50 Send us your back numbers of the six issues with check for $2.50. We will exchang them for a bound volume from new sheet containing the same issues. The bindin is a high-grade green cloth with dignifie gold stamping. Imagine the value of series of such volumes on your bookshelves

Plan II $3.00 We have made an adjustable binder suitabl for holding six numbers. You can plac them in the binder yourself, remove the and change them from time to time. Th device is simple and easy to handle. Th material used for this binder is more durabl than cloth, looks like leather and harmonize with your most costly bindings. The cos is only $3.00 for each 6 issue binder. Th advantage of this method is that you ca preserve 6 issues and later if you wish replace them with 6 more. You can add othe binders and keep the whole series for years and years.

***Everyone wants to keep the Golden Book,* the magazine which never grows old or out of date.**

GOLDEN BOOK BOUND VOLUME DEPT.
55 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Look Inside the Piano for this Trade-Mark

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS NEW YORK STANDARD TRADE MARK

The Sign of the World's Standard Piano Action

Something Better for Your Piano

A *better* piano action—the Wessell, Nickel & Cross action. Ask your dealer to show you a piano equipped with this action—famous since 1874.

He pays *more* for it than for any other action. The Wessell, Nickel & Gross action is the highest-priced piano action in the world. *You* get the benefit. And remember the piano action is the piano's most vital part. Stand your ground—*insist* on a piano or player with the Wessell, Nickel & Gross action.

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS
Established 1874 New York City

When you Buy an Upright, Grand, Player or Reproducing Piano— Insist on the Wessell, Nickel & Gross Piano Action.

COLLEGIATE TOURS

See EUROPE Summer of 1928

Visit 5 Countries—*All Expenses*—$385

See England, Belgium, Holland, Germany, France—or Italy, France, Switzerland—with a personally-conducted COLLEGIATE TOUR. Weekly sailings during May, June, July, August, 1928. Congenial parties. Experienced guides. College orchestras on shipboard. $385 pays all traveling and sight-seeing expenses on sea and land—including round trip, Tourist Third Cabin ocean passage on famous Canadian Pacific ships, extensive sight-seeing programs, good hotel accommodations, all tips abroad. Itineraries now ready for 1928, giving "the most travel value for the money." Write for free illustrated booklet.

Art Crafts GUILD TRAVEL BUREAU, Dept. 55
510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

via CANADIAN PACIFIC

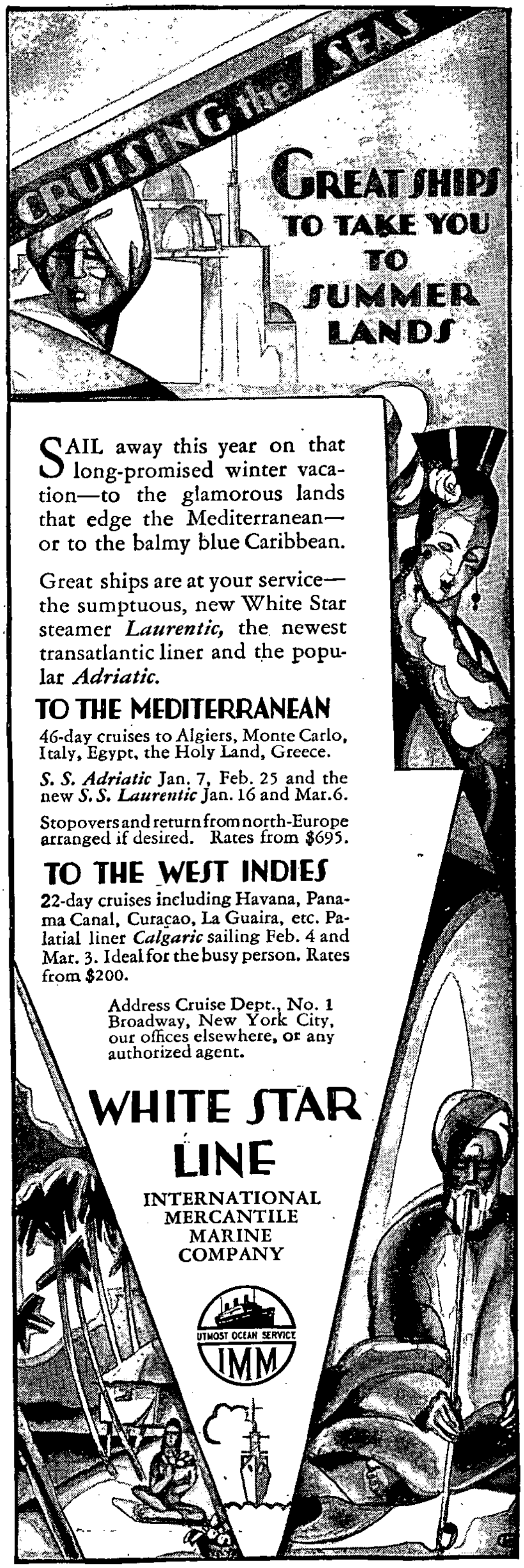
BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
For COUGHS and THROAT TROUBLES

BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE
A Superior Tooth Powder

JOHN I. BROWN & SON BOSTON, MASS.

ADVENTURES
IN
INVESTING
Page 38



GREAT SHIPS TO TAKE YOU TO SUMMER LANDS

SAIL away this year on that long-promised winter vacation—to the glamorous lands that edge the Mediterranean—or to the balmy blue Caribbean.

Great ships are at your service—the sumptuous, new White Star steamer *Laurentic,* the newest transatlantic liner and the popular *Adriatic.*

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

46-day cruises to Algiers, Monte Carlo, Italy, Egypt, the Holy Land, Greece.

S. S. Adriatic Jan. 7, Feb. 25 and the new *S. S. Laurentic* Jan. 16 and Mar. 6.

Stopovers and return from north-Europe arranged if desired. Rates from $695.

TO THE WEST INDIES

22-day cruises including Havana, Panama Canal, Curaçao, La Guaira, etc. Palatial liner *Calgaric* sailing Feb. 4 and Mar. 3. Ideal for the busy person. Rates from $200.

Address Cruise Dept., No. 1 Broadway, New York City, our offices elsewhere, or any authorized agent.

WHITE STAR LINE
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

UTMOST OCEAN SERVICE IMM

WHAT DOES A BANK ADVERTISE FOR?

WHY does a Bank whose place of business is in one of our many cities advertise in this national magazine?

Chiefly, because of the amazing rate at which Big Business is nationalizing itself;

Because of the continually widening distribution of credit, and the need for spreading deposit accounts to meet many local requirements;

Because the long-maintained "Eastern" money market is now just one of a dozen "markets"; and

Because we have grown into one closely-knit country, brought down to a fairly small community by airplane, radio, wireless, telegraph, telephone, and fast trains.

To organizations like Colgate & Company, Eastman Kodak Company, General Electric Company, and General Motors Corporation, their New York, Rochester, Schenectady, and Detroit "home office" cities mean little. Their market is the celebrated United States of America. They even look out beyond that considerable territory to the wide, wide world. They have their branches in a score of cities and for all practical purposes each branch *is* Colgate & Company, or the Eastman Kodak Company, or the General Electric Company, or General Motors.

New York, Rochester, Schenectady, and Detroit do not mean a great deal to them in a financial way, either; at least, only in relation to other communities, for they don't do all their banking in those cities. They don't borrow all of their money at home even. In one of its recent institutional advertisements, General Motors states that in its financial operations it is "a customer of 10,000 banks."

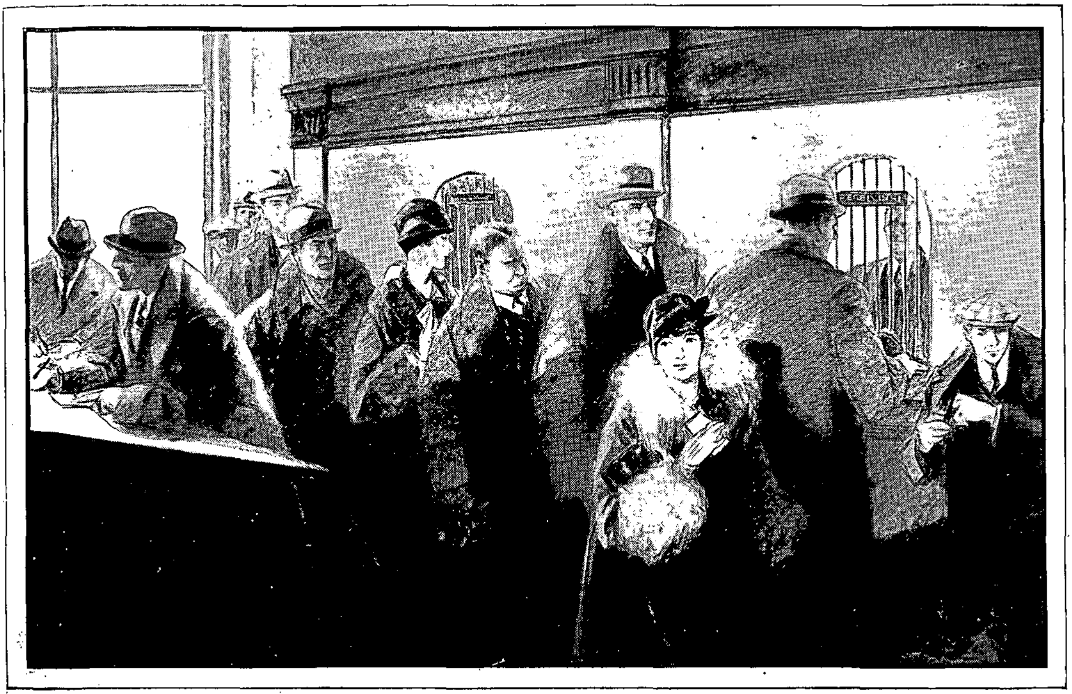
There are many of these really national businesses. Where shall they do their banking? How shall they determine as between banks in New Orleans and Dallas, or Cleveland and Pittsburgh, or Kansas City and St. Louis, or Los Angeles and San Francisco? How shall they select individual banks? How do the local banks stand with relation to each other? A hundred forces are at play. But, to the bank that can speak out for its community in interesting advertisements and can associate itself unmistakably with its market—that is the high goal of bank advertising. It is the strategy of business. It is personality building. Can it make that personality stand out? What is very important, can it give that personality a reputation? Can it lead Big Business to visualize a certain bank when it thinks of San Francisco, New Orleans, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, or Baltimore? Out of this strategy, out of the local competitive situation, arises bank advertising.

Recent improvements in the technique of bank advertising show how it is best applied as a business-building force. Instead of the "Statement of Condition" type of advertising with its lack of human interest and sales message, bankers have accepted the best ideas in general business advertising and have applied them to their own field. Their sales slogan now is more a matter of markets and trade territory than "service" or strength of directorate or even a respectable old age. It is the bank's background, rather than the bank itself. That is the modern bank's approach to Big Business.

That sort of advertising is an investment. It yields a handsome return which adds to the value of all the bank's more readily admitted assets, such as its location, the extra beauty and strength of its building, its reputation, and those other items of courtesy and fairness which combine to secure and hold its place in the community.

And these are some of the reasons why banks advertise in this magazine. As one banker said: "There is no surer, no more economical, no more dignified and appropriate way for a bank to establish itself as an outstanding institution than by the use of magazine advertising."

No. 5 in this series will be "Investors and their Investments"



Who are these Investors?

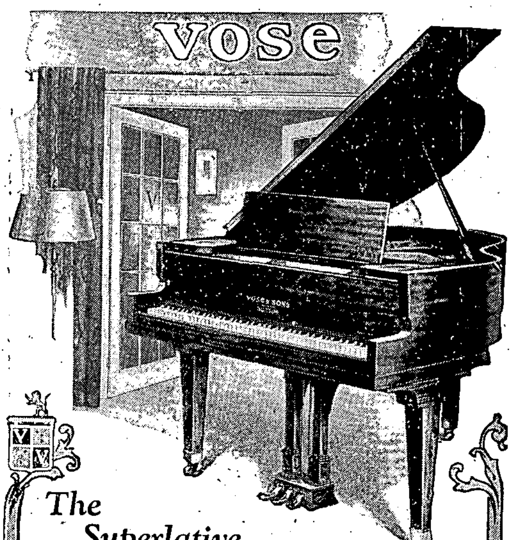
An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

Ten years ago fifteen of the largest corporations in the United States had a total of approximately 500,000 stockholders. Today the American Telephone and Telegraph Company alone has more than 420,000 stockholders.

This is an instance of the amazing growth of saving and investment that has taken place in this country. Who are these new investors?

American Telephone and Telegraph stockholders come from every rank and file in every state, nearly every town and city, in the land. Mechanics and merchants, teachers and bankers, laborers and lawyers—every station of life is represented in this investment democracy. And it is a democracy, for the average holding is only 26 shares. No one person owns as much as 1% of the total stock.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its associated companies comprising the national Bell Telephone System are owned by the people they serve.



The
Superlative
Musical Excellence

of the Vose tone, the magnificent construction and symmetrical beauty of the instrument which is the result of over 76 years' development under Vose leadership, the moderate Vose prices and the easy monthly payments, all combine in a most attractive offer to those who are considering the purchase of a Piano. Write for floor pattern and catalog.

WE CHALLENGE COMPARISON

Vose & Sons Piano Co., 184 Boylston St., Boston

HAVANA

"The loveliest land that human eyes have ever seen"

AN entrancing trip of fascinating interest to a gay and scintillating foreign capital. All the bubbling zest of Latin life in a matchless Southern climate.

CRUISES 10 to 17 DAYS

including all expenses afloat and ashore $160 up

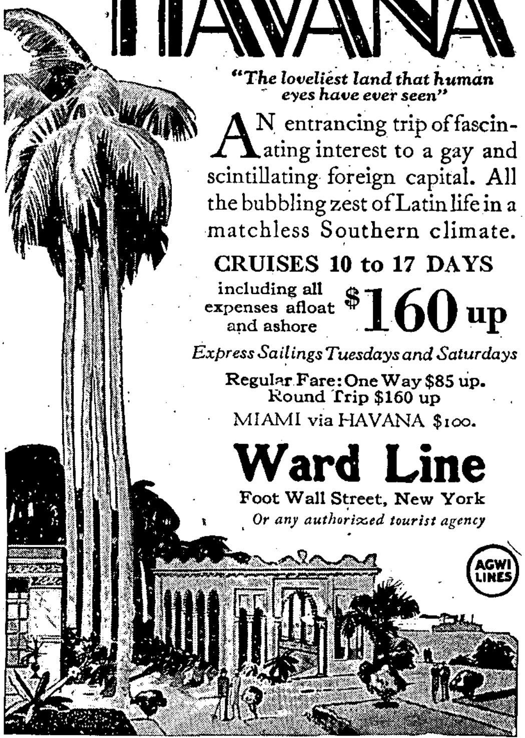
Express Sailings Tuesdays and Saturdays

Regular Fare: One Way $85 up.
Round Trip $160 up
MIAMI via HAVANA $100.

Ward Line

Foot Wall Street, New York
Or any authorized tourist agency

AGWI LINES



ACROSS THE
ATLANTIC

ENGLAND · IRELAND · FRANCE · GERMANY

HAMBURG·AMERICAN LINE

The very atmosphere of the ships of this Line . . . the decorations and appointments, the expert service and the excellent cuisine . . . expresses that genuine comfort and refinement demanded by discriminating travelers.

Desirable accommodations in all classes

PLEASURE CRUISES

Around the World
S. S. RESOLUTE
Sailing Eastward from New York
Jan. 7, 1928 - 140 days - 30 countries - 63 cities
Rates: $2000 up.

To the West Indies
S. S. RELIANCE
Jan. 7 and Mar. 28 - 15 and 16 days—$200 up.
Jan. 25 and Feb. 25 - 27 days—$300 up.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
UNITED AMERICAN LINES, INC., *General Agents*
28 Broadway, New York, Branches in Boston
Chicago Philadelphia San Francisco Montreal Winnipeg
Or Local Steamship or Tourist Agents

SERENITY *and* MATERIALISM

LET the poets and psychologists talk. We know that a satisfied and serene state of mind depends largely on material security.

Modern life insurance realizes this. You can now buy material security for yourself as well as for your dependents and heirs. We make arrangements of policies to fit every income and situation.

We have printed a booklet on this angle of insurance; it is called "A Satisfied State of Mind." Your local John Hancock office will be glad to send you a copy, or one can be obtained by writing to Inquiry Bureau,

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.
G.B.

THE SCHWEINLER PRESS, NEW YO